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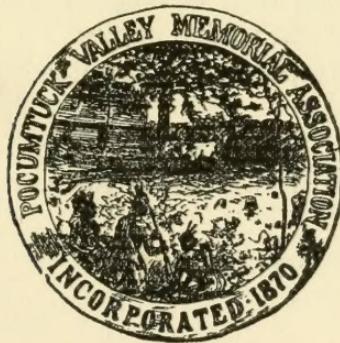






HISTORY  
AND  
PROCEEDINGS  
OF THE  
POCUMTUCK VALLEY  
MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

1905-1911



VOL. V.

DEERFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

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PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION

1912

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## REPORT.

Volume V of the History and Proceedings of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association is herewith submitted. It covers a period of seven years, 1905-1911. It has been edited and published under a vote of the Association at the Annual Meeting of 1910.

This volume is uniform in general appearance with the preceding four volumes, and in no way falls below them in the quality and quantity of original matter.

The edition is limited to 300 copies.

Respectfully submitted,

GEORGE SHELDON,  
J. M. ARMS SHELDON, } Committee.

DEERFIELD, February, 1912.

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Deerfield  
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## ANNUAL MEETING—1905.

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### REPORT.\*

The annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association held Tuesday, February 28, had more of the character of a memorial service than usual, owing to the large number of deaths of members during the past year. Obituary notices were read of ten of these; one of them, however, died during 1903.

The afternoon meeting as usual filled the council room in the rear of the house; the rest of the building remains cold during the winter months. There is a greater element of safety in getting along without fires, and the loss of the collection would be such a calamity that it is felt better to reduce this element of risk to a minimum.

The museum has very considerably improved in appearance since the filling of the rear rooms made possible the thinning out of the crowd of exhibits in the front part. It is planned during the coming year to catalogue the collection as a whole. The catalogue made quite a number of years ago is now very incomplete. The library contains antiquarian material of great value, and a card catalogue would make it more easily accessible.

The financial situation of the Association is steadily improving, and the treasurer's report this year shows \$3,939 on hand, not to speak of the \$1,000 coming from the Avery legacy. Last year the report showed \$3,312 on hand. The gain is accomplished in spite of the expense of shifting the exhibits. The number of visitors was 6,334.

\* The "Reports" in this volume, as in preceding ones, are made up practically of extracts from contemporaneous newspapers. So we keep in touch with the spirit of the times and the drift of public sentiment.—**EDITOR.**

The matter of the admission of school children was discussed at some length, and a recommendation made in the report of the curator was adopted.

The following officers were elected:

President: George Sheldon of Deerfield.

Vice-Presidents: Francis M. Thompson and Samuel O. Lamb of Greenfield.

Recording Secretary: Margaret Miller of Deerfield.

Corresponding Secretary: Mary Elizabeth Stebbins.

Treasurer: John Sheldon of Greenfield.

Members of Council: C. Alice Baker, Boston; Richard E. Birks, G. Spencer Fuller, Edward A. Hawks, Charles E. Williams, Frances W. Ball, William L. Harris, Julia D. Whiting, Deerfield; John A. Aiken, Eugene A. Newcomb, George A. Sheldon, Herbert C. Parsons, Greenfield; Annie C. Putnam, Boston; George D. Crittenden, Shelburne Falls; James K. Hosmer, Minneapolis.

The following committee was appointed for the Field Meeting which it is proposed to hold in Greenfield next summer in commemoration of Captain William Turner, commander of the forces at the Turners Falls fight, who was killed near the Green river bridge below Nash's Mills as he was returning to Hadley: Frank Gerrett, Mary P. Wells Smith, Jennie Arms Sheldon, Rev. R. E. Birks, E. A. Newcomb, John Sheldon, A. L. Wing. The report of the treasurer showed the following receipts: New members, \$140; annual dues, \$29; admission fees, \$567; sale of books, photographs, etc., \$196; interest, \$122, making a total of \$1,054. The expenditures were \$627, fixtures and repairs being \$164, and salaries and incidentals, \$263.

Prosperous financially, with a growing store of historical material, and with a lengthening record of good work in the preservation and publication of local history, the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association had a comfortable annual meeting. Business was easily dispatched in the early afternoon and was followed by memorial papers on the deceased members. Judge F. M. Thompson presided over the exercises and contributed obituary notices.

Samuel O. Lamb read a paper upon Simeon Phillips.

He spoke particularly of Mr. Phillips's love for bees, referring to his rare faculty of lining bees and fixing the location of the trees in which they hoarded their treasures. In this he was probably excelled by no one in Franklin County save Rev. L. L. Langstroth with whom he enjoyed an intimate acquaintance. George Sheldon sent a brief paper on Mrs. Lydia Stebbins, referring to her as a fond mother and pleasant neighbor. Mr. Sheldon also had a paper upon Levi Stockbridge, former president of the State Agricultural College. The great movement for scientific agriculture that has spread all over the country owes much to Mr. Stockbridge.

There was a paper upon Henry W. Taft by Mr. Sheldon, who spoke of his legal success and his interest in historical matters, his work in such lines in Berkshire County, and of his performance of many duties requiring large intelligence. Judge Thompson gave a sketch of Lester A. Luey, referring to his success at river freighting in the old days. Judge Thompson also had a paper upon Dr. W. F. Harding, telling of his success as a physician and his interest in everything that tended to the public good.

In a sketch of Mrs. Mary A. Lincoln Lane, read by John Sheldon, mention was made of her joyous nature and quick sympathy, sprightly wit and loving child-like heart. It was written by Miss Annie C. Putnam of Boston. Judge Thompson read a paper on Charles Corss, and Miss C. Alice Baker sent a sketch of Eunice Stebbins Doggett, a descendant of Rev. John Williams.

President Sheldon was at his winter home in Boston but sent a bright message in the form of an introductory speech. Mrs. Sheldon came up for the meeting and her contribution was in the form of a sketch of William T. Avery of New York, who recently left the Association a bequest of \$1,000.

An excellent supper was served by the women of Deerfield and in the evening an unusually interesting program was provided. There was music by Misses Drew and Smith of Greenfield. Mrs. Lucy Cutler Kellogg read a poem sent by Edward Branch Lyman, "The Old Clavichord," and Zenas L. Parker of Bath, N. Y., an octogenarian, who

taught school at Cheapside many years ago, sent a poem dealing with the scenery of the Deerfield valley and referring to the leading men and the social life of the region. The historical papers were by George D. Crittenden of Shelburne Falls and Rev. George W. Solley.

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#### REPORT OF CURATOR.

The past year has seen an advance in the various departments under my care, but more especially in the library. The additions to this are 805 books, pamphlets and miscellany. In the other departments, 120 articles have been presented of varied character.

The number of visitors recorded is 6,334, a considerable increase over any other year. As usual, they have appeared from all over the world. They have come singly, in families, in societies, in classes. Many have come from curiosity, but many others in earnest search for historical or genealogical information. It is clearly seen that the influence of our Association is pervading the atmosphere of the towns in our vicinity; local history is no longer ignored to favor a study of the territorial disputes of the Khan of Tartary, the names of the capes of northern Asia, the acreage of the African deserts, or the diet of the cannibal islanders.

It was the wish and the hope of the founders of this Association, from the word go, that the benefits and the inspiration to be derived from a study of our collections should be free to all. We were, however, met by the stubborn fact that our running expenses, the cost of repairs and improvements must be met with cold cash; and as all know, few of the later great improvements could have been carried out but for generous outside contributions. We have no endowment fund. May you all live to see a moderate one. The income from membership is uncertain and fluctuating, and our main dependence must be from the admission fees. The charge at first was twenty-five cents which had become a settled fee for all sorts of things. This was considerable

for a whole family, certainly of the Roosevelt standard, and for those who felt it a burden, the doors were open free for certain days each week. It finally came to pass that these free days were so well known in the surrounding towns, that, excepting travelers and strangers, our guests on paying days grew very scarce. The financial question now came to the front. The free days must be abolished. But twenty-five cents would exclude many, and so a nominal fee of ten cents for all was established. The income from admissions is increasing, and the question now arises whether we may not in a conservative way work back towards the original ideal. To societies and schools favoring terms have always been given from the first, upon application. Has not the time come for a further reduction? I would recommend that after April 1st, organized bodies and schools be admitted at the rate of one dollar for the visit, provided the amount be paid as a lump sum, and that schools be attended by teachers responsible for their pupils. If the number be less than twenty, the sum shall be fifty cents. It must always be remembered, however, that the building cannot be heated in winter.

During the year our collection has been gradually expanding into the north wing, but some parts of the main building are still in a congested condition. In the library much needed elbow room has been obtained by occupying the annex. In this room are eight new alcoves of nine shelves each, protected by glass doors. To each alcove is assigned a certain class of books as Town History, Genealogy, Biography, etc. One is called the Deerfield Authors which is devoted to the authors of the town. This is already occupied to a surprising degree.

The transformation of the library has been a good summer's work for the president and his wife, with an occasional day volunteered by our treasurer and by Miss Frances S. Allen. The exact number of titles in the library we do not know, but it doubtless exceeds 16,000. One by one these have all passed through the hands of Mrs. Sheldon in the process of the change. When found practicable the contents of the old alcoves have been retained. Rev. Mr.

Birks has generously offered to mark anew all the alcoves under the present arrangement.

Among other changes a large amount of material hitherto inaccessible will be available to the student. Many rare old manuscripts have been put on exhibition, mounted and covered with glass. But a full use of the library can only be obtained by a catalogue of its contents. It is expected that this will be begun in the spring.

During the year contributions have been received from twenty-two institutions, and forty-nine individuals—representing fourteen towns in Massachusetts, fifteen other States and foreign countries.

The president has contributed quite a large number of books. Those of most value among them are 62 of the 69 volumes so far published of "The New England Historical and Genealogical Register." This is the most valuable publication of its kind in this or any other country. It will be difficult to fill this set; the lacking volumes are rare and sell at auction from fifteen to seventy-five dollars per volume. I have a few duplicates, and may be able to add some new volumes by exchange.

Many changes have been made on the third floor. The bedroom has been removed to a larger room in the wing over the library annex. This has been under the direction of Miss C. Alice Baker and Mrs. M. E. Stebbins.

The Agricultural and the Handicraft corner has spread out over the deserted bedroom. The bad congestion there has thus been relieved. The repair shop and lumber room can hardly be recognized now as a center for our collection of needle work, embroidery and the fine arts.

Finally, the Willard clock in the vestibule has complied with my last year's advice, and is now doing its daily duty; although it gives hourly warning that it is up to the times, and is about going on a strike.

Respectfully submitted,

GEORGE SHELDON.

Deerfield, February 28, 1905.

## REPORT OF CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

The correspondence and exchange of works has been well maintained with a goodly number of kindred institutions. The correspondence has grown to be an important feature of the work. It embraces not only communications relative to the society proper, but its matters of inquiry are varied and cover a curiously wide range of topics.

A list is kept of such letters as are of importance, in which is noted the date of the letter, its subject, date of reply, and place of filing. To every letter received a reply is sent. In this way many become acquainted and interested in the work, and a visit is the result.

Every book, pamphlet, newspaper, in fact every article received is recorded in the accession book, and acknowledged.

Two hundred letters and post cards have been written during the year; one hundred and seventy-five letters mostly of inquiry have been received. It seems to be generally understood that we are able to supply any and all kinds of information. The managing editor of a New York Publishing House, writes: "Will you kindly send me the name of the sculptor who made the Hannah Dustin statue, erected in Deerfield? Will be greatly obliged for this information for use in our 'Cyclopedia of American Biography.'"

From a judge in Minnesota: "I have learned that there are tablets in your hall to the memory of my ancestors [naming them]. Will you send me copies of the inscription thereon, certified by you to be true copies? I wish to join the Society of Colonial Wars, and wish these copies to use as evidence."

From a letter of an Iowa M. D.: "Will you kindly aid me to establish the fact as to whether my great-great-grandfather [— —] born 1751, was a soldier in the Revolution, or whether he was connected in any capacity with the army, which would entitle me to become a Son of the Revolution."

"I learn that my family coat-of-arms is in your museum. Could you have a copy painted for me?" This from a teacher in Chicago.

Several write for information as to *how* to start a historical society.

A woman from a distant town, incloses stamp and will feel greatly indebted if she is informed "if the old Bible in the Colonial Bedroom is the one John Eliot translated into the Indian language"—referring to a Spanish Bible brought from Cuba by Miss Sarah J. Barnard.

"I am coming Friday with my scholars to Memorial Hall. Our superintendent has given us the day knowing it will be worth a week's study of history from our books. There will be thirty of us. How much for the bunch?"

Another says: "I want to thank you and tell you how much we all enjoyed our visit to the museum. I had no idea it was so interesting. It was a great treat to our Western friends, who never saw such a collection before. You may expect to see me soon with other friends."

Respectfully submitted,

M. ELIZABETH STEBBINS.

Deerfield, February 1, 1905.

## NECROLOGY.

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### SIMEON PHILLIPS.

BY SAMUEL O. LAMB.

Simeon Phillips, son of Simeon Phillips, a highly respected and much esteemed farmer of Ashfield, in the County of Franklin and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, was born in that town in the year 1815 on the birthday of Washington. The family resided in Ashfield until young Simeon was about twelve years old when they removed to Conway where he resided under the parental roof until he reached the age of nineteen.

He enjoyed and improved such opportunities of education as were furnished at that time by the educational institutions of Ashfield and Conway. The education thus attained enabled him to discharge in a faithful and honorable manner the duties which devolved upon him as a citizen of the Commonwealth.

At the age of nineteen, he left his home in Conway and went to Terryville, Conn., to learn the trade of clock and watch maker. He spent about four years at Terryville and then returned to Conway and the establishment of the Conway Tool Company. He entered the employment of that corporation as a mechanician and machinist. On the removal of that Company to Greenfield about 1851 he came with it in the same capacities. He soon left the employment of the Company, however, and entered the jewelry store of Noah Moody in the Mansion House Block now and for many years past occupied by Charles P. Forbes. He remained in the store of Mr. Moody for five years, then re-entered the employment of the Greenfield Tool Company and remained there until the failure of the Company. That failure in-

volved the loss of all the accumulations of his previous years of industry and economy.

He then entered the employment of the Warner & Sanderson Mfg. Co., in which he continued so long as health and strength enabled him to labor. He was distinguished for his intelligence, his industry and his devotion to the cause of good morals. He was a careful observer of all the events of the day concerning which he was well informed. He was a studious reader of good books and eschewed novels which he considered as poison. He took the liveliest interest in all measures calculated to promote the interests of the community, but took no active part in the discussion and management of public affairs.

Aside from his devotion to the details of his profession as a maker and repairer of clocks and watches, he was particularly interested in the observation and study of the habits and customs of honey bees in their wild and domestic states. He possessed a rare faculty for the lining of wild bees and fixing the location of the trees in which they hoarded their treasures. Many a "bee tree" was discovered and their contents taken for the delectation of rural feasts. In his acquaintance with the habits of domestic bees he was probably excelled by no one in Franklin County except perhaps the late Rev. L. L. Langstroth with whom he enjoyed an intimate acquaintance. He had studied Mr. Langstroth's work on the honey bees and devoted his attention to the subject of that work nearly to the close of his life.

Mr. Phillips was in the strict sense of the term, a devout Christian and of the Protestant Episcopal persuasion. He was a constant and punctual attendant of the services of the church. He was for many years and at the time of his death, one of the wardens of the St. James Episcopal church. He was acquainted with the Rev. Dr. Strong, the first rector of said church, and with all his successors in that office. He was a close friend and a warm admirer of the Rev. P. V. Finch, whose society he enjoyed in the highest degree and whose memory he warmly cherished.

Mr. Phillips died on the fifth day of July in the year

1904. He was three times married and left a daughter, Mrs. Wood of Greenfield, of the second wife, and a son, Mr. Raymond Phillips, of the third wife.

Mr. Phillips became a member of this Association February 27, 1872, and was a constant and interested attendant at our meetings. He served in the Council three years and was for three years on the Field Day committee. He lived an industrious, honest and honorable life, died in the faith and left a good name.

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## MRS. LYDIA CUTLER STEBBINS.

BY GEORGE SHELDON.

Mrs. Stebbins was born in Warren, Mass., in 1826, the daughter of Newell Cutler. She was married to Asahel S. Bosworth, of Boston. Within a short time she was left a widow. Edward Williams Stebbins, of Deerfield, a relative of Mr. Bosworth, was her second husband, whom she married, November 27, 1849. The house built for their occupancy is now owned by Francis W. Stebbins. In this house, as the wife of a farmer and a man of affairs, Mrs. Stebbins was at her best; here she lived a busy and a happy life as the years sped on. Asa Stebbins, the father of Edward W., died, October 4, 1864, in the brick house at the North End, which he built in 1824. To this house he brought his bride, Maria Stowell, of Petersham, in December of that year. At the wedding party held on their arrival, I attended as bearer of the sugar and cream, in the wake of the tea and coffee tray. This was my early entrance into the social life of Deerfield at the mature age of six years and some odd days. To this house, Edward and Lydia removed after the death of Asa, with their only child, Anna Maria, and here the husband and father died, December 27, 1866. The house remained in the hands of Mrs. Stebbins, and here, with her daughter, she lived about forty years. Her whole married and widowed life has been under my own observation, and I can bear evidence, that she was not only

a happy wife, but a generous housekeeper, a fond mother, a good and pleasant neighbor.

Mrs. Lydia, as she was commonly called, to distinguish her from the many others of the name in town, became early interested in our Association; and February 27, 1872, she was made a Life Councillor, the second on our list. In 1874, and again in 1875, she acted on the finance committee. At the Annual Meeting of that year, a party of ladies made an attractive display, in the costumes of their grandames. In this, and in preparing and serving an old-time repast, Mrs. Stebbins was active, wearing her own hoop-skirt wedding dress. She was one of the committee of arrangements for the Annual Meeting in 1878.

During the life of Mr. Stebbins, she was an attendant on the services of the First Congregational Church; later, she was a member of the Orthodox Church, to which she gave liberal support.

Mrs. Stebbins died in the old brick house, June 30, 1904.

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## LEVI STOCKBRIDGE.

BY GEORGE SHELDON.

Levi Stockbridge was a farmer, and the son of a farmer; he had no unusual school advantages; the little red schoolhouse was his Alma Mater, but he made the most of himself at home, and was a diligent student. From the farm, in consequence, he gradually rose to a professor's chair in the State Agricultural College. After ten years' service there, he became the President, in 1880. President Stockbridge was emphatically a self-made man, and the result shows him a skillful workman. But to begin with, his material was a boy of pure New England stock. He was born at Hadley, March 13, 1820, the son of Jason Stockbridge, who was descended from John, the immigrant of 1635, and of Abigail Montague, a descendant of Richard Montague, a settler at Hadley in 1659. His parents are spoken of as being pious and devout. Of them I have no personal knowl-

edge, but Levi had largely freed himself from the narrow superstitions which are often found lingering with the stern virtues of the old Puritan. His was a sturdy and rugged personality. His outer and inner man were in harmony; he would never be taken for one of the Beau Brummel kind, by anybody; strangers would not think of him as a handsome man; he had a straight cheek, a firm prominent chin, covered with a stubby, reddish brown beard, with hair to match, shaggy eyebrows and a freckled face. Not on the whole an attractive make-up at first sight. But he had a head with an independent poise, deep-set eyes with a far-off look, thin legs, and elbows which seemed to be on an errand, with a reserved force to be reckoned with, of which the prudent man would take notice.

It was fine fun for his friends when for the first time Stock, as we called him, rose to speak in the House of Representatives. While his tall, rustic looking figure was slowly getting on a perpendicular, members glanced at him and turned away indifferently to whatever they had in hand; as some sound common sense expression caught the ear of one and another, eyes were cocked, and surprised glances cast his way; as his voice grew in volume and earnestness, the attention increased, and as the strong points of his argument were deliberately and clearly poured out, the wave spread until every eye and ear had been won and all were held to the last. He was serious-minded, had a sound judgment, and his influence in shaping legislation increased with every attempt. He never spoke without saying something, and he was always listened to with respect by both sides in debate. He served six times in the legislature, twice in the Senate, and four times in the House, the first being from Hadley in 1855. He took a leading part in the town affairs of Amherst.

In private, Stock was a genial, off-hand, good fellow; he enjoyed a good story or a joke, but was not so much given to talking; when he did open his lips, we expected some droll, close-fitting remark, and were seldom disappointed. In the mixed and changing crowds which gathered of an evening in the office of the Quincy House, story swapping

was always in order. When Stock took the floor, none could guess whether he would turn out "a song or a sermon," until those who knew him saw by a twinkle in his eye, that some odd and unlooked for side-splitter was near at hand. If this caused a smile that could be heard for half a mile, not a wrinkle could be detected about the mouth of the narrator. Have I dwelt too long on this side of my friend? With me, personal association and reminiscence always dominate. I hope you will favor an old man who cannot reasonably be expected to talk of new times or on new themes. Certainly you will not expect this of me,—so I will close with a brief notice of another side of our friend.

Of the long service of Levi Stockbridge as teacher in the State Agricultural College, and of both his scientific and practical method of farming, much has been said. To this, the most necessary of all the arts, Professor Stockbridge has given an added dignity, and has done much towards restoring the rank of the farmer. This dominant element in the community, upon which all others depend, has no need to bow its head, in whatever presence it may stand. It is pleasant to think that the scientific labors of Professor Stockbridge were appreciated while he was yet alive; that he was able to reap ripe fruit from the seed of his own sowing; that he lived to see the farmer increasing the product of his acres, and the profits of his live stock, through methods he himself had inaugurated. Such was his good fortune and his most satisfying reward.

Mr. Stockbridge married, January 20, 1841, Syreno Lamson, of New York. She died January 11, 1850. (2) November 4, 1853, Joanna Smith, of Hadley, who died February 7, 1882. (3) October 25, 1883, widow Elizabeth Strong of Springfield.

It is safe to say that farmer Stockbridge was second to few, if any, in the successful founding of the college of his love and his ambition, and I suppose the claim to be valid, that here began that great wave of scientific agriculture which has swept over the United States, leaving in its path the Agricultural Department at Washington as it now is, and experimental agricultural stations in every state in the

Union. Perhaps no exact proportion of the propelling power of this wave can be assigned to President Stockbridge. Surely so large a share, that a suitable "*Stockbridge Hall*" should arise upon the scene of his labors as a most fitting monument to keep his memory green.

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## HENRY W. TAFT.

BY GEORGE SHELDON.

Henry Walbridge Taft, who became a Life Member of our Association in 1873, was born in Sunderland, November 13, 1818. His father, Horace W. Taft, and his mother, Mary Montague, were of the old Connecticut Valley stock; he went through the ordinary common school and academy education, was not a graduate of any college, but was given the degree of Master of Arts, by Williams College, in 1869. In 1835, while at school at Sunderland, he was joint editor of the "*Mysterious Budget*," which is on file in our library. In 1836, he was employed in the office of Elijah Alvord, Clerk of Court, and Register of Probate, at Greenfield. There he remained about one year. Mr. Taft came first before the public as editor of "*The Massachusetts Eagle*" at Lenox, 1841, meanwhile reading law, and after a course of study in the office of Judge Henry W. Bishop he was admitted to the Berkshire Bar in 1841 and opened an office at West Stockbridge. He remained there about ten years; was Representative to the General Court in 1847. In 1853 he was appointed Register of Probate, and in 1855 he became Clerk of the Supreme Judicial Court; he continued in this position until he withdrew in 1897. He was elected president of the Third National Bank of Pittsfield in 1881, and held the office at his death. He was Trustee of the State Insane Asylum at Northampton, 1876–1893. He was one of three commissioners, appointed by the Legislature, to appraise the value of the old Springfield bridge, and apportion the expense of making it free upon interested municipalities. The hearing at Springfield in 1872 was

attended by a crowd of town, city, and county officials, with a large part of the Hampshire Bar in their train; each intent on seeing that his own bailiwick should not be overloaded in the award. Being a member of this commission, it was there that I made the acquaintance of Mr. Taft. Half an hour after we left the bench at the close of the first hearing, the three commissioners, having relaxed the judicial strain and dignity, surprised each other mousing among the musty archives of the Town and County Records, making the most of the opportunity. So three antiquaries were caught in the act of riding the same hobby. The only question of interest now is, did, or did not, the Legislature select these agents on the assumption of their fitness for the high duty, *because* each belonged to the antiquarian cult? I think you will all agree with me, that such was a wise and safe ground for action.

At our Field Meeting in Sunderland, in 1873, Mr. Taft made a carefully studied historical address, which was the foundation of the excellent history of that town, compiled by Hon. John M. Smith and Miss Abbie T. Montague. That year he became one of our family, and when Vol. I of our "Proceedings" was published, he bought twelve copies. Mr. Taft was connected with some of the leading historical societies, and in Berkshire County, he was particularly active in all work in our line; he was often called upon to make public addresses on special occasions. His papers were to be relied upon for dates and facts; he could not tolerate errors in others which arose from carelessness or neglect of study; he was a keen but kindly critic, and I am indebted to him for taking out some crooks in my Sunderland genealogies.

At the Bar and at the desk Mr. Taft had a long and unusually successful career; he was held in high honor by the Bench; his judicial make-up was recognized, and important duties were often assigned him requiring sound judgment and inflexible integrity.

In politics Mr. Taft was a Republican of the highest type, as befitted one of the founders of the Republican party; he was a gentleman of the old school, genial and

pleasant in social communion,—the kind of man one is glad to meet and loath to leave.

He married, October 12, 1842, Harriet, daughter of Dr. John Worthington, of Lenox. She died October 17, 1860. He married, second, Lucy N., daughter of Henry Raymond, of Lenox. He had no children.

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## LESTER L. LUEY.

BY FRANCIS M. THOMPSON.

When memory recalls to mind the life and character of Lester L. Luey among those people whom we have known and who have completed the course marked out for them, and joined the silent majority, how apt are we to remember that old maxim, "an honest man is the noblest work of God."

Mr. Luey came to Greenfield when a boy, eighteen years of age. He began work for Stockbridge, Allen, Root & Co., a firm in Greenfield, at that time largely interested in operating a line of steamboats and flat boats upon the Connecticut river.

He continued with that concern until the building of the Springfield and Northampton, and the Northampton and Greenfield Railroads, crowded out freighting and passenger service upon the river. Captain Luey became one of the leading men in river freighting affairs, his good business habits and his remarkably attractive manners, giving him high and responsible position. He was always greatly interested in keeping alive the memories of the "river days" and only a year or so before his decease, through the courtesy of a friend who owned a steam launch, he went with a party of invited guests over the upper portion of the route which he formerly used to travel with a "white ash breeze." His remarks and recollections of the early days were most interesting and will long be remembered by his companions.

He was born at Rochester, Vermont, February 1, 1819;

with his brothers, Dexter and Orvis, he came with many other sterling and stalwart young men from Vermont and New Hampshire farms, to work upon the river, during the high tide of river and canal navigation. In 1844 Mr. Luey married Miss Mary Moody of South Hadley. The Moody homestead was located on the Hadley side, just above the present Holyoke dam, and it was within sight of this house that the boilers of the steamer Greenfield exploded, and caused the death of Captain John D. Crawford and several others. Captain Crawford's wife was a sister of Mrs. Luey, and the two men were intimate friends, and had often been companions upon the same boats. When the railroad came, finding himself out of employment, Mr. Luey worked for a few months for the John Russell Cutlery Company, and then took a position at the railroad station. The station agent became involved in trouble about this time and took "French leave," and Mr. Luey was promoted to the vacant place.

He served the railroad company faithfully for eleven years, and then desiring a change, went into the grocery trade in Greenfield. Under different firm names, he continued in trade until 1883, when his wife died, and he retired from active life; after this he spent his time largely with his children. Five children survived Mr. Luey at the time of his death, which took place at the residence of his son, Lester A. Luey, in Greenfield, May 21, 1903, at the ripe age of 84 years. He was a member of this Association, took deep interest in antiquarian affairs and was a generous contributor to our collections. He lived to be among the very last of the "River Men" and was intensely interested in all matters touching the preservation of the incidents relating to the active period of river navigation. Before the annexation of Cheapside, Mr. Luey's legal residence was in Deerfield, and he served for some years as a selectman of that town.

In noticing the death of Mr. Luey, the "Gazette" truly says, "Mr. Luey is remembered as a man of quiet habits, universally loved and respected, cordial in his greeting, and always ready with the friendly hand of charity. As station agent he gained a reputation for uniform courtesy and an-

iety to please the public. In trade, he had a reputation for selling goods of the very best quality and for entire honesty and fair dealing."

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## WILBUR F. HARDING.

BY FRANCIS M. THOMPSON.

Dr. Wilbur F. Harding, who died in Northampton, at the residence of his nephew, Dr. F. W. Higbee, December 24, 1904, was for a number of years a resident of Greenfield, and was a member of this Association in its early years.

He was born at Charlotte, Vermont, May 26, 1830. His parents Caleb and Judith Harding had eleven children, of whom but one now survives. While still a boy, young Harding moved to Peru, N. Y., and studying in the public schools, fitted himself for a teacher. He studied medicine at Keesville and Albany, N. Y., and was graduated in 1857 from the Hahnemann University in Philadelphia.

He practiced his profession for two years at Granville, N. Y., and then came to Greenfield. He remained in Greenfield for fourteen years, and during this time made many friends by his skill as a physician, his kindly disposition and his interest in things which worked for the public good. He was particularly active and deeply interested in Masonic affairs, and was for years secretary of Republican Lodge of Masons. From 1859 to 1861 he was surgeon's mate in the local regiment of militia. He was a member of the Western Massachusetts Homeopathic Medical Society. Dr. Harding removed to Westfield in 1873, where he established a large and valuable practice, which he continued in until his health began to fail in 1902, after which he somewhat relaxed his efforts. At the time of his death he was the oldest physician in Westfield, both in point of residence and in length of practice. He was visiting his nephew Dr. Higbee, in Northampton in attendance at the Masonic fair, and had marched in the procession with his fellows, and probably from over-exhaustion, death suddenly followed, from heart trouble.

He married, October 25, 1866, Mrs. Matilda F. Lewis, daughter of Henry H. and Sarah G. Holdridge of Waterford, Conn. She died in Westfield leaving no issue.

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## CHARLES CORSS.

BY FRANCIS M. THOMPSON.

Persons of antiquarian tastes who live in this vicinity, are always deeply interested, when announcement is made of the decease of anyone bearing the family name of any of the pioneer settlers of the Pocumtuck valley.

Especially is this so, when it is learned that this scion of the early settlers of this valley, being proud of the virtues and fortitude of his forbears, has become a member of this Association, and rendered all possible aid and encouragement in the endeavor to trace all information regarding the brave men and women who put their lives and fortunes in jeopardy, by their settlement in our fair valley.

When such a personage departs this life, it is meet and proper that in addition to the fact of membership, our records should show some appreciation of our loss, when such relations are severed by death.

James Corse, or Corss, as the family now spell the name, became a settler at Deerfield about 1690. He is supposed to have come from Scotland. He married about that time, Elizabeth, daughter of John Catlin, who was one of the principal men of the new settlement. They had two sons, Ebenezer and James, and one daughter, Elizabeth. Ebenezer settled in Northampton, and was a soldier in Father Rasle's war. James settled in that part of Deerfield, now Greenfield, and built his palisaded house where now stands the Mansion House. Here he kept tavern and became noted as a hunter and scout. At his house were held the first preaching services in the Green river settlement. He was paid for drumming to call the people to service on the Sabbath. James Corse the father died in 1696. His widow, and his daughter Elizabeth were taken captive at the mas-

sacre in Deerfield, in 1704. Mrs. Corse was killed on the march to Canada. Elizabeth, then aged eight years, survived the journey, married a Frenchman, and was living in Canada in 1716 but never returned to New England. Her brother James, authorized and aided by Governor Dummer in 1730, visited Canada in search of his sister. James Corse the hunter married Thankful, daughter of Benjamin Munn, and there were born to them, eleven children. She died in 1746 and the next year Mr. Corse married Elizabeth Clesson, to whom was born two children.

Asher, son of James and Thankful (Munn) Corse, was born in 1737, and married for his first wife, Submit Chapin, of Springfield. Their son, Asher, was born in 1775, and married Lucy, daughter of William Grennell.

Asher Corse, Jr., and his wife both died in one week in 1814, leaving nine children under sixteen years of age to the care of their grandparents.

The Asher Corse farm was the one now known as the Larabee farm, in Greenfield. Charles Chapin Corse, son of Asher, Jr., and Lucy (Grennell) Corse, was born May 22, 1803, graduated at Amherst, studied divinity at Princeton, and settled in 1834 as a Presbyterian minister at Kingston, Pa. He was for several terms principal of the Deerfield Academy. He married Ann Hoyt in 1836. Rev. Mr. Corse always retained his interest in his New England home. When the Williams monument was dedicated, on his ancestral farm, in Greenfield, he was present and made an interesting address. He furnished a very valuable letter giving his recollections of the first meetinghouse in Greenfield, which has been printed in our "Proceedings." He died at the age of ninety years, in 1893, at Smithfield, Pa. The late Mrs. Charles L. Smead and Mrs. Hervey C. Newton of Greenfield were sisters of Rev. Charles Chapin Corse.

Charles Corss (as now spelled), son of Rev. Charles Chapin and Ann (Hoyt) Corse, was born at Kingston, Pa., July 20, 1837. He was a life member of this Association, having joined in 1887 and has always taken deep interest in its success. He inherited the sturdy characteristics of his New England ancestors. He was the valedictorian of his class at Lafayette Col-

lege in 1856, and received his Master's degree three years later. He was admitted to the bar at Easton, Pa., in 1860, and immediately entered into the practice of law at Lock Haven. He met with success from the first, and soon married Miss Sarah A. Kennedy of Belvidere, N. J. She died in 1880. Two of the children of this union survive: Mrs. John F. McCormick, of Lock Haven, and Dr. James Kennedy Corss, a successful physician residing at Newport News, Virginia. Dr. Corss is a graduate of Amherst and of the University of Pennsylvania.

Soon after the decease of Mrs. Corss, Mr. Corss and his two children made a tour of Egypt, Palestine, Italy, Switzerland, France and England. In 1889 Mr. Corss contracted a marriage with Miss Emily Pollock, daughter of Governor Pollock of Philadelphia. One son, Charles Pollock Corss, was born in 1892, and now lives with his mother.

Mr. Corss, always being fully occupied with the duties of his profession, never entered into politics. He served for many years as a member of the examining board for admission to the bar. He was a close student, and having the advantage of a fine library, and the rich experience of many years of practice, in many different branches of his profession, his advice was constantly sought, and his opinions carried much judicial weight.

His high standing as a citizen in the community, brought him many fiduciary trusts, which required in their execution great legal capacity and financial ability. He gained much credit by the successful manner in which, as receiver of the State bank, he liquidated its affairs. He was the legal adviser of several large financial and manufacturing concerns in the vicinity of his residence.

Mr. Corss became a member of his father's church when a young man, and for nearly forty years was a ruling elder in the same. He frequently was a member of synods, and always active in efforts to advance the cause of religion. He had a wide circle of friends and acquaintances in his own and adjoining counties.

Mr. Corss had done much to improve and beautify his fine residence on South Main street in Lock Haven. It was a

home of beauty and comfort. He died after a short illness, November 28, 1904, aged 67 years.

At a meeting of the Clinton County Bar, held a few days after the decease of Mr. Corss, the judge of the court and two justices presiding, a committee of the bar reported resolutions appreciative of the memory of their deceased brother; and his honor, the presiding judge, and several of the members of the bar made addresses highly complimenting the character of their deceased brother as a citizen, a gentleman, and as a member of the legal fraternity.

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### MARY A. LINCOLN LANE.

BY ANNIE C. PUTNAM OF BOSTON.

Mary Agnes (Fuller) Lane, daughter of Joseph and Lydia A. White Fuller; born May 15, 1858; married Luther J. B. Lincoln, October 7, 1874; member of the P. V. M. A., 1879; married Rufus A. Lane, July 21, 1897; died January 17, 1905.

The story of her too short life,—the dates of its beginning and its close,—all this is easily recorded. But in what words shall we tell of the qualities that made that life of such value to her friends, to whom the place seems dark that shall know her no more.

Possessed of a joyous disposition, of quick sympathies, of a keen and discerning mind, together with great charm of manner, a sprightly wit and the loving heart of a child, Mrs. Lane endeared herself to all who knew her well. A friend of long standing writes of her as follows: "She began her education at the small school house belonging to the town of Deerfield, an education which continued through her life, making her a singularly cultivated, well-informed woman. She was prominent in many ways both in Deerfield and Hingham, entertained with great ease and pleasure, and was always ready to promote any literary movement. She had an unusually mature mind for her years and great intelligence, which her intercourse with such people as the Willard family greatly developed. In Hingham she spent much time in

reading aloud to Miss Mary Willard, devoting some part of every day to her if possible. Although for many years an invalid she rarely allowed ill health to interfere with her social duties and pleasures. Coming from a most simple home her great adaptability made her at ease in every position in which she found herself placed. It was once said of her that ‘she came down from her quiet country home to entertain like a duchess.’”

In 1898 Mr. and Mrs. Lane went to Costa Rica where Mr. Lane held the position of Assistant Secretary of Legation until their return to Washington in 1903. Here Mrs. Lane soon became identified with the interests of the city—in the Post Office Mission, the work of the church, etc., as well as in literary and social activities, among which her sweet dignity and rare gifts made her always a welcome guest. A lover of the beautiful in all its aspects Mrs. Lane found keen delight in her rambles with Mr. Lane through the pleasant country round about Washington, showing that the hills and woods that inclosed this beautiful valley had not sung to her in vain in her childhood’s days.

In closing let me quote part of a letter from a Washington friend, who writes: “It was a privilege to be near her, and her sweet bright face and delightful voice, her simple dignity and refinement, will long be remembered by those [members of a Reading club] who were hoping for the opportunity for a more intimate acquaintance. . . . She was one of our most valued helpers [in the Post Office Mission], intelligent, earnest, and wise, and will be greatly missed from the work. . . . Among my many friends here, there are few whom I should be so grieved to spare from my life, or who in going would leave a sweeter memory.”

## WALTER TITUS AVERY.

BY J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

In 1871, when our Association was in its infancy, when, in fact, it was but one year old, a stranger came to Deerfield. So far as known, no one here knew him, no one welcomed him. Yet for some reason he had come; for some reason he lingered, wandering through this elm-arched street and breathing in the air of this old, historic town. When he went away, he had become a life member of our Association by the payment of twenty-five dollars. The President of this Association, speaking of the incident, said "This elated me! We had but just started. There was little interest in the movement. Only a few of our elderly and middle-aged people cared for it; but here was a total stranger who was not only interested in our undertaking, but who proved his faith in the objects of the Association in the substantial manner of becoming a life member."

Words cannot tell of the encouragement received from sympathetic help for a cause just struggling into being, because there are no words that adequately express the new sense of strength and gladness one feels.

The name of the stranger was Walter T. Avery. His home was New York City.

In 1878, after much effort, the Old Academy had been secured for a Memorial Hall. It was a time when there were many who could not understand why the relics of the past should be saved. "These things," they said, "have served their day; they are now useless rubbish,—let them go." But Walter T. Avery was not one of these. He knew that every relic, however dingy, however homely in itself, is a connecting link in the evolution of early New England life, without which the history of that life is incomplete, with which it is a priceless heritage to hand down to posterity.

Money was needed to transform the Academy into a Hall that should preserve the records and the relics of the past, and on July 15, 1879, Mr. Avery sent a contribution of \$25,

to aid in this purpose, followed, March 19, 1880, by another of the same amount. This proved that his interest was not impulsive and temporary, but was constant through the years.

On the twenty-first of last January word came to us that the Association had received a legacy of \$1,000 from Walter T. Avery of New York. Thus was the seal set upon his strong, abiding faith.

Why did this stranger come to Deerfield? His home and the home of his father before him was far away in the heart of the largest city of America.

Why did this stranger take such a living interest in our Association?

To answer these questions we must know something not only of the life of Walter T. Avery but also of the sources of that life. We are not wholly creatures of environment; on the contrary, we are, in large measure, what our fathers and mothers, our grandfathers and grandmothers have made us.

Go back with me 255 years and stand on the shores of Massachusetts Bay. Look out upon the tossing white-caps of the old gray sea, till you discern on the far horizon a tiny speck; watch it till it grows into a ship with white sails spread and with prow turned westward. This little vessel has buffeted the winds and the storms of the mighty Atlantic for weeks, aye, for months, but now it is nearing port. Among the passengers on deck scanning with breathless eagerness the new land and the new home rising out of the waters are William and Margaret Avery with their three little children, Mary of five years, William of three, and baby Robert.

The father and mother have left their native land with all its tender associations, a comfortable home amid the rural beauty of Barkham in the county of Berkshire, England,—and for what? For a dangerous voyage and a home in a land peopled by savages, where toil and privation must be their daily portion.

But this does not tell the story of the secret of their coming. Men do not give up comfort for hardship without an all-controlling purpose. It was this purpose that illumined the faces of the men and women on board that little vessel as

she rode triumphant into Boston Harbor in 1650. They had come for that which humanity through all the ages has, *at times*, yearned for,—a larger life, a freer air to breathe. This they found in America, the land that struggles to make men free.

William Avery took his family to Dedham, a little plantation only fifteen years old. What a warm feeling it gives us to know that the sturdy settler of this home in the wilderness first named it Contentment. Here a house was built almost under the boughs of an oak which even then was an old tree. In this home four more children were born to William and Margaret Avery.

In 1650, according to the Dedham town records:

“It was granted unto Wm. Avery to set his shoppe in the highway in the east street, . . . always provided that whensoever the said shopp shall be no longer used for a Smythe’s shopp, by the said William at any time hereafter then it shall be removed out of the highway, if the town shall require the same.”

In 1664, according to Savage, William Avery was a member of “The Military Company of the Massachusetts,” now so well known as “The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.” I find this statement corroborated in the History of the Company, published in 1895. He was called Sergeant in 1669 and this year he was sent from Dedham as Deputy to the General Court.

In 1675 he was appointed by the court to examine Indians who were suspected of some base designs against the English, and it is in connection with this entry in the town records that he is first given the title of Doctor. “History is silent,” say the compilers of “The Dedham Branch of the Avery Family in America,” “as to the date of his commencing the practice of medicine, other than this. He seems to have stepped into the ranks of medical men while carrying on his daily labor at the blacksmith’s forge.”

In 1677 Dr. Avery was freeman. The next year, 1678, twenty-eight years after their settlement in Dedham, his wife Margaret died. Soon after this Dr. Avery left Dedham and made his home in Boston. Here he was a bookseller at

the Blue Anchor, not far from where the Old South Meeting-house stands to-day.

These are a few of the incidents in Dr. Avery's life, but the one which interests us most, and which will forever connect his name with Deerfield, is yet to be told.

"In 1670 William Avery was one of the original Proprietors who took possession of the 8000 acres of land at Pocumtuck, granted to the town of Dedham in lieu of 2000 acres taken from the town by the General Court for the Indians at Natick."

We learn from the "History of Deerfield" that Sergeant Avery drew, May 14, 1671, house lot No. 22, the lot which afterward became the home for a longer or shorter period of four generations of Catlins,—the ancestors of Miss C. Alice Baker,—and which is now owned by Mrs. Elizabeth W. Wells.

There is no evidence to show that Sergeant Avery ever came to Deerfield. "In 1696, and probably much earlier," his house lot was held by Philip Mattoon. Afterwards it was owned by the Catlins and from them passed to the Wells family in 1819.

Although Dr. Avery took up his residence in Boston, yet he did not forget his old Dedham home. Worthington, in his "History of Dedham," says:

"In 1680 captain Daniel Fisher and ensign Fuller report that Dr. William Avery, now of Boston, but formerly of the Dedham Church, out of his entire love to this church and town, freely gives into their hands sixty pounds, *for a latin school*, to be ordered by the selectmen and elders." The cause of education was an especial interest, and during his life "he made liberal donations to various public charities, among which was one to the college at Cambridge."

On March 18, 1686, Dr. Avery died, being about sixty-five years old. His tombstone may be seen in King's Chapel Burying Ground in Boston near and facing Tremont Street, but I wish here to quote from a letter of his very great-grandson, Walter T. Avery, the subject of this sketch. He says: "It is likely that this stone does not stand where it was originally placed, as a number of tombstones were taken up

and set in a row by some person. A barbarism that should never have been sanctioned." These words, "*A barbarism that should never have been sanctioned,*" throw strong light on the true character of our stranger guest.

Dr. William Avery left his Dedham homestead to his descendants. Around his old house and the old red oak his broad acres extended far, and until within a comparatively short time the estate has been held by the Avery family. The tree of four centuries or more still stands, bearing the name of "The Avery Oak." As I stood a few days ago under the storm-beaten boughs of this grand old tree, my heart leaped with joy within me that there were such men as these Averys, who, generation after generation, had guarded this tree as a precious trust,—men who could not be tempted by money, for when, in 1794, the builder of the frigate "Constitution," our old Ironsides, offered \$70 for the tree, it was refused by the owner who in this way said most emphatically the tree shall live.

So close is the union between nature and human nature that there are few who can look upon this sacred oak without a revelation of the truth that we are not creatures of the hour, not mushrooms of a day's or a night's growth, but that our roots reach back, *back* into the centuries, and for this reason and this reason only, do our branches extend upward and outward into the free air of the future. Let us rejoice and be glad that the Avery Oak is to-day cherished as a priceless legacy by the Dedham Historical Society.

Of Dr. Avery's seven children, only Robert, the second son, concerns us. He was a baby, as I have said, when his father settled in Dedham. He became a blacksmith, learning the trade of his father. When twenty-seven years old he married Elizabeth Lane. She was a daughter of Job Lane, a wealthy and influential citizen of Malden, Mass., and a Representative to the General Court. They had six children, of whom John was the fourth. Ensign Robert Avery died in 1722, in the seventy-third year of his age. At the death of his widow in 1746 their descendants were five children, thirty grandchildren, fifty-two great-grandchildren, and two great-great-grandchildren.

Among the interesting relics of the Dedham Historical Society is a silk flag which was probably carried by Robert Avery.

Little can be found regarding the life and the personal traits of Robert and Elizabeth Avery, but we may judge somewhat of the parents by their son John, of whom much is known. This son, born in Dedham, February 4, 1685–86, graduated from Harvard in 1706.

True, indeed, it is that history is the record of human lives which cannot be represented by parallel lines that never converge, but rather by lines that cross and recross one another until an intricate network is formed. It so happened that the minister of Deerfield, Rev. John Williams, was appointed chaplain in June, 1709, in the futile expedition against Canada. He was probably away from home through the summer, as he was paid in September, £24 8s. 8d., for his time and expenses. During a part of his absence his pulpit was filled by no other than John Avery, the young Harvard graduate, and the great-great-grandfather of Walter T. Avery.

In Deerfield then, John Avery was brought face to face with the stern actualities of life. Only five years had passed since the town was laid low. The shadow of that dark cloud still rested upon her and filled the hearts of her people with sadness. He stood in the pulpit of John Williams,—a man who had himself seen the fiendish horrors of the Indian attack and who had sounded its depth of infinite woe,—a man who even now was with the army destined for Canada where he vainly hoped to find his lost child. As John Avery preached his Sunday sermon he saw before him the wrecks of once happy families; he knew that the absent dear ones lay in a nameless grave near by, or were dragging out a dreary existence under their French or Indian masters.

There is little doubt that the young minister made his home, while in Deerfield, with the parson's wife, Mrs. Abigail Williams, in the very house now standing on the old Albany Road. Samuel, Esther, Stephen and Warham, children of John Williams, had all been rescued from the savages and

were full of tales of Indian tragedies. From his window, it may be, the minister looked out upon the ruins of Benoni Stebbins's home, and beyond to the hatchet-hewn door of Ensign John Sheldon's house. When he crossed the threshold of this desolate home, did he not linger to hear from the Ensign's own lips the story of his three long journeys to Canada to redeem the loved ones? Here, too, came Capt. Jonathan Wells, with his tales of Indian warfare; John Smead, carrying a bullet in his thigh received in the Meadow Fight, after the massacre; Thomas French, whose wife and six children had been captured or slain; John and Dorothy Stebbins, whose five children were still in captivity; Mary Hinsdale, wife of Mehuman, whose child had been killed and whose husband was captured a second time that very summer; Ebenezer Warner, Samuel Barnard, Hannah Beaman, and many another. Thus did John Avery come into the presence of men and women who could suffer and be strong.

What imprint, think you, did these experiences leave on the brain and the heart of young John Avery? I, for one, believe that such *living* experiences, which stir the nature to its very depth, must perforce give a tone, a strength of fiber, and a potent directive impulse, that may be handed down to children and to children's children.

July 16, 1709, the town of Truro on Cape Cod was incorporated, and in February, 1709–10, "it was unanimously agreed upon and voted to invite Mr. John Avery . . . to tarry with and settle amongst us" in the work of the ministry. This invitation was accepted June 21, 1710.

Although 1709 was the date of incorporation of the town, yet eighty-nine years before this time the land on which Truro was built became historic. Here the first party of Pilgrims sent out from the Mayflower to explore the region encamped for the night; here they found a spring and being "most distressed for wante of drinke," they "refreshed them selves being ye first New-England water they dranke of." Probably one of this exploring party was Richard Warren. He was "one of the ten principal men," who set out in the shallop, December 6, 1620, on their final exploring

trip, and who first discovered Plymouth Harbor and fixed upon a place of settlement.

In the strain and stress of that desolate winter of 1620 would that Richard Warren might have caught a vision of the days that were to be. Would that he might have seen the sunny home in Truro near the refreshing spring that the Pilgrims discovered, where on November 23, 1710, his great-granddaughter, Ruth Little, came as the happy bride of John Avery, a good man and true. But alas! Richard Warren lived only eight years. He was "a useful instrument and bore a deep share in the difficulties attending the first settlement of New Plymouth."

I love to think of the simple home of John and Ruth Avery close by the dear, blue sea; of the ten little children who came to bless it, all of whom, save one, grew to manhood and womanhood. The kind husband and father was not only a preacher but also a doctor, a lawyer, a farmer, and a blacksmith.

"His smithy where the good minister clad in leather apron 'shaped the glowing iron with muscular arm' stood just southwest of his house by the road. It is a fact that has been handed down from one generation to another, that Minister Avery, if busy at work when parties came to be married, would take off his leather apron, wash his hands and perform the ceremony." "He belonged," says the "Avery Family in America," "to a race of blacksmiths, physicians and clergymen, who, though they held high positions in society did not think it beneath themselves to perform hard manual labor in connection with their higher duties."

The loving wife and mother was busy with her brood and was also active in the church. The communion service, still used, was her gift. The pewter tankards are inscribed "Ruth Avery to Truro ch<sup>h</sup>, 1721"; each of the six solid silver cups bears the inscription, "This belongs to y<sup>e</sup> Church in Truro, 1730."

For twenty-two years John and Ruth Avery loved each other and labored together, then in 1732 the dark day of separation came while she was yet in her prime. Twenty-two years after, on April 23, 1754, John Avery died, having

preached forty-four years in Truro. Rev. James Freeman wrote of him in 1796, "As a minister he was greatly beloved and admired by his people, being a good and useful preacher, of an exemplary life and conversation. As physician he was no less esteemed. He always manifested great tenderness for the sick, and his people very seriously felt their loss in his death."

The second son of John and Ruth Avery was Ephraim, born April 22, 1713. When eighteen years old he graduated from Harvard, and in 1735 was ordained as the first minister of Brooklyn in Pomfret, Conn., his father, John of Truro, preaching the ordination sermon. The ordination dinner was served two miles away over Blackwell's Brook, which was still without a bridge, so that all the ministers and messengers forded the stream on their way to the repast.

Ephraim Avery married in 1738 Deborah Lothrop, daughter of Samuel and Deborah (Crow) Lothrop, and nine children were born to them.

In 1754 a malignant disease raged in Brooklyn with great violence. The minister seems to have been the only physician in the region. He "day and night ministered to the sick and dying till he was prostrated and . . . fell a victim to the disease." Mr. Ebenezer Devotion, who preached the funeral sermon, said of him:

"As to his natural endowments, he was calm, peaceable, patient, open hearted, free of access, sociable, hospitable, cheerful but not vain, capable of unshaken friendship—not a wit, but very judicious, not of the most ready and quick thought, but very penetrating, capable of viewing the relation of things, comparing them and drawing just conclusions from them. In a word, the Author of Nature had dealt out with a liberal hand to him, humanity and good sense. As to his acquirements in learning: he was esteemed . . . a good scholar, a good Divine, and no small proficient in several of the liberal sciences."

It is interesting to note in passing that the widow of Ephraim Avery married for her third husband Gen. Israel Putnam of Revolutionary fame, so that by marriage General Putnam was the great-grandfather of Walter T. Avery.

Mrs. Deborah Putnam accompanied her husband in most of his campaigns until her death in 1777.

John, the eldest child of Ephraim and Deborah Avery, and the grandfather of Walter, the subject of this paper, was born in Brooklyn, July 14, 1739. He graduated from Yale in 1761, with the hope of becoming a minister, but his health failing, he turned to the profession of teaching. He taught in Rye, N. Y., and in Huntington, L. I. He married, June 26, 1769, Ruth Smith, daughter of Jehiel and Kesia (Wood) Smith. They had three children, but their married life was all too brief, for on August 20, 1779, John Avery died, followed six months later by his wife, Ruth. Their little son, John, the father of Walter, was thus left an orphan when two years old. This child was brought up by his aunt, Mrs. Kesia (Smith) Titus, the wife of Joseph Titus of New York. We find nothing relating to his boyhood. In 1813 he married Amelia Titus, daughter of Israel and Temperance (Norton) Titus of Huntington, L. I. Their only child was Walter Titus Avery. John Avery became a New York merchant, in partnership with his brother-in-law, Walter Titus, in the firm of "Titus and Avery." In 1816 the firm was "Titus, Avery, and Weeks." I judge that Mr. Avery was a successful merchant, as he retired from business at the age of forty-seven. On April 14, 1857, he died when eighty years old, and his widow on January 6, 1863, in the eighty-ninth year of her age. Both breathed their last in the home of their adopted daughter at Old Mill, Bridgeport, Conn.

I have now given, as I proposed, some of the hereditary influences of the life of Walter Titus Avery. Born in the early part of the nineteenth century, on January 18, 1814, he was bred amid the stirring but distracting scenes of a great city. At eighteen he graduated from Columbia College, having chosen a scientific rather than a professional career. As civil engineer, he began work in 1836 on the location of the Croton Aqueduct, and in 1847 he was Assistant Engineer in the survey, location, and completion of the upper part of the New York division of the Hudson Railroad. In 1850 he went to San Francisco, Cal., and the next year to Stockton,

remaining there five years, selling supplies to the miners under the firm of "Avery and Hewlett." In 1856 he returned to New York and formed a partnership with an old friend as Importers and Commission Merchants under the firm of "H. E. Blossom & Co."; at the death of Mr. Blossom, in 1863, he continued the business with a former clerk under the name of "Avery and Lockwood" until 1885.

It was at this time that the President of this Association, while in New York, had the pleasure of calling upon Mr. Avery.

About 1885 Mr. Avery retired from business. He never married. He spent his winters in New York and his summers at Moriches, a quiet village just out of the city.

These facts concerning Mr. Avery's career are given by the compilers of "*The Avery Family*." Mr. Avery would not allow his portrait to be used, nor more than a single page to be devoted to his life. But actions speak louder than words, and scattered through all the book are records of his truly beautiful and worthy deeds.

Whether Mr. Avery, when he came to Deerfield in 1871, knew of the connection between this town and his remote ancestors, we cannot learn. He could not have heard from his grandfather the true stories of Indian life which doubtless this grandfather heard from the lips of John of Truro. Neither could the father of Walter have heard them from his father or grandfather, because they were both dead when he was two years old. The chain of tradition was so broken that probably Walter did not even know that John of Truro ever preached in Deerfield, since this fact is not recorded in "*The Avery Family*." But even if Mr. Avery did not possess this knowledge, would not a man in whose veins flowed the blood of William, the emigrant, of Richard Warren, the Pilgrim, and of John, the preacher, be drawn to this historic town as surely as the needle is drawn by an irresistible force toward the magnet!

Certain it is that at some time Mr. Avery became deeply interested in the history and genealogy of his family. He spent time and money in searching for information "not only in all parts of this country but in England as well." "His

valuable books of records" which he had "taken such infinite pains to gather" he placed at the disposal of the compilers of "*The Avery Family in America,*" published in 1893. Many of the facts here given are the results of his investigations.

Mr. Avery showed that he placed a true value on old family papers, by presenting the Dedham Historical Society the original deed of gift of land by Rev. John Avery of Truro, to Ephraim his son. It bears the minister's signature, and is the only specimen of his handwriting known to exist.

Rich, in his "*History of Truro,*" tells us that "Mr. Walter T. Avery of New York has reconsecrated the graves of his ancestors by enclosing the lot with granite posts and heavy iron rails." These were the graves of John Avery of Truro and his wife Ruth. These and similar acts prove that Mr. Avery's interests reached out beyond the confines of his city home, that he had a just appreciation of the past, and a rare sense of gratitude to those who, very largely, had made him what he was. In his death, which occurred June 10, 1904, he emphasized his living faith by legacies to several historical societies whose object it is to bring into harmonious and permanent relations the past and the present, that, thereby, the future may be worthy of the founders of New England.

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### EUNICE STEBBINS DOGGETT.

BY C. ALICE BAKER.

Died in Chicago, January 25th, Miss Eunice Stebbins Doggett, in her eighty-eighth year.

Although not a member of this Association, her interest, and that of her family in it, together with their kinship with Rev. John Williams, the "*Redeemed Captive,*" and with Rowland Stebbins,—and her gift to us of John Williams's Bible, perhaps the most precious of all our treasures, make it proper that we should especially remember her at this time.

Her connection with the Williams and Stebbins families was as follows:

Eunice Williams, third child of Rev. Stephen Williams of

Longmeadow (so named in memory of her aunt Eunice the Captive), married William Stebbins, the great-great-grandson of Rowland Stebbins.

After the death of her husband, Eunice Williams Stebbins went to live with her daughter Eunice Stebbins, who had married Rev. Joseph Barker, pastor of the First Church of Middleboro, Mass. There becoming very fond of her little grandson, Stephen Williams Barker, she gave the Bible to him, by this bequest passing over her daughter and her son.

The legatee, Stephen Williams Barker, had two sisters, of whom the eldest, Eunice Barker, married Elkanah Doggett of Middleboro, of Pilgrim descent.\*

The younger sister, Elizabeth Barker, next inherited the Bible from her brother, and in 1847, gave it to her niece *Eunice Stebbins Doggett*, the subject of this notice.

She wrote in it the name of her favorite nephew, the eldest son of her eldest brother. He died in boyhood.

Later, Miss Doggett, "Stebbie," (as we all affectionately called her), visited Deerfield with her younger brother and his fiancée, a descendant of Robert Williams of Roxbury.

After this visit her Stebbins and Williams blood asserted itself, and she began to feel that the proper home for her ancestral Bible was here.

Her brothers and their children, with rare generosity, acquiesced in her wish, and the return of the book to Deerfield was celebrated with fitting honors at our Field Meeting in Montague in 1895.

After her graduation under Mary Lyon at Mount Holyoke Seminary, Miss Doggett taught a girls' school in Morgantown, Va. Compelled by illness to give up her profession, she lived for a time with her parents in Cleveland, Ohio, removing with them to Chicago in 1849.

As the result of a broken hip she was more or less of an invalid during the last fifteen years of her life, "but her sunny hopeful disposition carried her through all," and made her always a cheerful companion.

\* He was great-grandson of Thomas Doggett and wife, Joanna Fuller, daughter of Dr. Fuller of the Pilgrim Fathers

Miss Doggett was a lady of the old school, but urbane and affable, adapting herself easily to people of all classes and ages. She was adored by the children of her family, and those of her friends. She never grew old, or lost her interest in affairs of the present. A large circle of friends mourns her loss.

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### PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY GEORGE D. CRITTENDEN, OF SHELBURNE FALLS.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association:*—A few years ago while riding with a friend over the summit of land in Hawley that divides the valley of the Deerfield River in Charlemont on the north from the valley of the Westfield River in Cummington on the south, also from the valley of the Connecticut on the east from the valley of the Housatonic on the west, I said to him, “From the highest point in this town, in one circular sweep of your eye around the horizon, you can take in an expanse of country that has produced or made homes for more men and women, who have become eminent in their various professions and callings in life, than can be found in an equal expanse of country anywhere in this land.”

Looking south from the summit of Parker’s Hill in Hawley, can be seen the birthplace of William Cullen Bryant, who in some respects, at least, was the most remarkable man that this country has ever produced. His father was an ordinary country physician, who was not able to give his boy advantages superior to those enjoyed by the farmer’s boy in that neighborhood. At the age of fourteen years he wrote a political satire in poetic form, called “The Embargo.” The book was extensively read and created a great sensation throughout the country. It was an attack upon Mr. Jefferson and the policy of the Democratic Party of which he was the leader. It reflected views of his father who was an ardent Federalist; it showed such marked ability that people would not believe that a boy of his age

wrote it until the selectmen of Cummington vouched for it in a published statement over their own signatures.

When he was eighteen years of age a lady of culture and refinement came to his father's on a visit. One day Mr. Bryant handed to her a small manuscript saying, "Here is something our Willie has written." She read it and burst into tears. It was "Thanatopsis." It was sent to the "North American Review," which was edited by a club of literary men, of which Richard H. Dana, Sr., was a member. As it was anonymous the club decided that it could not have been written by any American. There was a grandeur and beauty about it which they did not believe any of our own writers had attained. If he had never written another line, for publication, "Thanatopsis" would have immortalized his name.

Soon after this, Mr. Dana was told that "Thanatopsis" was written by a man by the name of Bryant, who was then a member of the Massachusetts Senate. He went immediately to the State House, where a plain middle-aged gentleman was pointed out to him as being the man who wrote "Thanatopsis." One glance satisfied him that it was a mistake and he returned without seeking an introduction. His name being Bryant led naturally to this mistake. Mr. Dana and Mr. Bryant never met till some years after when Mr. Bryant delivered an oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College.

It was my good fortune to visit him in company with an aged friend of mine in 1876. Mr. Bryant was then in his 83d year. He had just written his last poem, "The Flood of Years." He cut a copy of it out of the "Evening Post" and presented it to me. That production proved that, although eighty-two years old, he had lost none of that grace and power of expression which distinguished his early literary efforts. Like Moses, when he ascended the Mount to die, "His eye was not dim nor his natural force abated." An uninterrupted literary career of almost seventy years made him one of the most remarkable men living.

About forty years before this, when a small barefoot boy, I had with other boys and girls of my age, toed the

crack in the little schoolhouse on the hillside and read his “Mountain of the Monument”; “The Old Man’s Funeral”; the lines on “Revisiting the Country,” I remembered they were headed Bryant, but no one ever told us who he was or anything about his history and I supposed he was a poet who had long since died and it seemed when I met him and talked to him face to face as though I was talking with some man who had come back from some other world.

He told me something about his early life. It is not true, as has been represented, that he was educated at Williams College. He told me he only staid there one year, because his father was not able to pay his expenses longer, and after coming from college he studied Greek a year with Rev. Mr. Hallock of Plainfield. It was while walking from his father’s to Plainfield and ascending the mountain north of the valley of the Westfield River that he saw a waterfowl, very high in the air over the river, suggesting to him the poem, “To a Waterfowl.” How many of us to-day, who are old, remember the emotions that were created in our young minds by reading “The African Chief” or “The Mountain of the Monument” or the “Old Man’s Funeral,” which was suggested by the death of Rev. Mr. Hallock of Plainfield. At the time of our visit he had as a guest his brother, John Howard Bryant, a farmer in Illinois, who had poetic talent of a high order. Griswold in his selection of the best gems of American poetry gives place to several of his poems.

About one mile from the Bryant place is the birthplace of the late Senator Dawes, who was one of the most influential members of Congress for over thirty years. He was most emphatically a self-made man. He once said that when he left home he took nothing with him except a parent’s blessing. He had a brother who was a farmer and who, in my opinion, was as talented by nature as the Senator, but he was extremely radical in his opinions and outspoken in expressing them and cared nothing for popularity.

Please remember that we are still looking south from Parker’s Hill and can see as far as Lenox. Here lived, in

my boyhood days, the first actress that I ever remember reading about, viz., Fanny Kemble Butler. She was one of the most remarkable women of her day, both as an authoress and actress. She descended from a long line of Kembles, who were distinguished in the records of the English stage. She was the daughter of Charles Kemble, an English actor, and was born in London in 1811. She went on the stage when eighteen years old,—not from choice but to help her father who was financially embarrassed. In six weeks after her theatrical career was decided upon, she came out at "Covent Garden" as Juliet to her father as Romeo. Her success was such that she came to this country with her father in 1832 and met with greater success here than in England.

In 1834, she married a wealthy retired merchant of Philadelphia, by the name of Butler. The marriage not proving a congenial one, she left her husband and came to Lenox. While there she trained young ladies for the stage. I remember of hearing this story about her,—When at Lenox she hired an old farmer to take her to ride in his carryall. He had a very voluble tongue, but subjects that he discussed did not interest her. She did not care to hear about his crops or his cattle or the signs of the weather, so one day when he was rattling away she lost patience and said, "Sir, I hire you to drive for me not to talk to me."

The old man's feelings were hurt; he felt that he had been insulted, but he said nothing. At the end of the season she called for an itemized account. She noticed an item that read "Sass, \$5.00." She pointed it out and said, "What is this?" He said, "That is for sass, Ma'am, I don't ginniley take any on't but when I dew I charge for it." She paid it without another word.

She has died within a few years at a great age. A younger sister of hers, Adelaide, born in 1820, commenced what promised to be a brilliant career upon the stage, but which was cut short by her marriage in 1843 to Charles Sartoris. Her son, Algernon, married Nellie Grant, daughter of General Grant, in 1874.

Now this naturally reminds me of an episode that hap-

pened in my native town in the early part of the last century. A man left town leaving a wife and two young children. Not having heard from him for several years, and supposing him dead, his wife married again. She was a very estimable woman, a member of the Congregational church, and her descendants, by both husbands, occupy very respectable positions in the communities where they live. This episode came very near being a veritable Enoch Arden affair. After his wife's second marriage, her first husband concluded to return and take her and the children to the place where he had resided for several years. When he came within a few miles of his old home he put up at a hotel overnight. Here he happened to hear two men talking, one of whom was from Hawley. The conversation was about him and he heard one man say that his wife was married again. Without making himself known he went back to the place where he had been living and married again. Some of his descendants have occupied high positions in this country and are noted for their remarkable intellectual abilities and great strength of character, and have had honorable careers. One has been a cabinet minister and another has, by virtue of her husband's position, presided over the social functions of the White House.

In the same direction can be seen the birthplace of Jonas King, a man, who in some respects, was one of the most remarkable men of his time. My father was a schoolmate of his and, according to his estimate of him, so far as physical labor was concerned, he was born tired, but in certain lines he had remarkable talent. His father was an invalid and he taught him to read while standing by his bedside. He could read fluently at three years of age. At five he read the Bible through and he developed a very remarkable talent as a linguist. He was born in Hawley, in 1792, and was graduated from Williams in 1816. He went as a missionary to Palestine from 1823–26 then to Athens until 1869. He was the author of many writings in the original Greek language, some of which gave great offense, not only to the Greek people but to the government. He came

near being mobbed. His residence was surrounded by a mob but he saved himself by hoisting the United States consular flag, which showed that he had been appointed United States consul. He died at Athens in 1869.

Still looking south, there can be seen the old home of the "Mountain Miller" whose name has been immortalized by the pen of William A. Hallock, who for many years was secretary of the American Tract Society. He and his brother, Girard Hallock, who for so many years was editor and proprietor of the "New York Journal of Commerce," were both natives of Plainfield.

Turning a little to the right there can be seen the old home of George N. Briggs in Lanesboro. He was governor of Massachusetts from 1844-51 and had previously been a member of Congress. He was a man who was distinguished for his philanthropy, sterling integrity and unassuming manners. He was a magistrate who was described in holy writ, "as one who beareth not the sword in vain." He refused to commute the sentence of a murderer because he was a professor of Harvard College. An old lady who had lived in Washington a long time and known many Congressmen once said that George N. Briggs and George Grinnell were the only two men she ever knew who did not leave their religion at home when they came to Congress.

Mr. Briggs once came to Hawley to act as counsel in the case of Dr. Charles Knowlton vs. Capt. John King, for slander. The case had been left to referees and in making his plea he said of Captain King, "Gentlemen, he ought to have his head severed from his shoulders." These words rankled in the captain's breast until a few years later Mr. Briggs was counsel in a case which was to be tried in Greenfield. When he met his client's witnesses he found among them Captain King, who stepped up to him and said, "You are the man who wanted to sever my head from my shoulders." Mr. Briggs patted him on the shoulder and said in a very patronizing way, "Never mind, I am glad now I didn't for I want to use you here."

Two little children from a very poor family that he had been very kind to came to his funeral and looked into the

casket. The persons who followed them saw two little tears they had dropped on his dead face. Those little tears spoke with a pathos and eloquence that no human tongue could equal.

Another native of Lanesboro was Henry W. Shaw, who became very famous as a writer under the name of Josh Billings and who could concentrate more worldly wisdom into a few odd sayings than any American writer; although he had such a world-wide reputation yet he never wrote anything for publication until after he was forty years old.

Turning a little farther to the right you can see Stafford's Hill in Cheshire, where Elder John Leland preached for many years. He was one of the most unique specimens of humanity that ever occupied a pulpit. He was born in Grafton in 1754 and came to Cheshire in 1792 from Virginia, where he had preached for fourteen years. He was a man of strong character and an original and independent thinker; an intimate friend and admirer of Jefferson and Madison. He admired Jefferson because he was the great champion of religious liberty. He was a Baptist. Next to the Quakers the Baptists had been the most cruelly persecuted sect in Virginia.

The Colonial Legislature of Virginia once passed an act making it a penal offense for parents to refuse to have their infants baptized,—a practice that he abhorred. Mr. Leland said that he remembered that when between three and four years old his father had the minister come to his house and sprinkle the six children, of whom he was the youngest. He was terribly frightened and got out of the house and ran with the maid in hot pursuit. He fell down and bumped his nose, which bled profusely. He was taken back, the blood was washed off and he was baptized, and all the credit of the transaction belonged to his father, the maid and the minister, for he was an unwilling candidate.

He was not a politician but reasoned from elementary standpoints, and so thoroughly impressed his opinions upon the people of Cheshire that the town, at one time, was unanimously Democratic. It is said by Judge Barker, a native of Cheshire, that one Whig vote was once found in

the ballot box and was thrown out on the ground that it must have been a mistake. In 1803, at the suggestion of Mr. Leland, the farmers of Cheshire put their cheese curds together and made a 1,200 lb. cheese and sent it to Mr. Jefferson by Elder Leland and Darius Brown. Mr. Jefferson wrote a very elegant acknowledgment directed to the committee of the town of Cheshire.

During the stormy times of the Revolution he was preaching in Virginia and repeatedly had his life threatened for preaching doctrines that were considered inimical to the Episcopal church which it was expected would be the established church.

Turning a little farther to the right there can be seen in Adams the birthplace of Susan B. Anthony, a woman with a world-wide reputation as an advocate of the rights of woman. She is now in her 85th year and president of the World's Federation of Woman's Clubs and still active. She and her brother, Colonel Anthony, the fighting editor who did such valiant service for the free statehood of Kansas just before the Civil War,—were children of Humphrey Anthony, a Quaker of Adams.

Next appears Whitingham, Vt., the birthplace of Brigham Young, who, whatever we may think of the influence of his life and character, had executive ability enough to rule an empire.

Now before us is the childhood home of George M. Stearns, a man whom many of us knew. The following anecdote of him was never published. When about fifteen years old, his father, Rev. Mr. Stearns of Rowe, sent him to Shelburne Falls Academy. His conduct was such that Squire Zebulon Field, the village magistrate, was heard to say that he should write to Elder Stearns and inform him how George was carrying on. As soon as George heard that he had mailed the letter he got excused for a day or two and reached Rowe ahead of the mail, watched the post office, took out the letter, opened it and read it, replied to it and signed his father's name to it and mailed it. It read like this: "Z. W. Field, Esq. Dear Sir: Yours received. In reply, would say, I can take care of my own boy and

would thank you to mind your own business. I have heard about you as being a busybody who spends more time in meddling with other people's business than you do in attending to your own. Thanking you to mind your own business in the future, I remain," etc. Squire Field always had a poor opinion of Elder Stearns after this and the Elder probably never knew that the Squire ever wrote him a letter.

In the same direction can be seen the childhood home of Charles Dudley Warner. He was born in 1829. His father died in his early childhood and he spent most of his boyhood at the home of his uncle William Patch who lived near the north end of the bridge over the Deerfield River a half mile west of the village of Charlemont. His book, "Being a Boy" is a most lifelike description of the life and experiences of a boy who was brought up 60 or 70 years ago in an old-fashioned orthodox community. He was called one of the ablest literary men of his day.

Next comes Heath, the birthplace of Rev. Joshua Leavitt, who for three decades before the Civil War had a national reputation as an associate of Garrison, Phillips, Gerrit Smith and James G. Birney, who were pioneers in the Antislavery movement. He was at one time editor of "The Liberator."

In the same town can be seen the homestead, once occupied by Col. Hugh Maxwell, a man who has a very remarkable Revolutionary record. He was of Scotch-Irish blood and was born April 27, 1733, in the town of Minterburne, County of Tyrone, Ireland. His father emigrated to America when he was six weeks old.

The Maxwells were Calvinists and strict Presbyterians and did not like the established church of Ireland. Colonel Maxwell's father settled in Bedford, Mass. Colonel Maxwell's first military service was in the French war, which broke out in 1755, in which he served through five campaigns and he was one of the few men who escaped the slaughter of prisoners by the Indians at the surrender of Fort William Henry, in 1757. Just before the Revolutionary war, he moved to what is now Heath, where he built a small house

with one room and a closet. A few days after the battle of Lexington he left his wife and seven children,—the oldest eleven years, the youngest a week old,—and went to Cambridge with his company and joined Colonel Prescott's regiment and a few days later participated in the battle of Bunker Hill. He was severely wounded and supposed at first to be mortally. It was three months before he was able to come home. In the early fall he returned to the army and was with Washington at the battles of Long Island, Trenton and Princeton.

In the spring of 1777, Colonel Maxwell's brigade was detached and joined the Northern Army under General Gates to oppose the progress of General Burgoyne who had invaded the colonies from Canada. Colonel Maxwell participated in the two hard-fought battles that resulted in the surrender of General Burgoyne and his army. In November, he returned to the Southern Army and the next year was at the battle of Monmouth under Washington. He remained in the army till it was disbanded and returned home after having given fourteen years of the best part of his life to his country as a soldier in the French and Revolutionary wars.

Colonel Maxwell's correspondence with his wife and others while in the army, as well as his life as a citizen, show him to have been a very devout Christian as well as a true patriot. He left behind him a record of which his descendants may well be proud. His only grandchild living is Miss Abby Maxwell of Charlemont. Among his great-grandchildren are the Maxwell Brothers, manufacturers of Rockville, Conn., Mrs. J. W. Thurber of Shelburne Falls and Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, authoress and lecturer of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Towards the northeast is Colrain, once the home of Rev. Mr. Taggart. His biography has been thoroughly set forth in former historical papers, but as he was contemporary with a great-uncle of mine, the Rev. Thomas Wood of Halifax, I have had an opportunity, perhaps, to know of one of his eccentricities which was the same habit that Ben Jonson had, viz.: that of counting things and motions that he saw. When he rode to Greenfield and back he would count his horse's steps and at a time when it was fashionable for ladies

to have a large number of tucks in their dress skirts he could always tell his wife and daughters how many tucks the bride had in her skirt after he had attended a wedding, and the financial standing of the bride's family was rated largely by the number and fineness of the tucks.

At the east, is Buckland, the birthplace of Mary Lyon, a woman who was a hundred years ahead of her time in her idea as to what could and should be done for the intellectual elevation of woman and who displayed an executive ability in carrying out her plans that has never been surpassed.

At the southeast is Conway, the home of the Whitneys, one of whom was a cabinet minister, and in the same town can be seen the birthplace of Marshall Field, the richest dry goods merchant in the world and a man noted for his literary tastes.

We complete the circle at Ashfield, the birthplace of Henry C. Payne, late Postmaster-general, also of Alvan Clark, the great telescope maker. I omit from the circle the "River Gods," who once lived in Greenfield, Deerfield and Northampton, as their history has been exploited by preceding papers.

From Parker's Hill on a clear day can be seen the locality where the Battle of Bennington was fought in 1777. I saw recently a list of the nine great battles of the world,—meaning the battles that had the most important effect upon the world, and to my surprise one of them was the Battle of Bennington, fought by a few hundred men on each side, at which six hundred British soldiers were captured. Military experts claim that Colonel Baum's defeat so weakened General Burgoyne that he was defeated at Saratoga, and the plan to meet Sir Henry Clinton at Albany and cut the colonies in two was frustrated. While the battle was in progress, the cannon roar could be heard in Hawley and a great-aunt of mine used to say that she and my great-grandmother stood out at the north end of their house and listened to the cannon. Her mother cried because Daddy was in the battle and she was afraid he would be killed.

In this battle a company of Loyalists, or Tories, occupied a small redoubt which Col. Joab Strafford of Cheshire was

ordered to assault. He was wounded by a bullet fired by one of his own townsmen who thought it his duty to fight for his King. It is remarkable that these men settled down and lived as peaceably as they did, side by side as neighbors, after the war was over.

I remember the tall, erect form of Deacon Aaron Lyman of Charlemont, a very devout man, who was the gunner who managed the fieldpiece that killed three of Shays' men when they were met by General Shepard at Wilbraham, four miles from Springfield, February 4, 1787. My paternal grandfather, who was a soldier of the Revolution, was one of Shays' men and my maternal grandfather, who was a good Calvinist deacon, lent his gun to one of Shays' men.

I have a personal recollection of six men who served in the Revolutionary Army. The most prominent of them was Col. Edmund Longley of Hawley. He commanded a regiment under General Washington, also a regiment under General Shepard who put down the Shays rebellion. He was for many years the leading man of the town. His oldest son, Gen. Thomas Longley, commanded a regiment in the War of 1812. They were both men of great dignity and polished manners and very public-spirited.

A few years ago a list was published of the men who fought at Bunker Hill and who were present at the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument in 1825, fifty years after the battle; at the head of the list was the name of Josiah Pierce of Buckland. He was seventy-four years old in 1825 and traveled to Boston on foot carrying the bullet pouch and powder horn that he used at that battle. He lived near my father in Hawley and I used to see the bullet pouch and powder horn hanging up in his room. He left his gun on the battle field and carried a wounded comrade off on his back. He said he oiled the lock with bear's grease just before the battle.

Another Revolutionary soldier whom I remember very well was Amos Crittenden, a great-uncle of mine, who enlisted from Ashfield and was one of Arnold's 1,100 men, who left Augusta, Maine, in September, 1776, their objective point being Quebec. This expedition, which on its arrival at Quebec

contained only 800 men, was remarkable for having in it so many who later on became famous in history. Generals Morgan, Green, Dearborne, Meigs and Aaron Burr were all in this expedition. Burr was then a cadet and twenty years old. I had read the history of the Revolution, and the picture of this old man who was acquainted with all these famous men and an actor with them is, after sixty-five years, still fresh in my memory. When I was about twelve years old he came to my father's on a visit and in the evening I heard him relate the whole story of the sufferings of the men who composed that ill-fated expedition. I shall mention only a few items of interest which I heard from his lips that have not gone into a published history.

When they became so nearly exhausted that all discipline was abandoned he and two other comrades agreed to stand by one another. Finally one of them, a Mr. Carr, of Plainfield, became so weak he told the other two to leave him to die, as he could go no farther. After they left him they shot a red squirrel, dressed it and ate the flesh leaving the entrails and skin on a log. Mr. Carr, after resting, followed to where the remains were left, ate them and gained strength enough to overtake his companions and they soon met some cattle from a French settlement. This same Mr. Carr was one of Shays' men and he used to tell how he was shocked when a cannon ball struck and killed a man by his side, at Wilbraham.

My uncle helped to dress Arnold's wound, while the battle was in progress, as he was detailed to assist the surgeon. He was wounded in the leg, the bullet going so nearly through it that it pushed out the flesh on the opposite side. The surgeon cut out the bullet and they filled the hole on each side with lint and put on a bandage and he went back into the battle. While it was being done, he said he would rather have had his great toes tied together, which alluded to the custom of tying the great toes of dead persons together. By the way, a son of Benedict Arnold became a major-general in the English army and lived to be eighty-eight years old. He was much respected and served in India for many years.

July 4, 1841, there was a Democratic celebration at Charle-

mont and a space in the public procession was reserved for Revolutionary soldiers. There were six of them. They rode in a two-horse farm wagon to the grove where the exercises were held. Maj. Joseph Griswold of Buckland presided and the principal speakers were two young men, Whiting Griswold of Buckland, who must have been about twenty-five years old, and Charles Dodge of Hawley, who was twenty years old and a student in Williams College. I remember Mr. Griswold scored the Whig administration for calling an extra session of Congress in midsummer to consider the question of tariff and a national bank. He made what was called an able speech for so young a man but created some amusement when in a burst of forensic eloquence he alluded to the time when the wild buffalo roamed up and down the valley of the Deerfield River. Young Dodge was later on a lawyer in Ohio and became a judge.

Speaking of Fourth of July celebrations, they had one in Heath one hundred and one years ago last July with Rev. Mr. Grout of Hawley as the orator of the day and his oration showed him to be a man a hundred years ahead of his time. His subject was "What kind of liberty is that which is most conducive to the happiness of society." He showed in a clear and common sense way how a man may enjoy liberty to possess and improve all his reserved rights but not infringe upon the rights of others. It must have been a sharp rebuke to those of his hearers who had been engaged in Shays rebellion.

The historian says the Fourth of July A. D., 1803, was celebrated at Heath by about 700 ladies and gentlemen, respectable citizens from that and the neighboring towns. The morning was ushered in by the firing of cannon, beating of drums, etc. A procession was formed on the green near the meetinghouse and elegantly arranged to the best advantage by Capt. Roger Leavitt. After marching into the meetinghouse Rev. Mr. Grout delivered his oration. After the oration the ladies were conducted to Mr. Tucker's Hall and the gentlemen to an extensive bower on the green, under which seats and tables were prepared and an elegant enter-

tainment provided. The historian is silent as to what kind of a time the ladies had in Tucker's Hall, while the gentlemen enjoyed that elegant entertainment under the bower on the common.

Here are four or five of the toasts that were responded to by our great-grandfathers over one hundred years ago. "President Jefferson: May his administration be patriotic, discreet and upright." You will notice that this toast does not eulogize Mr. Jefferson at all. The men of that day on this side of the Hoosac range were almost unanimously Federalists. The next toast was "Gov. Strong: mild and firm; may he long remain a chief pillar in our political future." You will notice they did not express any such wish for Mr. Jefferson, but Governor Strong was a Federalist. Another toast was "The Cheshire Cheese: May the Mammoth of Monticello be fed on the well dried cheese of Federal Republicanism and not stuffed with the soured curds of Democracy." Not a very respectful allusion to the President of the United States.

Speaking of the ministers of long ago, I remember several of them who were active during the Revolution. Rev. Mr. Hallock of Plainfield, who ran what was called "the Bread and Milk College," where "young men could board and study the languages at \$1.25 per week." Among his pupils were William Cullen Bryant, Jonathan Dawes, John Brown. As an example of Mr. Hallock's integrity, he once had a cow to sell. A man came and offered him thirty dollars for her; Mr. Hallock said: "You cannot have her for that but you may have her for twenty-five dollars, for that is all she is worth." He and Mr. Grout of Hawley were the first settled ministers in their towns. Mr. Grout's pastorate was forty-one years.

A very eccentric minister of the olden times was the Rev. Mr. Riddell, who used to ride around over the hills on horseback, carrying a change of linen and a few sermons in his saddle bags, and supply temporary vacancies and put up with the brethren. The late Baxter Newell told me that he once came to Whitingham and as there was a great drouth, the people, according to the custom of those days, sent up a

request for him to pray for rain. He did so and before the services were over there came an electrical outburst so heavy that roads and bridges were washed away, doing the town several hundred dollars damage. One old lady, a member of his church, criticised him severely because he never could do anything without overdoing it. He was a great-uncle of John Wesley Riddell, a prominent citizen of Greenfield.

In my boyhood days every Baptist minister, or layman, with a single exception, whom I knew, were Democrats, and the reason was a profound mystery to me till I read the life and times of Elder John Leland. During the stormy times of the Revolution he preached in Virginia and his life was frequently threatened for drawing people away from the Episcopal Church which the most influential people intended to make the state religion. Here in New England they were taxed for the support of the first churches that were established in the town where they lived and were ostracized because they did not take kindly to such treatment, and it is no wonder that they were the political followers of Thomas Jefferson, who had done so much for the cause of religious liberty. Mr. Apollos Barnard told me he could remember when a Baptist minister was not allowed to assist at a funeral in Shelburne. This reminds me that "Uncle Jarvis," our centenary friend, told me the plan of the Franklin Academy was for a two-story building, but the Baptists paid for another story, in which to hold their services, in 1830, and it was the first three-story building erected in Franklin County. He was then running the village hotel and guests used to inquire for the three-story building and go to see it. One man went up to see it one morning before breakfast. When he came back he said it made him dizzy to look at it. What it would have done to him to look up to the top of a modern twenty-four story skyscraper is a mystery. On inquiring of the oldest man now doing business in Greenfield I find that Uncle Jarvis was right, as there was no three-story building at the county seat.

The first time I was ever in Greenfield was October 10, 1837; I was ten years old. It was muster day. The soldiers were drawn up on Main Street and on the street now leading

under the arch. The same day there was held in the old courthouse a county common school convention. It was a delegate convention composed of two delegates from each town. The object of it was to devise ways and means for improving the common schools of Franklin County. Gen. Thomas Longley and my father were delegates from Hawley. General Longley was chairman of the convention. I remember of hearing the roll of the towns called and delegates responded for their towns. When some towns were called a man from that town would rise and say no delegate was chosen from our town but two of us are here and they were voted in. That is all I remember about the convention. What they did or proposed to do I do not know. At that point, I wanted to see the soldiers who had gone to the muster grounds and my father went with me to where there was an old wood-colored house, at the corner of Main Street where the soldiers turned to the right to go to the muster grounds. He told me to sit there on the grass till he came for me, and gave me some pennies to buy something to eat. I paid three cents for half a card of gingerbread. I remember going into the bank and my father got a thousand dollars for one of his neighbors, who had mortgaged his farm to the Hospital Life Insurance Company and I recall Mr. Frank Ripley and some of his conversation with my father. I remember also of going into Colonel Phelps' bookstore, where my father bought two Bibles, one for me and one for a sister of mine. I have mine now, with my name written on the fly leaf and Oct. 1, 1837, in my father's handwriting. We went up into the second story to get the Bibles and a daughter of Colonel Phelps, a little younger than myself, stood with me at the window and looked at the soldiers as they marched by. If she is living now she is about seventy-five years old. I remember about this day because it was the first time I was ever twenty miles from home.

The next year, in 1838, I went, with my father and mother, to the southwestern part of the state of New York as far as Olean,—four hundred miles,—with a horse and the first wagon I ever saw with the body on springs. We crossed the Hudson River at Albany on a flatboat that would take on two

teams and was propelled by horse power. We saw the first railroad that ever carried passengers in this part of the country. It was fifteen miles long and made the trip from Albany to Schenectady in one hour. The trip to Olean occupied about ten days by horse—now by steam, fifteen hours.

The manners and customs of the hotel keepers and travelers, also hotel charges, were very different from what they are now. The charge for a meal was twelve and one-half cents and the same for lodging; also twelve and one-half cents for four quarts of oats and hay for a horse. In Central New York the hotels were mostly kept by people with a Dutch accent and sometimes the landlady would be about her work minus shoes and stockings. I have no recollection of a lock or bolt on the door of any room where we staid overnight. If two couples were traveling together and seemed to be friends or relations they were provided with a double room. On our return trip we stopped at Baker's Hotel in Lanesboro overnight and were put into a long hall with two beds in it. After we were all asleep the landlord opened the door and came in with a tallow dip and a pedlar, who was to occupy a bed with me, and no apology for this intrusion. Please remember that this was sixty-six years ago and I mention it to illustrate some of the changes that have taken place within my recollection.

One of the most notable changes that have occurred within my recollection is in the newspapers. Sixty-five to seventy years ago many people did not take a paper and those who did, many of them, took one with a neighbor. Mr. Jarvis Bardwell, who was postmaster at Shelburne Falls seventy years ago, used to say that four men once clubbed together and took a paper that came to his office and they read it in rotation and the last man retained the paper to pay him for waiting for it. Once he complained of the man from whom he was to receive it because he kept it so long. The man said he had not had time to read all the advertisements. The other said, "Do you read all the advertisements?" "Certainly I do. I read the paper through by course. Do you think I am going to pay for a paper and not read it?"

A great-uncle of mine who was a minister in Halifax lent his paper to a neighbor of his. After a while one of the boys brought it back and said, "We don't want your paper no more." My uncle said, "Why not?" "Oh, cause it don't tell about nobody being froze to death." It was not sensational enough to suit them; in modern parlance, it was not yellow enough to suit their literary taste. How they would have revelled in the "New York American" or "The Police Gazette," and how wild they would have gone over the pictures in the "Sunday Globe."

The first great newspaper sensation I remember was an account of the great fire in New York in December, 1835, which destroyed six hundred houses and stores. A merchant who could not hire a team to move his goods asked a man, with a horse and dray, what he would take for his team. He said \$500. He bought it and saved his entire stock. Previous to that time there were no police in New York City and no coal was used for fuel. Another great sensation was the burning of the Steamboat Lexington on Long Island Sound in the winter of 1839-40, in which Miss Sophia T. Wheeler of Greenfield lost her life. The same year, Marcus Morton was declared elected Governor of Massachusetts by a majority of one vote. It took about two months for the returning board to count the votes. I mention this to pay a tribute to the integrity of that returning board, who were Whigs, while Mr. Morton was a Democrat. The town of Westfield went for Morton by a large majority, but some informality about calling the meeting gave the board the legal right to throw out the vote of Westfield, which would have defeated Mr. Morton. When some one proposed to have it done, that Whig returning board said, "No, the people of Massachusetts have intended to elect Marcus Morton for their Governor by one majority and he must have the office." I leave it to your own judgment to say what you think would have happened in Massachusetts last fall under just the same circumstances.

The saddlebags are still in the shape they were about one hundred years ago when a great-uncle of mine carried the mail in them on horseback from Greenfield through

Shelburne, Buckland, Charlemont, Hawley, Ashfield and Conway. Later on, it was carried by a man with a horse and wagon and the man distributed the Greenfield papers and gave warning of his approach by blowing a tin horn and throwing out the paper if no one came to take it. Deacon Phinehas Field of Charlemont had a very intelligent dog that used to go down to the road to get the Greenfield paper. Mr. Clark Slate, who carried the papers, told me that he met the Deacon one day and gave him his paper. The dog saw him go by without throwing out a paper. He followed him and sprang into the rear end of the wagon and took a paper out of the open box, where he carried them, and the Deacon had two papers, as the dog could not get along without a "Gazette and Courier."

Still looking to the left can be seen, a mile or so away, what looks like a few acres of cleared land in the midst of a forest. From this spot high up on the mountain no human habitation can now be seen. Within my recollection, on this barren and desolate spot, was a little hamlet composed of a church, two stores and two hotels, a blacksmith's shop and several dwelling houses. The church was well filled with worshipers on the Sabbath, and connected with it was a Sunday School of three hundred scholars. It is a howling wilderness to-day,—not a house in sight. On this spot was a small cottage that was occupied, in the thirties, by Dr. Charles Knowlton, who came there from Ashburnham and commenced to practice his profession. His fame as an advocate of materialism and other views tending to atheism had preceded him and the staid old orthodox town of Hawley was much excited, especially when it was known that he proposed to publish another edition of his "Fruits of Philosophy," for issuing which he had been imprisoned at Cambridge. A rivalry instantly sprang up between Dr. Knowlton and Dr. Moses Smith. Each doctor had his strong partisan friends and quite a number of families named their children after their favorite physician. Col. Charles Knowlton Hawks, who recently died in San Francisco, Cal., and Col. Moses Smith Hall of West Virginia, who distinguished himself during the war as colonel of a

West Virginia regiment in the Union Army, were both natives of Hawley and named after Drs. Knowlton and Smith.

Rev. Jonathan Grout, the first settled minister in Hawley, was then living and visited Dr. Knowlton and tried to persuade him to abandon the publication of his book, urging, among other reasons, that it was against the law to publish such a book. The doctor replied that he did not care anything about the law. Mr. Grout told him that laws were made for people who did not care anything about them.

About this time Rev. Tyler Thatcher settled in Hawley as a colleague with Mr. Grout. He was a young man of rare talent, with reasoning powers of a high order, an argumentative mind, and ultra-Calvinistic views in theology. A brisk controversy immediately sprang up between him and Dr. Knowlton, which resulted in a challenge from Mr. Thatcher to the doctor to meet him in a public debate in the old meetinghouse. The challenge was accepted, the parties met and a great forensic battle was fought between the theism of the Puritan fathers and modern materialism, Dr. Knowlton taking his turn in occupying the pulpit in the old church, from which, up to that day, nothing had emanated but the pure unadulterated theism of the Pilgrim fathers. Mr. Thatcher was assisted by a man named Batchelder, who made it his business to travel over the country and hold public debates with infidels. A large audience gathered from surrounding towns to hear the debate.

About this time Dr. Knowlton removed to Ashfield and formed a copartnership with Dr. Roswell Shepard, and Shepard and Knowlton published the book, the republication of which has raised such an excitement in England. The town of Ashfield was at once divided into two parties, the Knowlton and anti-Knowlton. The Knowlton party was composed, not so much of proselytes of Dr. Knowlton's peculiar notions on materialism, as of persons who had faith in him as being a skillful physician and who believed it would be better to let him alone and to allow him to peaceably enjoy his own opinions, as up to this time he had made no attempt to make proselytes to his views on mate-

rialism. Rev. Mr. Grosvenor, the Congregational minister, made an attack on him from his pulpit, in which he told his people not to employ Shepard and Knowlton,—that infidelity must be crushed in Ashfield by withdrawing patronage from that firm,—and it was proposed to put the ban of the church upon all of its members who persisted in employing them.

Dr. Knowlton attended the church meeting and asked permission to speak, but, as he was not a church member, that privilege was not granted him. He then published his famous "Letter to Col. Abel Williams," a prominent member of the church who refused to withdraw his patronage from him, in which he maintained his right to disseminate his own opinions, if in doing so he did not infringe upon the rights of others. Dr. Knowlton called a meeting of the citizens of Ashfield, at which he made a long address ending by proclaiming his purpose to stick at all hazards, and support himself and family by the practice of his profession in that town.

Immediately after this Rev. Mr. Grosvenor and several of his leading church members appeared before the grand jury at Greenfield and procured the indictment of Shepard and Knowlton for publishing a book calculated to injure the public morals. This indictment, which was found at the August term in 1834, is a curiously worded document but, in its phraseology, somewhat similar to one found in England in June, 1877, and tried before the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury. Knowlton and Shepard were arrested by Sheriffs Purple and Wells and gave bail for their appearance to the November term, when the case was tried, with District Attorney Dewey for the Commonwealth and Wells and Alvord for the defendants. The jury disagreed and the case was re-tried in March, 1835, when the jury again disagreed, and the case was nolprossed to the next (August) term.

It is a curious fact that nothing more is heard of this book for forty-three years, when its publication in England caused so much excitement. It is also a remarkable confirmation of Dr. Knowlton's claim to originality in the

discovery of certain physiological truths put forth in this book, that it was stated in the English court that after a diligent search through all medical or quasimedical literature, nothing containing similar statements could be found. Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant, who were prosecuted for publishing this book, conducted their own defense, the latter occupying several hours in her plea, in which she discussed from a moral and philanthropic standpoint the propriety of scientific checks upon the increase of the population. After a three days' trial, the Lord Chief Justice charged the jury that if, in their opinion, the book was calculated to injure the public morals, they were bound to render a verdict of guilty, whether it was published with a bad intent or not. They rendered a verdict of guilty but exonerated the defendants from any bad motive in publishing the book. Sentence was suspended and the defendants were released on their own recognizances.

Colonel Moses S. Hall, mentioned above, was a native of Hawley and is now living in West Virginia, about 80 years of age. At the breaking out of the Civil War he was practicing medicine in West Virginia in company with a Dr. Harris, who married his sister, Miss Sophia P. Hall, an old-time school teacher in Western Franklin. She went to that section to teach school and there met young Harris, who was also a school teacher. He was forty-eight years old at the breaking out of the war and, although a native Virginian, was an old-fashioned Garrisonian Abolitionist; he was a prominent elder in a Presbyterian church and, as he told me himself, he was almost a non-resistant in principle. At the breaking out of the war, he raised a regiment and his brother-in-law, Dr. Hall, commanded one of the companies. Both of them served through the war, most of the time in the Army of the Potomac. Before the close of the war, Colonel Harris was in command of a division and Captain Hall was in command of a brigade. Dr. Hall resigned his commission on the next day after Lee surrendered. He was twice wounded, once very severely at the Battle of Winchester. He told me that while being carried to the rear in an ambulance, he met Sheridan on his famous ride,

which has been so thoroughly celebrated in song. The government would not accept General Harris's resignation but retained him another year, when he had command of the Eastern Department of Virginia. President Lincoln said of him, that he was the best volunteer officer that he ever met. He was one of the military commission that tried the Lincoln conspirators.

I have occupied an hour of your time by giving you in a disconnected manner, some reminiscences of men and events that I have known about personally or about whom I have learned by reliable tradition, and if I have picked up a single thread of history that interests you, and which would have otherwise been lost, I shall feel amply paid for the time I have spent in writing this paper.

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## COMPLIMENTS OF Z. L. PARKER.

## TO THE POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.\*

Yes, Pocumtuck—native valley—  
I have loved thee—love thee now,  
Though the frosts of fourscore winters  
Gather on my wrinkled brow.  
I shall ne'er forget the pictures—  
Painted on my youthful soul,  
Till I cross the mystic river  
Out beyond the coming goal.

## TRIBUTE TO DEACON FIELD.

All up and down the vale  
No man has been revealed,  
So versatile in human gifts  
As Deacon Phinehas Field.  
He'd write a ditty with his pen,  
Or sing a merry song,  
Or tell a funny story,  
Amusing to the throng;

\* Of this long poem, we give a few of the opening lines, and the tribute to Deacon Field, which all will recognize as a good portrayal of one of our oldest and most valued members. The entire poem can be found in the library of our Association.—EDITOR.

He'd make a speech on any theme  
Your Honor might propose;  
If on the cause of Temperance  
He'd strike some telling blows.  
A speech Political he'd make  
His party friends to please,  
While those upon the other side  
Were not so much at ease.  
Upon a neighbor he would call  
When crape was on the door,  
And all within were bathed in tears  
And hearts were crushed and sore;  
But words of comfort and of cheer,  
Would fall upon that neighbor's ear—  
A word for old, a word for young,  
Was always on the Deacon's tongue.

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## MAJOR ROBERT TREAT.

BY GEORGE W. SOLLEY.

During the past year some workmen turning over the soil at South Deerfield, dug into what was probably the grave of the victims of the massacre at Bloody Brook. No object in town has attracted more interest than the plain Sandstone Slab at South Deerfield which is supposed to mark the spot where the "Flower of Essex" were buried, after what the Ancient Chronicler calls "That black and fatal day, the saddest that ever befell New England." John Fiske in his "Beginnings of New England" says: "Major Treat's men next day buried all the victims together." Who is this Major Treat of whom so much is written, and such brave deeds are told by the many Chroniclers of that final and decisive struggle between the New England Colonist and the Indian?

Coming to reside at Old Deerfield eight years ago I immediately felt as though I were walking upon familiar ground. Although I had never been there before, at least in this existence, I felt a strange familiarity with the place and a persistent drawing to its historic spots which was very fascinating to me. I took up "The Redeemed Captive," "Hoyt's Antiquarian Researches" and "Sheldon's

History of Deerfield," as though I had suddenly found old friends. None of these books had I ever seen before, and it was with a thrill of surprise with which I one day read the story of Major Treat's Exploits in the Connecticut Valley. Who was this valiant Major Treat? Surely here was a familiar name. He was none other than my own direct ancestor on both sides of my paternal tree, Major Robert Treat, Commander in Chief of the soldiers of the Connecticut Colony, and for forty years Governor and Deputy Governor of the same Consolidated Colony.

The New England Colonists seem to have lived with more or less harmony with their red neighbors until about 1675. "Their treatment of the Indians," says John Fiske, "in time of peace, seems to have been generally just and kind." They paid for every rod of ground on which they settled and so far as possible they extended to the Indians the protection of the law. In his report of the Federal Commissioners in May, 1676, Josiah Winslow, Governor of Plymouth, makes this same assertion.

But after a half century the settlements of the English had spread over New England like the meshes of a net: westward to the Connecticut Valley and from Long Island Sound on the south well up towards the French Canadian bounds on the north. Great attempts had been made to civilize the Indians by the religious zeal of those sturdy Puritans, and many villages of "Praying Indians" were formed in consequence. All seemed to be going well, and the Puritan looked upon these converts to English customs and religion as "First fruits" of their perilous attempt to form an ideal Commonwealth in a strange land. But not so with the Indian. He judged things by his own standards. What else could he judge them by? To him the rapidly increasing settlements of the English were aggressions into his own domains. Villages of Praying Indians clothed in white men's garments were to him but wholesale assimilation of his own tribes! Usurpation, aggression, assimilation, were the only modes of civilization known to him; and with these he was only too familiar. Now the Indian was completely seined in by the English net of

Civilization. He must strike then or never. And he did strike our colonies as history tells us, in 1675–76 to some purpose, in what will ever be known as “King Philip’s War.”

John Fiske says:—“In the history of New England, from the restoration of the Stuarts until their final expulsion, the two most important facts are the military struggle of the newly formed States with the Indians, and their Constitutional struggle against the British Government.” In presenting to you this sketch of Robert Treat, this evening, I shall attempt to briefly portray the life and character of one who was picturesquely prominent in both struggles.

Robert Treat was the son of Richard Treat, the first settler by that name in America. The first that we know of the Treat family here is pointed out by that exceedingly good genealogical writer, John Harry Treat, A. M., of Lawrence, Massachusetts, author of “The Genealogy of the Treat Family.” The family reaches far back into English soil, the known records dating from Pitminster, Somerset, England. Richard Treat with his wife, three sons and six daughters, is supposed to have joined Sir Richard Saltonstall’s Colony which settled at Watertown in 1630. The Treats came from England about 1638. From Watertown they emigrated to the New Wethersfield Settlement at Connecticut, and from then on, the family as a whole centered in Connecticut. As far as is known every person in the United States who bears the name of Treat is descended from Richard Treat of Wethersfield. Richard Treat appears to have been a man of high social standing, for we find him one of only three in Wethersfield addressed by the then dignifying title of Mr. He was chosen deputy from Wethersfield in 1644, and continued in that office for 14 years. He was chosen juror in 1643, and grand juror the same year. He was elected magistrate eight times from 1657, was chosen a committee to lay out lands granted by the town; and when the General Court applied to Charles the Second for a Charter, Richard Treat’s name was among the patentees. Richard Treat was a member of Governor

Winthrop's Council in 1663 and 1664, and from the records, and his last will and testament, appears to have been a man of wealth for those times.

Robert Treat was the second son of Richard of Wethersfield and seems to have inherited the characteristics of his father. He emigrated early from Wethersfield to the new settlement near New Haven which had been purchased from the Indians, and named Milford, in 1639. Although but a lad of less than sixteen years of age, he is numbered seventh among the free planters of Milford, and was one of nine appointed to survey and lay out the lands. Like Washington, the care and exactness which is necessary to the surveyor, did much to make him the daring military leader, which we shall see him in the future.

We know little of the early life of Robert. Men were busy with deeds in those heroic days and had little time for sentiment, and less care for it also. They were wagers of warfare against the wilderness and the Indians, and founders of families and towns. It does not appear that young Treat had a college education. But that he was educated we know from the State papers which have been left to us in which he quotes Latin. There is a tradition, probably true, that he was a member of the first minister of Milford's household, and that with him he studied at one time, with the Gospel ministry in view. But a more strenuous life waited for him.

Robert Treat soon became a large landowner, like his father before him, at Milford. In 1653, he was chosen deputy to the General Court from Milford, and in 1654, he was chosen "the chief military officer there for the present to order ye military affaires of that towne." So great was the trust of the new township in their young military officer that they chose him at the installation of the second minister of the town, Rev. Roger Newton, August 22, 1660, to be one of the laymen to assist in the ceremony of laying on of hands. This was in the days when congregational customs meant something.

We are told that young Treat had somewhat of a romantic marriage which according to tradition came about in this

way. While at the marriage of Edmund Tapp's eldest daughter, it is said that Robert Treat drew Jane, her sister, on to his knee and began to trot her in sport; whereupon the young damsel declared to young Treat, "Robert, be still that, I had rather be Treated than trotted." The outcome of it was that they were married at a "spinning bee" at the house of Edmund Tapp, not long after. Later on we find Robert Treat performing the marriage ceremony as "Magistrate" for seven couples, as "Major," two couples; as "Deputy Governor" seven couples. Such was then the custom. I might add a curious note of family interest right here. Richard Mather, who preached at Deerfield before the organization of its First Church in 1686, went clear across lower New England to find and marry Hannah Treat, the daughter of Robert and Jane (Tapp) Treat. This forms one more tie to bind me forever to the old town and its First Church. Richard Mather was afterwards settled over the First Church at Windsor, Connecticut; and both he and his wife Hannah lie buried in the old ground there behind the First Church.

According to the records prominence and honors now followed young Treat at every turn. He was deputy from Milford until 1659, with the exception of one year, and then being elected Magistrate, he served for five years on the Governor's Council.

About this time great dissatisfaction occurred to many over what was considered the high-handed act of the Connecticut Colony on uniting to itself the New Haven Colony, and securing a Charter for this purpose, from Charles the Second without reference to New Haven. Although Treat's father at Wethersfield was a patentee and young Treat himself worked for the Union, we are told that he emigrated at this time with a party of thirty families from the towns of Guilford, Branford, Milford and New Haven, to New Jersey, to found a new colony. Early in 1667 we find Robert Treat rising again to prominence when he was appointed with others to select a site for a new settlement. Treat and his company joined forty others at Newark on the Passaic River, signing articles of agreement, in which

his name heads the list. We find him settling boundaries and claims as of old in Milford, elected as the first town clerk of the new town, and annually chosen deputy by Newark from 1667-72.

In 1672, Robert Treat returned to Milford, Connecticut, and was at once called upon by the General Court to act as second in command of the forces of New Haven Colony. Again we find him settling boundaries of the towns of Norwalk, Stamford, Greenwich and Rye, settling a "dispute in Saybrook, and called to hear Indian complaints and draw the same to an issue." He is also sent with others to settle a dispute between the minister and people of Fayrefield, (Fairfield) and to endeavor to obtain a minister for the town of Rye. "As trustee, executor, appraiser, his name appears at this date so often on the records," says Henry Champion, Esq., in his paper upon Robert Treat, "that it would not be too much to say that hardly an estate of consequence in Milford was settled from 1670 to 1700 without some allusion to him in its progress."

In 1675, the colonists of New England were occupied with more than internal troubles or duties. The Indians were arising in every direction in what has since been known as King Philip's War. The bloody scene opened in Plymouth Colony, June 24, 1675, with an attack on Swansey not far from Mt. Hope. Attacks were made upon Mendon, Middleboro and Dartmouth. Brookfield was next the subject of a great slaughter and the village was burned. Men were shot down while peacefully at work in the fields; isolated houses were descended upon by bands of Indians who sometimes tortured the owners after pillaging and burning their homes. Young children and women were slain without mercy in sight of agonized fathers and husbands. The colonists were approaching a state of terror. No one knew when the next outbreak would occur.

It had been determined by the Commissioners of the United Colonies to raise troops for defense; and companies of soldiers were sent here and there wherever the rumor of danger was strongest. The conflict in the eastern was more easily quelled than in the western part of New Eng-

land, probably because of a more thickly populated country. Western New England, with its many dark ravines, and its many mountain outlooks furnished an admirable battle ground for Indian modes of warfare. The Indians, we are told by Hoyt in his "Antiquarian Researches," "fled westward and joined the Pocumtucks at Deerfield, forming a considerable force." The settlement on the Connecticut River, being now exposed to the inroads of the enemy, the aged and heroic Major Simon Willard left Brookfield and marched the principal part of his forces to Hadley, to make arrangements for the defense of the towns in that quarter. Old Hadley on account of the peninsula formed by the river, afforded a defensible position against sudden attacks and this town became the headquarters of the army, and expeditions of relief were sent out to other towns. Small garrisons were posted at Northampton, Hatfield, Deerfield and Northfield, but the main body of the troops centered at Hadley.

The commissioners ordered 1,000 soldiers raised for the defense of the settlers in the Connecticut Valley, and the Governor and Council of Connecticut, commissioned Major Treat as Commander in Chief of the quota of Connecticut troops. The first we hear of Major Treat in King Philip's War was when the rage of the savage had been let loose in the Connecticut Valley. Treat moved on to Northampton, but was recalled the next day by an alarm near Hartford.

The next we hear of Major Treat and his company is of his being quartered at Northampton. Hoyt tells us he was commander of the Connecticut forces at that place. Willard had returned to Brookfield and now Major John Pynchon is in command and orders Captain Beers with 36 mounted infantry to convoy provisions to the garrison and people at Northfield.

The Indians descended upon Northfield, September 2, 1675, and killed eight men. This attack was unknown to Major Pynchon when he ordered Beers to that place, but whether Beers was too confident of the English success, or not, we do not know, but we know that he fell into an ambush of

Indians in a ravine near Northfield and out of 30 men only 16 escaped back to Hadley to tell the awful tale. Major Treat and one hundred men were sent at once to Northfield, appearing upon the scene in time to find the Indians flushed with victory and engaged in fiendish sport. Long poles had been set up along the roadside bearing the heads of the murdered Beers and his company. The Indians assaulted the newcomers, but we are told that Treat beat off the enemy and brought away the people of Northfield to Hadley. Northfield was abandoned and presently Deerfield shared its fate. The people of these towns, for safety, were crowded into Hadley.

September 18, occurs the Bloody Brook Massacre. Major Treat was at Northampton with 100 Connecticut soldiers and 60 Mohegan Indians and on the very day of the massacre started for Northfield, where he intended to establish headquarters. On the march he heard firing, and hurriedly joined Captain Mosely at the scene of carnage. The savages were attacked and driven westward through the woods and swamps until darkness put a stop to the chase and Treat and Mosely marched to Deerfield. On Sunday morning September 19, they returned, we are told by historian Sheldon, to bury the dead at Bloody Brook. Scouts were sent out, sentinels stationed to prevent a surprise, and the melancholy duties of the day began. Parties were detailed to gather the dead, and workmen to prepare a common grave for the 64 victims of "that most fatal day." The bodies of the young men from the eastern part of the state, the "Flower of the County of Essex," he says "were placed side by side with the hardy yeomen of the valley, the principal inhabitants of Pocumtuck. . . . The whole command of soldiers were gathered about the spot, leaning with bowed heads upon clenched firelocks. . . . The pitying pines sighed and moaned, as they stretched their protecting arms above the spot; the conscious brook crept softly over its broken banks to lap the sanguine stain; the birds sang sweetly on the swaying vine; the crimson leaves fell lightly on the bare brown earth, and the soft September sun struggled to send bright beams to fleck the swelling mound.

So we leave the tenants of that memorable grave behind the dim mists of two centuries."

After the massacre at Bloody Brook, Treat's plan of headquarters at Northfield was given up. Brookfield, Northfield, Swampfield and Deerfield were now in ashes. It was evident that the remaining towns could only be saved with vigorous measures. The commissioners at Boston had raised 1,000 men for the defense of the valley and Major John Pynchon of Springfield was made Commander in Chief with Major Treat second in command.

After a hard campaign of fighting we next find Major Treat at Westfield fifteen miles from Springfield. Although the Springfield Indians had lived for forty years on the most friendly terms with the settlers, their natural ferocity had been so aroused by the recent victories at Northfield and Bloody Brook that a great plan for an attack upon Springfield was made. Major Pynchon had just marched with the Springfield troops to Hadley. Major Treat's force was at Westfield fifteen miles away. This was the Indians' time. But on the morning of October 4th, a friendly Indian revealed the plot to Connecticut men at Windsor. We are told that "swift messengers were instantly posted to Major Treat at Westfield and to the doomed town." Aroused by the midnight courier, the frightened people fled to the palisaded houses and prepared for defense. A post was dispatched for Pynchon at Hadley. The Indians descended in force upon the town but Treat, always on hand in danger, arrived on the west bank of the Connecticut from Westfield at 11 o'clock of that day, but with only one boat awaiting him. Treat could not cross the river in face of the Indians, and could only hold that position until help came from the north. The Indians pillaged and set fire to thirty houses, but with Treat and his company on the west, and with Pynchon and his force coming from the north the Indians stopped their carnage, and with many war whoops slunk away into the forest. A part of Springfield was saved by the timely arrival of Treat and his men.

After this there was rumor of danger at Glastonbury, and Treat was ordered home with sixty men. About twenty men

had been left to guard Hadley, and we find Captain Appleton lamenting the absence of Major Treat. At this time there is good reason to think that the Indians meditated devastating Connecticut as they had done western Massachusetts, and it was only the prompt action of such men as Treat which saved them from the fate of Deerfield and Springfield. On November 16, Major Treat led home the Connecticut forces.

At the next General Court of Connecticut Major Treat laid down his commission, but this the court refused to accept and with profuse thanks they commanded his continuance over the forces of Connecticut. A greater military service still awaited him, in the famous charge against the Narragansett Fort, December 19, 1675.

Matters had now become desperate among the Colonies. The news of the massacre at Bloody Brook spread rapidly far and near among the settlements. The Federal Commissioners were in daily session at Boston for ten weeks from September 9 to November 19, the most eminent of their number being the younger John Winthrop, Governor of Connecticut. The Indians had become so elated over their victory at Bloody Brook that they no longer considered it worth while to keep faith with the white Colonists. We are told that "the demeanor of the Naragansett Indians became so threatening and their capacity for mischief exceeded that of all the other tribes together," that the Commissioners at Boston now planned the famous expedition against them in which the Indian uprising in New England received its first great setback. A thousand men were enlisted for this service and were put under command of Governor Winslow of Plymouth. Here again we find Major Treat at the height of his power.

Within an elevated and fortified inclosure of six acres in extent, in the midst of a hideous swamp, we are told that 2,000 Indian warriors had secreted themselves. The only approach to the palisaded inclosure was over the trunk of a felled tree, slippery with snow and ice. Many of the Indians were equipped with firearms and a strong blockhouse guarded the approach to the inclosure. The place seemed

well-nigh impossible of either approach or attack. But, says John Fiske in his thrilling narrative of the Expedition, "The Indian knew little of that Gothic fury of self-abandonment which rushes straight ahead and snatches victory from the jaws of death."

The Colonists' soldiers numbered 985, distributed among Massachusetts and Plymouth, and the 300 troops from Connecticut led by the brave Major Treat. A fierce attack was made over the log and the inclosure penetrated; but the English were only to be repulsed by the superior numbers of the armed Indians. Meanwhile some of the Connecticut men discovered a path across the partly frozen swamp leading to a weak spot in the rear where the palisades were thin and few, and where undue reliance had been placed on the steep bank leading up to the palisades.

"In this direction," we are told by Fiske, "Treat and his men swept along in a spirited charge. Before they had reached the spot a heavy fire began, mowing them down, but with a furious rush they came up, and climbing up on each other's shoulders some fought their way over the rampart, while others hacked sturdily with axes till such a breach was made that all might enter." This was effected just as the Massachusetts men had recovered themselves and recrossed the treacherous log in a second charge that was successful, and soon brought the entire English force within the inclosure. Fiske says: "In the slaughter which filled the rest of that Sunday afternoon till the sun went down behind a dull grey cloud, the grim and wrathful Puritan, as he swung his heavy cutlass, thought of Saul and Agag, and spared not." It is estimated that a thousand Indians were slain.

One-fourth of the Colonial soldiers were killed. The English, fearing for their safety, marched until midnight through a blinding snowstorm until they reached the tiny village of Wickford. Many perished on this return march and forty of their number died from exposure in the next few days. Eighty of the Connecticut men were left in the swamp and in the breach which they had made under the leadership of the gallant Major Treat. Curiously, among the

spoils were found a number of good muskets which had been captured by the Nipmucks, September 1st, in their assault upon Deerfield.

In this attack Major Treat is said to have remained unhurt although he received a bullet hole through his hat. The General Court reports that he had "no less than 17 fair shots at the enemy," and to have been as often a fair mark for them. "He was the last to leave the burning fort that winter's night," so writes Henry Champion, "and it was to the bravery of his troops, and his foresight in sending a few men to enter elsewhere, that the capture of Naragansett fort was due."

The second great struggle of the Colonists with the Stuart Kings for constitutional government ran parallel with their conflict with the red man, but this struggle was to continue for many a year thereafter. The Colonists who had settled in New England, "were conscious of a manifest destiny," so writes John Fiske. "Their Exodus was that of a chosen people who were at length to lay the everlasting foundation of God's Kingdom upon earth." The theocratic ideal which the Puritan sought to put into practice in Massachusetts and Connecticut was a sacred institution in defense of which all his faculties were kept perpetually alert:— and this prepared the way for the work of achieving political independence a century later. "The Colonies had some very liberal Charters, which had been granted to them before the rise of that Stuart ideal of the 'Divine right of Kings,' but they were held together with very loose ties, and oft-times both political and theological differences, which were magnified in the struggle for individual and political independence, kept them more like a set of warring factions, than a nation of one blood."

The Stuart Kings claimed the whole of the New England Colonies as Crown property upon the discovery of the Cabots, and prepared to put in operation those rights by consolidating the Colonies under one government and appointing a ruler over them who would be directly under the Crown. To the Stuarts the New England Colonies were only a group of warring religious communities which were none too loyal

to the Crown. It seemed also much wiser to them, as it proved to be in the final outcome, to unite the Colonies under one general rule.

After a century of free constitutional government to-day, it is hard for us to realize with what dark foreboding to their cherished theocratic ideals, the English Colonists looked upon the measures of the Stuart Kings for their New England. In the long struggle which now followed we have some of the most picturesque and thrilling scenes in the history of New England for 250 years. But none of these scenes is pictured with more color than the demand of James the Second for the Charter of Connecticut. The hated Charles the Second had died, and James the Second was now on the throne of England. The King had sent over Sir Edmund Andros as royal Governor to the United Colonies with his headquarters at Boston. Major Treat was now Governor of Connecticut under its ancient Charter. Treat seems to have been a man of rare courage and military genius, and according to historian Sheldon, "he had a faculty for always being in the right place at the right time." Higher honors usually come to such a man and they had waited upon Robert Treat.

Governor Winthrop of Connecticut had died and William Leete the deputy was elected in his place. Treat had been elected Deputy Governor in 1676 which office he held until 1683 when upon the death of Leete he was elected Governor. He held that office for fifteen years when he resigned, being seventy-four years of age. But he again accepted the office of Deputy Governor as being less onerous, and retained it until 1708, when at the age of eighty-six he retired, being too old to attend any longer to official business.

In no work of his life does Robert Treat rise to the height of his power so much as in his masterly diplomacy and statesmanship which he exercised in the conflict over the Connecticut Charter. For years he had been the prime mover in settling all legal disputes over the boundaries between Connecticut and other colonies and it was finally due to his sagacity and never tiring vigilance that the Connecticut Colony was saved in fact at all. It was hinted that he never once made a legal mistake, and so well balanced

were his judgments, and so steadily were his measures carried out, that both Royalists and Colonists placed great confidence in him.

No sooner had Charles the Second died than we find the Governor of Connecticut ordering the proclamation of James the Second to be read and sending at the same time a most courteous address to the King, beseeching his "Excellent magestie to grant the benigne shine of your favor to this your poore colony of Connecticut." Governor Treat so pleased the King that we find James addressing a letter to him as his "trusty and well beloved." Then follows long correspondence between Treat and the King over the proposed division of Connecticut between New York and New England in which Treat finally wins the day and saves the Colony almost intact.

The Colony had its representative working hard for them at court and we find the Governor writing to Andros that "We cannot make surrender of our charter at present," but "we are resolved thorow the help of Allmighty God to prove ourselves his Majesties loyall and dutifull subjects." At last, Governor Andros would no longer endure the vacillation of Treat and in October, 1687, writes that he has received orders for the annexation of Connecticut to his government, with "particular regard and favor" to Mr. Treat, and that he should be at Hartford shortly to attend to his duties. On the 31st he came and demanded the Charter.

The story of the day's proceedings has been variously related by many writers and often with much theatrical picturesqueness. Some have even tried to turn the whole thing into a myth, but John Fiske in his "Beginnings of New England" gives it full credit.

We are told that Governor Treat received Andros with great deference and with many blandishments of etiquette. For months the encroaching power of the Crown had been kept at bay so that little mischief was done to the Colony by the masterful inaction of Governor Treat and his officers. No sooner had a demand been received from the King than Treat would keep the whole matter waiting for months by making effusive replies asking for information and instruc-

tions. When Andros wrote for the Charter, Treat declared they could not return it until they heard from the King. Long dealings with the treacherous Indians and with cantankerous colonial officials had left no awe or fear of royal favorites in his mind. It was a critical time for the Connecticut Colony, and it seemed to Treat a "day of doom." In the mind of the Governor the loss of the liberties of the colonies seems to have been a foregone conclusion from the first, but he determined to delay the calamity as long as possible.

Upon the announcement of Andros's visit Governor Treat summoned the General Court to meet at Hartford, Monday, October 31, 1687. Governor Andros, attended by many members of the Council and a bodyguard of "regular troops" entered Hartford where he was received with great ceremony. Governor Andros entered the assembly leaning upon the arm of Governor Treat, and explained the reason for placing the colonies under one head.

We are told that upon Andros taking his seat in the Governor's chair he demanded the Charter. After various delays and objections the afternoon began to wear away, the assembly at last was compelled to produce it, and the clerk bringing it in, laid it upon the table. Robert Treat then arose and rehearsed to the unwilling ears of Andros, the time and toil, the expense of treasure and life, that it had taken to build up the Colony. The afternoon wore away and evening came, but still the Governor continued and Andros, however anxious, could not stop the old gentleman to whom he had been especially charged to show "particular regard and favor." As it grew dark, the lights were brought in; soon after by a sudden rush from without the lights were extinguished, and the Charter conveyed away to a place of secrecy. When the candles were again lighted the Charter was nowhere to be found. The object of the Governor's harangue had been accomplished. The Colony could now quietly suffer under its new royal governor.

The next day we are told, the secretary, John Allyn, wrote the word "Finis" on the colonial records and closed the book.

Tradition further tells us that the Charter was hidden in

the famous Oak at Hartford since called the "Charter Oak." This aged tree was blown down August 21, 1856. It was thirty-three feet\* in circumference, seven feet above the ground, when it broke off, and was computed to have been 1000 years old. Over the west entrance of the beautiful State House at Hartford the incident has been commemorated by a deep bas-relief of the sturdy old oak in white marble. The ancient royal Charter framed in wood from this tree now hangs in the State House at Hartford.

Upon the ascension of William and Mary to the throne of England Governor Treat and the magistrates under the old Charter resumed on May 9, 1689, the offices from which they had been deposed by Andros. Treat lost no time in applying to the new sovereigns for permission to allow Connecticut to revive its ancient Charter which they had kept in hiding. So diplomatic was the aged Governor's action that the request was fully confirmed by the King. This Charter was so liberal that it was kept as a basis of government until 1818, more than a century afterwards.

Robert Treat, as we have said, resigned from the office of Deputy Governor when he was eighty-six years of age. He retired to his home at Milford, Connecticut, where he died two years later, July 12, 1710, at the age of eighty-eight, "full of years and full of honor." It is doubtful if there had lived in the Colony one more revered and honored than he. He was buried in the old burying ground at Milford Centre, where to-day his stately pillared tomb may be seen resting among the quiet rows of Treats who have followed him during two centuries.

At the celebration in August, 1889, of the 250th anniversary of the town which he helped to found, a stone memorial bridge was made the monument of the occasion, and memorial stones to her noblest sons were set along its walls. The largest tablet is to Robert Treat and occupies the chief position at the left side of the entrance to the tower.

The descendants of Richard and Robert Treat have

\* Albert C. Bates, Librarian of the Conn. Hist. Soc., writes that "the Charter Oak was a tree nearly seven feet in diameter."—EDITOR.

spread over the whole country, and many of them have arisen to prominence and power. Robert Treat's son Samuel inherited his father's characteristics, as Robert did his father's before him, and he became one of the leading Colonial ministers of his day, at Eastham on Cape Cod, Massachusetts. In his extensive parish he is said to have had 505 Indians and to have preached in their language with perfect accuracy. Under him were six Indian preachers. So wide notice did he receive from the ministers of his day that we find Increase Mather writing to John Lensden, Hebrew Professor in the University of Utrecht, these words:—"In Plymouth we have the most active Mr. Samuel Treat laying out himself to save this generation." Samuel married for his second wife, Abigail, the daughter of Rev. Samuel Willard, the famous minister of the old South Meeting-house at Boston, and President of Harvard College. The great-grandson of Robert Treat became the noted Robert Treat Paine, the signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Such characteristics as Robert Treat's are the surest foundations for any nation, and the greatest promise of its future power.

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#### AN OLD CLAVICHORD.

(Above which hangs the picture of a Colonial Maid.)

BY EDWARD BRANCH LYMAN.

In every heart some shadow song  
Of olden days is sleeping;  
Each twilight hour, all preciously,  
Some lover's sigh is keeping;  
And smiling face in oval frame,  
Though smiling, tells of weeping.

And so, old clavichord, I pause,  
Nor touch your yellowed keys;  
For hearts are here with songs of old;  
And sighs the twilight breeze;  
And yonder, in the frame of gilt,  
The tears are what one sees.

And should I find your heartstrings now,  
I fear the minor, sad—  
Some sobbing melody of old—  
And there be need of glad.  
And so, old clavichord, I pause.  
Lo, rustling, silken clad,

Demurely comes, in rich pearl-gray,  
A maiden. 'Tis the same—  
The quaint, the tear-ensweetened face  
From out the golden frame.  
Instinctively I yield my place;  
She need not speak her name.

All tenderly, with slender hands,  
The waiting keys she feels;  
A wish within her twilight eyes  
As prayer, it seems, appeals  
To guardian fays of far-off days—  
"O break the Song-Vale's seals."

Now softly, as her fingers move  
In dainty shyness, slow,  
The clavichord, awakened, sings  
In joy the Long Ago—  
High-hearted lilt of country-side,  
And true-love's olden glow.

A pause! a prelude—minor-toned!  
The song I feared would grow  
If, after years had slumbered by,  
Its heart was awakened so—  
Now clavichord, now girlish voice,  
Are singing, sweet and low:—

The shadow song, the olden song,  
The song of lasting quest,  
The song that showers smiles in tears,  
The song of life compressed  
Within a yearning wish and doomed  
Never to be expressed.

Now deep'ning twilight folds the maid  
Within the shadowed Past;  
The evening breeze takes up her song,  
So sad, so gladsome, vast.  
Old clavichord, now slumber on,  
That song shall be your last.

In every heart some shadow song  
Of olden days is sleeping;  
Each twilight hour, all preciously,  
Some perfect love is keeping;  
And many a wond'rous, olden face,  
Grew beautiful through weeping.

And so, old clavichord, I pause,  
Nor touch your yellowed keys;  
For hearts are here with songs of old—  
Of olden days—and these;  
And yonder in the frame of gilt,  
The smiles are what one sees.

## FIELD DAY—1905.

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FIELD DAY

OF THE

POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,

NORTH PARISH, GREENFIELD.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1905, 10 A. M.

Under the Following Invitation.

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GREENFIELD OLD HOME WEEK ASSOCIATION.

GREENFIELD, March 10th, 1905.

HON. GEORGE SHELDON, *President:*

At its last annual meeting, the Old Home Week Association of Greenfield, voted to invite the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association to hold its Field Meeting in Greenfield, and take charge of the exercises of the day, in the dedication of a monument to be erected in memory of Captain William Turner and the brave men who suffered with him, upon the retreat from the fight at Peskeompskut, May 19th, 1676.

A cordial invitation is also extended to any association, or individual guests which the P. V. M. Association may see fit to invite.

The fixing of the date of the Field Meeting is left for the action of the P. V. M. Ass'n committee, but this association prefer some day in the week ending July 29th.

Cordially yours;

JOSEPH W. STEVENS, *Pres.*

WALTER S. CARSON, *Sec.*

DEDICATION OF A MEMORIAL TO  
CAPTAIN WILLIAM TURNER.

ASSISTED BY THE

## SOCIETY OF COLONIAL WARS

IN THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

President of the Day, HON. GEORGE SHELDON.

Vice-President, HON. FRANCIS M. THOMPSON.

Chaplain, REV. E. H. SHERWIN.

Members of the G. A. R. are especially invited and seats will be reserved for such as report in advance, and appear in uniform.

## ORDER OF EXERCISES.

MUSIC BY THE BAND. Star Spangled Banner.

ODE. The Lay of the Falls Fight, REV. HENRY H. BARBER.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME from the Old Home Week Association, COL. FREDERICK E. PIERCE.

RESPONSE by PRESIDENT SHELDON, P. V. M. A., and Unveiling of the Monument.

DIRGE BY THE BAND.

PRAYER OF DEDICATION. REV. E. H. SHERWIN.

ODE. GEORGE L. MUNN.

MUSIC BY THE BAND. Hail to the Chief.

ORATION. GEN. FRANCIS H. APPLETON, Lieut. Governor Society of Colonial Wars.

MUSIC BY THE BAND. Yankee Doodle.

INTERMISSION—Basket Picnic and Luncheon. Coffee furnished for all.

## AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

VICE-PRESIDENT FRANCIS M. THOMPSON will preside.

MUSIC BY THE BAND. Hail, Columbia.

SINGING BY THE MASONIC QUARTETTE.

ADDRESSES by GOVERNOR ARTHUR J. C. SOWDON, DEPUTY GOVERNOR J. GRAFTON MINOT, SECRETARY EDWARD WEBSTER McGLENEN, GENEALOGIST WALTER KENDALL WATKINS, COUNCILLOR DR. MOSES GREELEY PARKER of the Massachusetts Society of Colonial Wars, DR. MYLES STANDISH, REV. HENRY H. BARBER of Meadville, Pa., HON. SAMUEL O. LAMB, HON. HERBERT C. PARSONS. REV. RICHARD E. BIRKS and others.

SELECTIONS by the Quartette interspersed.

MUSIC BY THE BAND. America.

#### COMMITTEES.

FOR THE POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,  
Hon. Frank Gerrett, Mrs. George Sheldon, Eugene A. Newcomb, Mrs. Mary P. Wells Smith, Rev. R. E. Birks, John Sheldon, Albert L. Wing.

FOR THE OLD HOME WEEK ASSOCIATION, Col. Frederick E. Pierce, Frank P. Forbes, George H. Wilkins.

MUSIC will be furnished by the Greenfield Band and the Masonic Quartette; Arthur J. Mealand, Charles J. Day, Jacob H. Sauter and Ernest R. Alexander.

CHIEF MARSHAL, Hon. Frank Gerrett.

ASSISTANTS, Charles W. Nims, John M. Hackley, George A. Sheldon, Francis N. Thompson, Walter S. Carson.

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#### REPORT.

Captain William Turner of Boston, leader of one of the bravest expeditions of the frontier days of New England, the man whose strategic move sent the Indians in panic into the Connecticut and left his name upon the picturesque falls where the assault occurred, has been the hero honored to-day in elaborate manner on the ground where his life ended, a mile north of Greenfield's Main street.

The event which has made Captain Turner's name permanent in New England history, occurred May 19, 1676, when the settlements of white men had hardly advanced

as far as Deerfield, and twenty-eight years before the Deerfield massacre. He had led a company northward from Hadley to strike a blow at the Indians and fell upon them at night, encamped at the falls in the Connecticut, on both banks and on an island, where they were gathered to fish. Leading his command against the camp on the north bank he drove the Indians in a panic into the river, causing the death of many. Pursued by the Indians of the other camps, he beat a retreat through the swamps north of what is now Greenfield, and met his own death the same day.

It is to mark the spot where he died that the stone has been erected by the people of Greenfield, with a bronze tablet given by the Society of Colonial Wars, and dedicated by the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. It stands on what, at President George Sheldon's suggestion is henceforth to be known as Turner Square, the heart of the village of Nash's Mills, Greenfield's old north parish, now by the growth of the town becoming a part of Greenfield proper.

[The inscription on the Monument.]

CAPTAIN WILLIAM TURNER OF BOSTON

A soldier in King Philip's war  
was mortally wounded  
while crossing this Pukcommegon River  
and fell on the west bank May 19, 1676,  
on the retreat after the "Falls Fight,"  
at Peskeompuskut (Turner's Falls)  
Forty men of his command fell that day.  
Captain Samuel Holyoke with the survivors  
fought their way back to Hatfield.

To commemorate their patriotism and sacrifice  
this memorial is dedicated July 26, 1905,  
by

the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association.  
This tablet is placed by the Society of Colonial Wars  
in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts,  
upon the stone erected by the Greenfield  
Old Home Week Association.

The monument is a handsome granite boulder weighing over three tons. The actual place where Turner fell is near

the northwest end of the Green river bridge at the foot of the hill on the road leading to the Meadows. Jonathan E. Nash of the Meadows, who is about 90 years old, says that the old tradition places Turner's death a few rods from this end of the bridge, near an island that used to divide the stream. Turner was shot in the stream, but lived to cross the island and get up the bank.

The triangle on which the monument is located was surrounded by forty flags, with a larger one next the monument for Captain Turner, the number equaling the losses May 19, 1676.

The Society of Colonial Wars which had a prominent part in the exercises of to-day at the Turner monument arrived twenty strong from Boston by the noon train of yesterday. Many of the members were accompanied by their families. They went immediately to the Mansion House and, a few minutes later, the society flag, bearing its coat of arms in red and green, was floating from the hotel flagstaff. After luncheon, the members, escorted by a committee from the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association with Judge Thompson as chairman, went to Deerfield, South Deerfield and Hatfield, visiting Memorial Hall, Bloody Brook monument and other scenes relating to the Indian wars.

Last evening at the Mansion House parlors, the Society was given an informal reception. General Appleton, deputy governor, Dr. Myles Standish and Judge Charles Bell received. This morning a party went to Turners Falls and visited the scene of the "Falls fight." The members of the party are: Mr. and Mrs. Edward Meekins, North Adams; Walter K. Watkins, Malden; Dr. Myles Standish, Boston; John G. Mosely, Boston; General Francis H. Appleton, Peabody; Frank Rumville, Boston; W. L. Willis, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. McGlenen, Boston; Dr. and Mrs. Mosely G. Parker, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Gilbert, Jaffrey, N. H.; Jerome C. Hosmer, Dorchester.

The usual dignity and spirit of the Pocumtuck memorial exercises marked those of to-day.

Nash's Mills greeting to her visitors was most cordial.

Its first indication was the sight of the national colors adorning the houses on either side of Conway street. As the cars bearing the guests of the day neared the village they were met by a sight of fluttering flags and bunting and from an adjacent field a loud-voiced cannon boomed forth a salute of twenty-one guns.

As escort of the day, Edwin E. Day post appeared twenty-five strong. Later the body of veterans was increased by the detail which had been engaged in firing the opening salute. The Greenfield band, freshly uniformed, was present with full ranks and gave the signal for the opening of the program by playing "The Star Spangled Banner."

Standing at the front of the old North Church, President George Sheldon spoke the opening words of the day's exercises. Rev. Henry H. Barber of Meadville, Penn., was introduced and read a ballad written to the measure of the "Star Spangled Banner" entitled "The Lay of the Falls Fight."

Colonel Frederick E. Pierce, the chairman of the committee of the Greenfield Old Home Week Association, then gave the address of welcome, a worthy introduction of the day.

At the conclusion of the address by Colonel Pierce the unveiling of the monument occurred. This ceremony was performed by the venerable president and his great-granddaughter, Hazel Edith Sheldon, the young daughter of George Arms Sheldon of Greenfield, and so a member of the eighth generation from Ensign John Sheldon, the Deerfield pioneer. President Sheldon said:

"There is a little lass on the ground who will some time be proud of her regal descent. She represents here to-day no less than eleven of those brave 'horsemen who rode through the night' following Captain Turner across this field and who fought with him at the Falls May 19, 1676. In her slender veins runs the blood of William Arms, Japhet Chapin, Samuel Field, Eleazer Hawks, Luke Hitchcock, David Hoyt, Joseph Kellogg, John Munn, Godfrey Nims, William Smead, and another who has justly won the title of the 'Hero of the Connecticut Valley' the guide, Benja-

min Wait,—My great-granddaughter, Hazel Edith Sheldon, who will now unveil the monument."

As he spoke these words the little girl with perfect self-possession removed the flag that covered the monument. The band effectively rendered a dirge, the audience standing uncovered.

A procession was formed made up of the Grand Army men, with William P. Saxton, standard bearer; the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, the committees and officers of the day, who escorted the Massachusetts Society of Colonial Wars marching under their beautiful flag; and citizens generally. This procession led by the band marched with bared heads around the monument saluting as it passed, the Colonial Society placing a large laurel wreath at its foot.

The march ended at a platform in a grove on the grounds of Dr. Daniel Griffin, generously offered for the occasion. The exercises here began with the dedicatory prayer by Rev. E. H. Sherwin.

The audience by this time had reached 1,000 people.

To Colonel Pierce's words of greeting President Sheldon of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association made dignified and fitting response, telling the story of Captain Turner's life and experiences as could no other less familiar with the scenes of the colonial captain's life.

The ode, commemorative of the pioneers, by George L. Munn of Easthampton was read by the author, in a spirited manner. Gen. Francis H. Appleton of Peabody was introduced by Mr. Sheldon as a descendant of an early commander of troops in the Connecticut Valley, for whose narrow escape from death by an Indian bullet which cut a lock of hair from his head there was reason to be grateful to-day. His oration was a fine application of historic lessons of this frontier country to present life and a plea for home development.

A selection by the band concluded the morning exercises. The time from one until two o'clock was occupied with the serving of luncheon. Dinner to the invited guests was provided by the women of the First Church. Under a large

tent in the Griffin yard, Sylvan Rebekah lodge provided eatables in the form of sandwiches, rolls and coffee. Other visitors had basket luncheon, the committee serving coffee.

Vice-President Thompson called the assemblage to order in the afternoon with a short address. A selection by the band, and a song by the Masonic male quartette, composed of Messrs. Mealand, Day, Alexander and Sauter followed. Genealogist Walter K. Watkins of the Colonial Wars Society read letters from some members of the Society who had been unable to attend the dedication, including Governor J. C. Sowdon and Deputy Governor J. Grafton Minot, who had expected to speak. Short speeches were made by Edward W. McGlenen, Dr. Myles Standish, Rev. Henry H. Barber, and Rev. Richard E. Birks.

Secretary E. W. McGlenen spoke briefly, conveying the regrets of the Governor, and referred to the hearty co-operation of the Greenfield people in this function, also of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. He then made a few remarks regarding the colonial flag which the society carried, explaining the significance of the symbol. Mr. Watkins corrected the idea that the governor general was detained by illness in his family, since Mr. Sowdon is a bachelor. He referred to the failure of the deputy governor to come and feared that as an autoist he might have fallen into the clutches of the enemy at Leicester. He then referred to General Appleton who is president general of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, and to Dr. Parker, who is president of the State S. A. R. but who was called back to Boston Tuesday night to attend an important business meeting. He referred to the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay, an organization chartered by Charles I, which still exists, and of which Mr. Watkins was formerly recorder, and whose officers all belong to the Colonial Wars Society. Mr. Watkins noted the fact that in Captain Turner's company at the Falls fight were sixteen Eastern Massachusetts men, and about the same number had come up to do him honor on this occasion. There are in the Colonial Wars Society about 100 members who are descendants of soldiers in Captain

Turner's company. Mr. Watkins named John R. Wheaton of Warren, R. I., a member of the society, as a lineal descendant of Capt. William Turner. Visits to Dartmouth, Eng., were recalled by Mr. Watkins, where Captain Turner came from, and he said that Gov. Gen. Sowdon has an ancestor who came from the same region.

Rev. Henry H. Barber then said, that the early history of this valley helped to make the bone and sinew of its people. Whatever we may think of the treatment of the Indians, whatever we may think of the methods of warfare, the lessons of sacrifice and endurance here learned so fully were of inestimable value to the descendants of these brave men. While we may honor our fathers for their heroism and persistence, and while we may pass over their errors, veiling them as much as possible, we see that there is still a practical question relative to Indians, Negroes and people of the East. There is a demand for a higher ethical standpoint. The time must come when the example of the Pilgrims of Plymouth, with their peaceful methods, John Eliot, and the Quakers of Pennsylvania, will be more followed in our dealings with inferior races.

Capt. O. L. Munger of Chicago was then introduced, it being stated by Judge Thompson that he had entered the army at the age of nineteen and was a captain at twenty. Captain Munger said that he had been interested in looking up his family history in this section, in which he had been greatly aided by George Sheldon, and that he had been able to connect himself with the Allens, the Nimses, the Stebbinses, the Childses, and other families of this valley. He did not doubt that he was addressing many distant relatives in the audience before him. He regarded the Deerfield museum as a wonderful collection and he considered the work done here in preserving the old memories to be a very remarkable one.

Rev. R. E. Birks of Deerfield was the final speaker, being introduced as the successor of Rev. John Williams and other Deerfield clergymen of Indian times. Mr. Birks thought it rather remarkable that, though he was not born in America, his two pastorates in this country should be so closely con-

nected with the Falls fight, and he spoke of his English memories as connected with the traditions respecting Turner's history. He remembered going into the mountains of Dartmoor, and taking part in the services in a little old Baptist chapel, not far from the place where Captain Turner was born. "It would not be strange," Mr. Birks said, "if Turner got his heresies abroad, possibly in this old Baptist chapel where I had the pleasure of preaching. In the early times there were two kinds of heresy. I wish Mr. Sherwin were here to speak for the Baptists, who were thought to be the heretics in those days. Now the name has passed over to such as myself, and the Baptists are considered as very sound Orthodox. But the first church to entertain what would be called liberal views was a general Baptist congregation in Sussex. It was once my honor to belong to an organization of Presbyterian, and Non-conformist clergymen which had met at Exeter for the past 250 years, and one of their regular toasts was to civil and religious liberty. It was this feeling that prepared the men of those times to come over here and speak the truth.

"Being a Baptist meant something more than mere dipping. It meant the making of a deliberate choice. I would like to say to my Baptist friends that I admire them for that choice. In some of the old English towns they do not change much, and as a result of the old custom of having god-fathers and god-mothers to pledge themselves at baptism of children to defend the little ones from the devil and all his works, it happened that in Topsham the town crier would perform this service for all the children. I can imagine Turner's feeling in such a case, that he would say that such a baptism amounted to nothing, and he would desire to be baptized over again, and that meant becoming a Baptist." Mr. Birks referred to the familiar names like Beaman and Graves found in the old English church records at Amsterdam as far back as 1760, and expressed his satisfaction that he had found a place in the hearts of the people of this valley.

One of the bright speeches of the afternoon was that of Samuel O. Lamb, who spoke with much spirit of the value of preserving the memories of the men of the early days.

The Colonial Wars Society distributed to members of the committees an interesting souvenir in the form of a pamphlet giving an account of the "Falls Fight" and the death of Captain Turner. It contained also maps of Greenfield and Nash's Mills.

The Daughters of the American Revolution were present in large numbers. Mrs. George L. Munn of Easthampton, state vice-regent, was here with a delegation from Submit Clark chapter. Mary Mattoon chapter of Amherst and the Old Hadley of Hadley, sent several members and the Dorothy Quincy chapter of Greenfield was well represented.

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#### ODE: THE LAY OF THE FALLS FIGHT.

BY REV. HENRY H. BARBER.

Oh! who are the horsemen that ride through the night  
Up the Great river trail 'neath the forest's deep shadows,  
Past dread Bloody Brook and by Deerfield's black site,  
And on in the darkness across the North Meadows.  
The Pocumtuck is passed and Pukcommeagon last,  
As northward the riders are still pressing fast;  
Then eastward in silence they steal to the shore,  
Whence grows on the ear Peskeompskut's dull roar.

Oh! still in the dawning the camp of the foes;  
After feast and carouse they are heavily sleeping;  
And the falls thunder on while the white men enclose  
The slumbering wigwams, no watchman is keeping;  
Then a hundred lights flash and a hundred guns crash,  
And out in wild terror the savages dash;  
Oh, what can their homes and their children now save,  
'Twixt the Palefaces' wrath and the wild-whelming wave?

Ah, dread was their doom, by Connecticut's side,  
Young and old alike fleeing through mad scenes of slaughter;  
The canoes are upset or borne down by the tide,  
And death hovers dark o'er the land and the water.  
Day shows but the dead; the few living are fled,  
And through the dim forest fleet footed have sped;  
And new bands are swift rushing to share in the fray,  
As the smoke of the wigwams is seen far away.

But why tarry the victors? Their death-work is done,  
And the spoils of the spoilers their hands are destroying;  
But the dense woodlands' pathways are haunted each one,  
By the grim visaged warriors, for vengeance deploying;

Through the wilds far around, as if sprung from the ground,  
Like the trees of the forest their numbers are found,  
And the dire report spreads, moving many to flight,  
“ ‘Tis Philip with thousands who leads on the fight!”

Then the hasty remounting, the bloody retreat,  
The loud babel of counsels, the yell of the foemen;  
Brave Turner, death-stricken, falls prone from his seat;  
Gallant Holyoke, unhorsed, leads and rallies his yeomen!  
Front and rear fell his cheer, now there and now here.  
Where the fight is the fiercest he is sure to be near!  
And the swarms of the savage are baffled at last,  
All the lairs of their hiding, death riddled and past.

But for Turner’s brave forty who fell in the fray,  
The homes of the valley are woful with weeping;  
Long unburied on hillside and in thicket they lay,  
While the woods and the stars their death vigils were keeping.  
But the red man’s fell power was crushed from that hour,  
And the fathers’ brave deed is their children’s high dower,  
While the white bordered banner of peace still shall wave  
O’er the field of Falls Fight and their leader’s lone grave.

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#### ADDRESS OF COLONEL FREDERICK E. PIERCE.

It is a most pleasing and altogether delightful duty which has been delegated to me to-day, to extend the hand of welcome to you all and give you the freedom of this grand old shire town of Franklin, the garden spot of the world, dear, beautiful, old Greenfield. Following the splendid example of other towns and cities of New England, Greenfield has organized an Old Home Week Association and each year it is her intention to lure back to her arms, the sons and daughters who, from various causes, have taken up their homes beyond the boundary lines of this township.

This year it was voted to invite the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association to take charge of the celebration, for the purpose of dedicating a monument or memorial to Captain William Turner and his brave men, who more than two centuries ago, on or near this very spot, gave up their lives in their country’s service. The Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association in turn invited the Society of Colonial Wars to assist in the dedication, and so it is my privilege and honor

to extend the hand of welcome to these two patriotic and useful societies and assure them that Greenfield takes much pride in their presence here to-day.

We also have with us the representatives of other patriotic organizations and societies, and I note in passing the presence of many members of Dorothy Hancock chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. Such an organization is a great credit to a community and an inspiration at all times. I recall when a few short years ago, some of us were called to arms in the defense of our common integrity, and in the cause of right, the letter I received from this local chapter and I wish to read it as a tribute to its worth and because it served at that time as a great moral help and inspiration to me and my command.

"To Captain F. E. Pierce and Members of Company L:—

"As the time approaches for you to go upon duty, the ladies of Dorothy Quincy Hancock chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, feel that they cannot let you depart without making an effort to express to you their deep and abiding interest in you and the cause for which you go forth. From us, as loyal descendants of the sturdy patriots of 1776, to you, many of you also descendants of the same honored band, we ask your acceptance of this slight testimonial, our society colors, in token of our respect for, and confidence in your ability to nobly perform whatever duty may devolve upon you and trust that in connection with our well beloved country's flag, it may prove a fitting inspiration toward the successfulness of your mission.

"And as you go forth, may you feel that the heart of every loyal woman responds to the country's call, and that the members of the Dorothy Quincy Hancock chapter, with this pennant, wish you 'Godspeed,' and, commanding you to the Omnipresent Power, 'A safe return with shield unsullied.'"

It, of course, makes little difference so far as our own personal worth is concerned, whether our ancestors fought for their country or impeded its progress. The real question is with ourselves. I, myself, once looked up my ancestors on one side of my family and found them the rankest kind of

Tories, but, notwithstanding this circumstance, that same family in later years in one war furnished no less than three commissioned officers in the defense of our common country. But to keep alive the doings of our ancestors is a splendid thing to do and I applaud the work of these women who are doing so much in that direction.

Another organization I see here represented, to-day, which thrills me with admiration, and that is the Grand Army of the Republic. We, the citizens of Greenfield and members of her Old Home Week Association, are most deeply sensible of the great honor you confer upon us by your presence. We honor you for the sentiments of loyalty and patriotism, which cause you to make this spot the objective of your journey to-day. We applaud the great work accomplished and being wrought out by the splendid organization which you represent.

In this age of hustling strenuousness all along the lines of business activity, when the armies of labor and capital are arraigning themselves in solid formation, the one against the other; when nations are engaged in wholesale slaughter to increase their landed possessions; when internal strife, riot and bloodshed, caused by oppression and wrong, are chronicled as daily events; it behooves us, who have been rocked in the cradle of liberty and who have basked in the sunshine of freedom of thought and action, to pause now and then, as we are doing to-day, and look back upon the past and recall the brave deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice of the men, who made it possible for us to enjoy our free institutions and to rest in security in our homes and by our firesides.

It is for such a purpose we are gathered here to-day; to do homage to a brave man and his little band of followers, who lost their lives in defense of their homes and in the pioneer work which made this beautiful country possible. If we show much pride and satisfaction in the thought that we are privileged to live in this beautiful valley, where so much material for history was wrought, be patient with us, for here are our homes and we are but the natural guardians of these sacred spots and are keeping them fresh and green for you all to come and enjoy them with us. And each time

a slab, a tablet or memorial goes up, come back and help us dedicate it, and when you leave us and return to your homes, rest assured that we are on guard and ready and eager to welcome you hither again, when it shall please you to make this the Mecca of your journeying.

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### ADDRESS BY GEORGE SHELDON.

*Gentlemen of the Old Home Week Association and Friends here Assembled:*—Because you are interested in the annals of the past, you have gathered here to join in an act which will keep forever green the memory of brave men. The Old Home Week Association has invited the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association to hold here its annual Field Meeting and put the seal of dedication upon a memorial to Captain William Turner, a monument which will remain so long as bronze and granite shall endure. I stand here as the representative of that Association and extend hearty thanks for the honor thus bestowed. To assist in the offices of the day, we have associated with us gentlemen representing The Society of Colonial Wars in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Their handwriting will be forever read upon the memorial; and we unite with you in fitting thanks to that society.

Did any stranger ask, who is this Captain Turner and why should a monument be erected here to his memory, I should reply briefly, that within a musket shot is the place where Captain Turner gave his life as the last act of devotion to his country, that the new and growing civilization of the white man in the Connecticut valley might not suddenly perish at the hands of the savage.

In connection with this subject a friend, voicing the thoughts of others than himself, inquired of me, "But what about the Indian?" The question of the rights of savagery as against civilization is one of ethics; it has been debated for more than three hundred years, and the discussion will continue until the last tribe of natives is beyond the setting sun. Living side by side in peace, the whites increased and the

Indians decreased. In hostility both sides illustrated the fact that "War is hell;" both burned and slaughtered indiscriminately; both took captives and sold them as slaves. Time and circumstance are working together to one and the same end. Years ago, I stood by an Indian grave marked "The Last of the Niantics." Had the haughty Sachem, Ninnegrat, appeared by my side, no sight would have met his eagle eye, no sound save the sound of the surging sea would have greeted his ear, to suggest that here he once held regal sway. The scene was a typical one.

Whatever we, gathered here to-day, may think or say, our contribution to this discussion is the placing of a monument to one whose greatest service was an act, at a crucial moment, by which the Connecticut valley was cleared of savagery and devoted to civilization. The direct result of Turner's attack at Peskeompskut was to dishearten the enemy and drive the confederated clans from this valley,—thus breaking the backbone of Philip's war.

It is true that others as daring as Turner risked their lives and many lost their lives with the leader. Captain Samuel Holyoke of Springfield, Lieutenant Isaiah Tay of Boston, Ensign John Lyman of Northampton, Sergeant John Dickinson, Joseph Kellogg of Hadley and scores of other good men and true of this valley,—your ancestors and mine,—deserve and should receive grateful recognition and honor at this time. But, for obvious reasons, it cannot be as individuals and in the same way. So it must be, as with Warren at Bunker Hill, Stark at Bennington, Gates at Saratoga, Washington at Yorktown, Grant at Appomattox. It is by results that the actions of men are generally judged and the rank and file must share in the glory or the neglect awarded their commanders. While we laud Captain Turner at Peskeompskut, we cannot forget his no less brave companions in arms.

The Governor and Council did not give William Turner a captain's commission because of his reputation as a veteran soldier. It is not known that he had ever looked into the face of a hostile foe in the field. But he was known to them as a man not unused to leadership; of good judgment, and ster-

ling characteristics; morally firm and fearless, not daunted by danger, nor upset by responsibilities. Moreover, he was a man who, in their view, could be spared at the Bay without public detriment. In the contemporary histories of Philip's war scant mention is made of the service of Captain Turner. The reason plainly appears when we read between the lines. The historians were ministers of the standard type of the times. Turner was a thorn in their theological flesh. To them he was a heretic and a promoter of heresy. He had made no end of trouble in the Church and, should he fall, his taking off would not be an unmixed evil. This opinion is justified by contemporary testimony.

William Turner left his native land because he could not bow his head at the behest of the Church of England and walk by its creed. He might well expect to find in the great expanse of a New England wilderness space for free thought and free action. He found instead a bigotry,—less intense, to be sure,—but still strong enough to fetter his mind, put him under ban and finally land him in prison. There he languished for many months, and there his constitution gave way under the rigors of winter weather. Do you ask the crime for which he suffered? He disagreed with the ecclesiastical authorities as to what mode of baptism was the more pleasing to the Deity and refused conformity to their requirements therein. He found authority for his belief in the Bible and stoutly maintained his ground against the field. A meetinghouse built by like minded men was nailed up and the builders put behind the bars. All this, of course, in the name of the Lord and good government, and done by the civil power, which was but an instrument in the hands of the ministers, the real rulers. As to the value of the rite, or the merits of the contention, I have no word. I only claim that the right of free religious thought was cruelly abused by the powers that were—both civil and ecclesiastic.

As Turner had refused to bow to the civil powers when his conscience was constrained, it was charged that in case of war he would become a traitor. To disprove this charge, at the opening of Philip's war, he raised a company of volunteers for the service, and his offer was refused. Nearly

or all the men were of the same faith and his patriotic efforts were in vain. He was not allowed a place in the army for fear of displeasing the Lord. This was the view of the ministers; but as the war progressed, doubts arose. During the spring of 1676 when the tide of war was setting high, and the Lord "seemed to be against us still and take part with our adversaries," the authorities thought best to hedge a little and turned towards Turner for help. Now the lofty patriotism of the man shone forth in noble contrast with the fear stricken bigotry about him.

After some little parley on account of his broken health and the scattering of his recruits, he consented to raise a company and march under Major Savage to the Connecticut valley, which was then considered the point of greatest danger. Before long, however, the tide had turned; Sagamore Sam and One Eyed John were keeping up a cordon of fire about the Bay settlements. The circle was growing smaller and the alarm in Boston was tending towards a panic. Major Savage received peremptory orders to leave the Connecticut valley to whatever might chance and hurry back to the rescue. When Savage set his face eastward, Captain Turner was left to command a handful of men, scattered as garrisons in the towns of Springfield, Westfield, Northampton, Hatfield and Hadley; with no commissioned officers; not even those of his own company remained to assist him.

With this forlorn hope, the valley was left to Turner and its fate. Directions were sent to vacate the territory west of the Connecticut; to concentrate and fortify on the east side, "or all will be lost." Turner had small faith in the judgment of Governor and Council and exercised his own judgment formed on the spot.

Meanwhile, there had gathered in the region about us the clans of Philip, Weetemo, Canonchet, Stone Wall John, the Squaw Sachem, Sancumachu, the Pocumtucks and Captain Tom with his convert Nipmucks at Fort Pochewee as a vanguard. As the spring came on all these had been busy filling their storehouses with salmon and shad and planting the meadows with corn for a year's supply; making a raid

now and then and biding their time, waiting only their own convenience to sweep the valley clear of the white man.

Captain Turner with his scattered command was also waiting and watching the turn of events. At his right hand stood Parson John Russell who had for years carried his life in his hand while sheltering the proscribed judges. Back of Russell, was available the judgment of one who had led his charging squadrons in the eyes of the world on the fields of Naseby, Dunbar and Worcester. The situation was desperate. The night march into the very jaws of the Indian enemy was the desperate alternative. It was, however, justified by the emergency; and the final outcome attested the judgment, as well as the bravery of the leader.

Standing at this point of vantage let us try to get a realizing glimpse of what passed on the morning of May 19, 1676. We must close our eyes in oblivion as the pointers on the clock of Time turn backward for 229 years. The meeting-house, the white cottages and brown barns, the orchards and green meadows disappear; yon hive of industry with its clanging hammers is still. The placid pond, now shining in the sunlight, gives way to a persistent brook, cutting its passage through a rocky barrier and flowing at the bottom of a deep ravine at our feet. To the hill and plain about us, we must restore the interminable forest of virgin pine, hemlock and ash, which stretches away to far-off Canada.

Night has now closed down and darkness shrouds the scene; voices of the woods are heard; the hoot of the solemn owl, the call of the wild animals to their mates, and the patterning of raindrops on the spring leaves from the passing showers. These only emphasize the stillness.

Now there comes from our left a disturbing sound. Is it a herd of deer, roused up by wolf or bear seeking safety in flight? The sound comes nearer, grows heavier, steadier, the tramp of feet too loud for deer becomes distinct; the splashing of water in Green River cannot be mistaken. A long line of horsemen are fording the stream, and passing up the deep ravine, unseen in the gloom and manifest only to the ear. Captain Turner and his daring band have passed, but still we keep our vigils.

The night has given way to a bright morning. The laughing brook goes musically on its mission, throwing back an occasional glint of the slanting sunbeam which has found its way through the overhanging trees. The dripping leaves are dry. The air is scented by the fragrance of the wild wood flowers.

This peaceful calm is broken by a wild alarm. From the thickets on the right come the mingled sounds of firearms, the shouts of men, hurrying horses, and piercing it all like a voice from Hades, the paralyzing war whoop of the infuriate savage. Turner has destroyed the hive, but swarms of hornets from surrounding nests are now stinging his confused and retreating troop. The fugitives, the pursuers and the vision have passed.

Somewhere on yonder meadow lies the leader mortally wounded; and out of the centuries of intervening years, only one voice reaches our ears from the fatal spot. Necopeak, a Narraganset Indian, says he saw and had speech with Turner after he was wounded. He says the wound was "a shot in the thigh." Thus much and no more.

Forty years later, September 1, 1716, the famous Judge Sewall visited Parson John Williams and the historic places in Deerfield. Deacon Samuel Childs showed him the grave where slept Captain Lothrop and the Flower of Essex, and, doubtless the place where Joseph Barnard fell in an ambush at Indian Bridge. To the scene of the Falls fight, Sewall was guided by Jonathan Wells, the boy hero of that tragic affair. Parson Williams and Mehuman Hinsdale, the first white man born in Deerfield, were in company. They returned on the line of Turner's march, and crossed Green River at this very place. Referring to this day Sewall makes record, "In return saw Green River . . . in which Captain Turner was shot in his Retreat from the Falls."

This information must have been given, then and there, by Jonathan Wells, and must be considered contemporaneous authority. Tradition, that very uncertain vehicle of fact, has fixed upon the place cited by the Judge, as the scene of the closing catastrophe, and none now question the statement. Beyond this, history gives nothing tangible,

save that the body of Captain Turner was found and buried a few weeks later by a scouting party from Deerfield. I can never give up the thought that Captain Wells, Judge Sewall, Mr. Williams and Mr. Hinsdale must have stood and mused that day over the grave of Captain Turner.

The fact that the site of Turner's grave has been lost appears to me a discreditable thing on the part of our forbears. There were many survivors of that sad day 40 or 50 years later. At least nine were alive after 60 years, one of whom, John Chase of Newbury, was one of the scout which found and buried the body of their commander. Jonathan Wells spent the last 57 years of his life in Deerfield, and he must have known every rood of land connected with the battle. Fifteen "Sons of Veterans" were living in Deerfield 75 years, and two, 100 years after the fight, and yet no trace or tradition points to the spot where this Christian patriot and gallant Captain was left alone in his glory.

The exact spot we shall never know, but it is doubtless within the range of our vision. The bed of Green River changes with the passing years, but the site selected for the monument overlooks the place where Captain Turner received his mortal wound and circumstances conspire to make it the most desirable location.

And so we, to-day, dedicate this bronze and stone to the lasting memory of a martyr to the right of free religious thought, an exemplar of the great-hearted patriot, the wise and daring commander. And may we take to heart the lessons here to be learned. To honor patriotism, to practice self-sacrifice, and see to it that bigotry be banished, persecution for opinion's sake—both in spirit and in deed—be lessened in the land, and put farther and farther behind us.

To the same end, I would suggest that by the grace of Greenfield, the open plot before us where the memorial stands, and where the four ways peacefully meet, may be hereafter known as Turner Square. And may both bear the same message to coming generations, so long as the grass in yonder meadow be green and the waters of Mill Brook, Green River and the Connecticut shall run to seek the sea.

## ODE.

BY GEORGE L. MUNN OF EASTHAMPTON.

Long ages lay the vast dim wood,  
 And the savage worked his will.  
 But the yearning sod was to bear a seed,  
 Pregnant with good and ill,  
 Beyond all human ken to see,  
 Beyond all human hold,  
 Deep-rooted in priceless blood of men  
 To bear ten thousand fold.

Who breaks a path in the grim frontier,  
 One pain-wrought step ahead?  
 Who, battered down, goes on and on,  
 Who leaps from the grave of his dead?  
 'Tis only he who sees far off,  
 Who dreams, what time may build;  
 Who prays, in word, or deed, their prayer:  
 "We go, 'tis the Lord hath willed."

An iron plowshare, rending a way,  
 Driven by human need;  
 By all the on-rushing reach of men  
 By all the hearts that bleed.  
 "Room, room," they cry, "for our souls to grow,"  
 "Room for the right to prevail."  
 Who fights in the front of a day like that  
 Hath need that he shall not quail.

Past swamp grown dank with brothers' blood,  
 Past ashes of awful sign,  
 Through darkness heavy with quivering fear,  
 A praying, relentless line;  
 "He saveth his soul who loseth his life,"  
 They wait for the leader's call.  
 The body might yield to the savage knife,  
 But shrinking was loss of all.

Here turned the tide that had lashed the land,  
 Here dawned a brighter day.  
 Here savage hatred broke and fled  
 Before a better way.  
 The hour had come, and the men had come,  
 And fate had set her seal  
 On those who should learn of brotherhood  
 And stand for the Commonweal.

Down shuddering, rough-hewn village street,  
See women and children pass.  
"Will they come back who are life to us?"  
There is fear in the waving grass.  
Oh terror in helpless hearts that yearn,  
And fear the tale of fate;  
They also serve, they doubly serve,  
"Who only stand and wait."

'Cross countless leagues of weary sea,  
Their longing hearts turned back;  
Was all to end in agony,  
Would the slow world find their track?  
No, in the Great Jehovah's sight  
They stood, as those who saw  
The mighty surge of human kind,  
Where they held up Thy law.

Who breaks a path in the grim frontier,  
One pain-wrought step ahead?  
Who, battered down, goes on and on,  
Who leaps from the grave of his dead?  
'Tis only he who sees, far off,  
Who dreams, what time may build;  
Who prays, in word, or deed, their prayer:  
"We go, 'tis the Lord hath willed."

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## ADDRESS OF GENERAL FRANCIS H. APPLETON.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:*—It is indeed a privilege to come into this interesting and picturesque county of Franklin and be permitted to speak to you, as lieutenant governor of the Society of Colonial Wars in our dear old Commonwealth and in behalf of that active society. The Colonial period was the training field, as it were, for the men who, being forced to fight for their rights as they saw them, led the Revolutionary party in 1775-76 and won out in that great contest. Our Society of Colonial Wars feels honored in being able to join with the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, and the Greenfield Old Home Week Association, in these ceremonies of to-day.

Your local committee saw fit at first to designate this humble effort of mine as an oration. If my interest and earnestness, in my wish to do my part, with other speak-

ers, in a manner to bring justice to the subject in a brief space of time, deserves to be styled an oration, I accept that word; but I prefer that a brief essay or address, be the idea in the minds of this distinguished audience.

“The Society of Colonial Wars has been instituted to perpetuate the memory of those events (of Colonial history happening from the settlement of Jamestown, Va., May 13, 1607, to the battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775), and to perpetuate the memory of the men who in military, naval and civil positions of high trust and responsibility, by their acts or counsel, assisted in the establishment, defense and preservation of the American colonies, and were in truth the founders of this nation.

“With this end in view, it seeks to collect and preserve manuscripts, rolls, relics and records; to provide suitable commemorations or memorials [such as we see here to-day], relating to the American colonial period; and to inspire in its members the fraternal and patriotic spirit of their fore-fathers, and in the community respect and reverence for those whose public services made freedom and unity possible.”

Such are our objects as laid down in the preamble to our constitution. That spirit which we strive to inspire in our own members we now wish to inspire in every one here present, so that the objects for which our society was established may be as far reaching as is possible.

Mr. President, the history of the Falls fight and Captain William Turner’s connection with it has been well set forth in the publications of your Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, and should be fully read by every one who is now present. Not long ago I attended a most interesting ceremony, dedicating a tablet to a distinguished officer and statesman of the Revolutionary period. There were to be several speakers, of whom I was one; and upon a comparison of notes, it was found that each speaker seemed to have consulted very much the same records. Feeling that some other speaker living nearer this locality, would probably, or possibly, refer in detail to the life of Captain Turner, or direct attention to the very valuable publications

of the society over which you, Mr. Sheldon, so ably have always presided, I ask to be excused from referring at greater length than I shall do, but I trust in acceptable words, to Captain Turner in the course of this paper. To have been selected as a subject worthy of a tablet by the several societies here joined as participants and under their several constitutions, marks the man, his companions and this occasion with far greater dignity, and honor than any words which I can add.

I desire, in my remarks, to think more of the surroundings of memorials in general that have been established throughout our state by the several patriotic societies or perhaps individuals, including the surroundings of the memorial markers at the graves of heroes who have given up their lives already in their country's cause. This basis, to-day, for my thoughts, with your kind permission, is an out-growth of the many years of interest which I have had in the promotion of better agriculture for our state and her five sister states through our New England society.

Just a century before that memorable year of 1776, Captain William Turner fell on the west bank of the Puk-comméagon River mortally wounded and here, overlooking that spot, we of the Society of Colonial Wars are privileged to place this bronze tablet upon your memorial stone, which should stand out to impress upon the minds of present and future generations facts in history which were then dearly bought and deeply planted; they became stepping-stones, by which so much, which a present people should be made to appreciate, has come to us all as a great human benefit, among the characteristics of which belong to this—our nation of to-day.

Captain William Turner was a man of great force of character, clearness of mind and a born leader of men. By trade a tailor, in religious form of worship, a Baptist, he was one of a party who once met together in the First Church in Boston in the spring of 1668 to discuss some forms in worship, including what was then to some of his belief "the obnoxious doctrine of baptism by immersion." Those persons, who then met, undoubtedly included Unitarians

and Baptists and probably also some others whose form of religious devotion was different. We know that a vote of disfranchisement was passed against a few persons at that period, including Captain Turner; but are told that his sentence was never carried into execution. How appropriate it is that said First Church in Boston should have lately become, to a slight extent, a depository of certain tablets commemorative of persons whose actions in colonial times were conspicuous for their wisdom and bravery.

Captain William Turner's participation there, in that committee work in 1668, to settle a question then considered momentous, rather than of a health standpoint, would perhaps make that church a fitting place to some day inscribe his name there also, to remind some in our capital city of the active, patriotic life of the ancestry of our citizens, whose heredity dates farthest back. Their origin also dates from foreign lands, as does that of the more recent arrivals. We must all remember that wise activity, in our citizenship, is necessary to hold leadership both in public affairs and in business life; and the greatest responsibility ought to be taken up by those who can boast of the longest native pedigree.

Captain William Turner again appears in 1676 leading 89 foot soldiers from Marlborough to Northampton and is soon in command of the troops at Hadley. We find it stated that Turner was once denied a commission because the chief of the company, who evidently had the confirming power, had differed from Turner on the question of "baptism by immersion" in the days of 1668; and which his later patriotism and bravery had not yet effaced from the mind of his then superior officer. But Turner's convictions were firm and his power, as a leader, was generally recognized, so that the withholding of a commission could only be most temporary.

Captain Turner soon found his troops surrounded by the like causes of distress that later were so conspicuous among Washington's men at Valley Forge, for example, want of proper clothing, food and much else that, the having of which gives strength and courage at all times and especially

when the worst kind of enemy were hiding around him in the bush. But Captain Turner and his leading supporters had, evidently, those characteristics which lightened such burdens among, and gave cheer to, his troops. And he had that power over his men which kept discipline and order in his command, and made lawless and unmilitary actions among his men impossible. Such a power and influence, with its results within the body of troops, would enable such a body of men to accomplish far more than a much larger body less well disciplined.

And, again, those men were fighting to protect and improve their homes and their opportunities within this new country and to better the condition of their several families. The pride of country, under good English law, was in the blood of those men of colonial days, then under the Crown, in like degree to that of the later Revolutionary times, after the unjust acts of a weak foreign ruler had intensified the feelings of our people and forced them to contest for their rights against oppression. It was in those colonial days that General Washington and other leading native officers of his time derived that knowledge of, and training in, military matters which made them the successful leaders which they became later in another cause, the glories of which the Revolutionary patriotic societies are striving to weave into and leave in the history of the land as far as they are able. And that experience and wisdom which has come to our people of to-day, let us say in the hereditary course of affairs, together with the benefits from schools, colleges and higher institutions of learning to promote them, has brought this nation to a position where the whole world has been forced to recognize the remarkable power of leadership in government and business matters, which now exists throughout our whole land,—a great influence for good in the world and for harmony among the nations, with the wise handling that seems to be conspicuously the case to-day.

But as we know the need of a firm guiding power, locally, against lawlessness and danger from a lack of good public morals, so must we realize the need of a strong power nationally, behind good laws, to keep our recognized leader-

ship effective. We must look for this in a sufficient and well-organized army and navy, well directed, to be behind our laws and our courts and in the true interest of every good citizen. May justice ever temper our laws, and when we look back to those times of Captain William Turner, Bloody Brook and the Deerfield fights, let us realize the spirit that supported those participants and never forget the truth conveyed in the Latin words, "Semper paratus," —always prepared. Let us see to it that, as citizens, by our representatives who constitute our government, we are always prepared to support and defend just and peaceful ways by the strong arm of right.

The events which surrounded the lives of our ancestry, colonial and revolutionary, especially the former, which our society with your Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association and your Old Home Week Association honors to-day, must seem almost an impossibility to the recent newcomer to these lands; and when the quick maturity of this nation is considered, we, the descendants, can only read with startling wonder of the conditions under which those brave and stalwart pioneers forged ahead in their efforts to better themselves and posterity in this, their new and undeveloped land of greater promise than those pioneers ever dreamed of.

In speaking to-day words in honor of those who participated in the Falls fight, and to the monument and tablet to Captain Turner and his men, which our societies can now view this day, with the words of the tablet inscribed so permanently upon it, may we especially have in mind that the lands over which those men of that period fought and where those good men and women suffered and endured bravely are these very same lands that are under and around us, as we stand here now. Those very same lands; and some, I know not how many, of the same roadways and paths are coursed by the present generation as by those who were here in the days of the Falls fight, and before, but with the cunning and crafty Indian eliminated.

I wish those ancestors of ours had owned kodaks so that they could have transmitted to us lantern slides which

could have been used (had this been evening), both to give me and you a clearer basis for consideration than I can give in words between the condition and appearance of Massachusetts lands as they were in colonial days, and what lantern slides taken at the present time of the same outlook would show us of the conditions and appearance of the developed valleys, hills, cultivated fields, forests, towns and villages, showing to us the great march of progress, which makes for higher civilization and increasing the prosperity of the people and general development of what we know of as the state. This modern method of lantern slide adds much to the satisfaction of an audience that words cannot convey.

I wish I were far better able than I am to speak to you, in this connection, of much that has been done and what, speaking generally, remains to be done to beautify and improve, upon the lines of landscape architecture, higher farming, the best in forestry, good roads and all else that tends to improve and enhance the attractiveness and value in cold dollars and cents and æsthetic beauty of the lands of this state, that is held so dear by us all. I am glad to come here, to-day, and join under the leadership of your distinguished citizen, President George Sheldon, a leader in the board of Trustees of Public Reservations, one of his trustees myself. It has always seemed to me that such a board would be a good body to hold, eventually, titles to many more tracts of land devoted to public uses and dedicated as memorials, if for no other reason than that it will accept no such trusteeship unless a sufficient fund shall go with the gift to perpetually preserve it in first-class condition so that it must ever be a worthy object lesson and always a credit to the giving persons or collection of persons and to their posterity. This needed, and appropriate act of yours this day would be worthy of that custody; but which ever shall be safest and most permanent will in all cases be best.

We place here a memorial in everlasting form (if our descendants will give it fair care when we are gone), and let us now also sow the seed of suggestion how it can be best

framed and surrounded, by developing and training as much as we can the great works of nature, in the hills, valleys, forests and streams and making the most of them, to the profit, joy and happiness of all people. May all our memorial and historical societies be kept strong and lasting. If need be may they be gradually centered, first as county and then as incorporated state institutions.

I had a cousin (by marriage) now deceased, who spent many summer seasons at the well-known Mansion House at Greenfield and who drove often and far during his life hereabouts. He never failed to praise, justly, the beauty of the landscape, and the great variety of the drives, views and well-tilled farms in Franklin County. Indeed much praise could well be extended further. It is a fair reply, and at first thought might seem correct, to say, let us preserve this natural beauty as it is, and work on such lines, rather than have the mind and hand of man advised to attempt to alter it. The hills and valleys, the rivers, streams and lakes can hardly be wiped out of existence, but they can be trained and developed for profit and in beauty and the grand effect which they produce be with us just the same. The time has come already when we have begun to consider the economics of agriculture, forestry with its supply of wood, and usefulness as a supply, and conservator of water sources, as very important; and science and personal physical powers can be cultivated, so as to make all our agriculture far more profitable than now.

Some may say that these ideas are too theoretical and imaginative. They may appear to be in advance of the needs and in advance of the time when it is practicable to attempt to execute them. Possibly the latter view is right. But I have, like many others of you, visited older countries where advances have been made,—great advances,—in such improvements and on such lines; and it has been my privilege, guided by an invaluable guide book prepared by the late Henry Winthrop Sargent, to have seen what has been done in England, and elsewhere, and what in large part has helped to develop the lands in old England, upon the lines of landscape improvement. It is none too early

to speak words now that shall form the seed in the hope that it shall tend to help bear fruit to the future glory of this grand and much beloved Commonwealth.

Massachusetts is fast approaching such a density of population and a condition of wealth that she can well be compared with old England and may consider the adoption of any of her ways that may prove of benefit and profit to our people.

We of this Society of Colonial Wars, with other kindred bodies such as yours, have, and are marking many historic spots all over our state and beyond her borders. These memorials are well worthy of existence in a park-like state. I would have you think of Massachusetts as a park state, with her woodlands protected against fires, as far as possible, and her land highly cultivated, with many and good roads, in the interest of development, just as far reaching as is deemed wise and financially possible, from a progressive standpoint.

Let us for a moment compare Massachusetts with England and Wales taken as one, remembering the short life of this state compared with the mother country, and, thinking of the crude condition of this country only 300 years ago, note the latter's wonderful advancement by what her people have done for her, and it is also fair to add, by very much that she has done for her people.

Area of England and Wales, 1901,	37,249,040 acres
" " Massachusetts,	1900, 5,321,600 "
Population, England and Wales, 1901,	32,525,716
" Massachusetts,	1903, 2,805,346

In 1891 England had 534.1 inhabitants per square mile; Wales had 206.3; in 1890, Massachusetts had 269.2 inhabitants per square mile and in 1900 had increased to 348.9 inhabitants per square mile.

From these figures we may consider that Massachusetts has a fair chance to soon reach the density of population now existing in England and Wales. I have no means at hand for ascertaining the occupations of those inhabitants but such statements would lead to interesting conclusions.

These figures, however, are proof that the time has already come when the wisest development of Massachusetts lands should be most carefully studied and that the proper persons should be charged with the consideration of that subject. It would be no more than the national government has been doing to promote the development of large tracts in the West and elsewhere.

The application of knowledge to the cultivation of the soil, resulting from scientific study, has advanced our market gardening and general horticulture to as high a standard perhaps, as can be found anywhere in the world. But the cultivation of farms, which have not yet been given over to the more intensive agriculture, like market gardening and all else which goes to supply the demands of our city markets, in my opinion can well receive much more intensive cultivation than is generally the case to-day; and thus enhance the financial interests of the people of our commonwealth, whose interests Captain Turner and others did so much to establish.

Captain Turner and those of the colonial period saved the country to the English speaking people; General Washington and those of the revolutionary (so-called) period formed a national organization for us, which has protected and developed what our colonial ancestry were a party to accomplishing. It is certainly for us of the present time to do all that we reasonably can to care for what has been handed down to us; and to do our best, according to our lights, to still further develop it. And the best teachings of science and good sound "common sense" must be brought to bear in all such work. This meeting to-day is evidence that such efforts are being made.

Old Home Week Associations have been brought to do much in the way of promoting what our several New England states have needed. Our state recognized that action should be taken to have abandoned farms reoccupied, and their locations were, as far as possible, ascertained and published with descriptions and valuations. In most cases perhaps all, they have attracted sons and daughters of our state who, or whose families before them, had left our state

and had met with good fortune in business elsewhere. The affection for the "old home" has been strengthened (it never dies out) by such associations as yours of Greenfield, and the good results come quietly to the benefit of locality and state in a way that may not find expression upon any records. We hope that actions have spoken better than words.

It is the agriculturist who conducts his occupation upon business principles, and the other business man whose agriculture is conducted upon the same lines as his other business, who set that example which is always needed in a community. And it is a pretty good idea, if that other business man, who cultivates the soil, and raises live stock, has a surplus of cash to use in experimenting in all those ways, which are possible upon our New England lands and for the general good. Such experiments are greatly needed, and are of real value to any community. As a farmer, for example, I knew well what a cow should be expected to be and to do at the pail and what results careful breeding and handling can bring about; and I do know the average low standard that exists among cows when you try to buy them. This is one of the many evidences that good can come from well-directed efforts to promote better agriculture in its broadest sense. The business-agriculturist, and the other business man who will add agriculture, well conducted, to his interest, especially if he will return home from elsewhere to Massachusetts to help us by doing the latter, I know you will all agree with me, is what, in part, we all want to encourage.

But, in conclusion, while I may seem to have advised too strongly as to drawing people in from without to help us, and while, my friends, it is true that we have room for and can welcome such, it must be by the efforts of the many good people now here in Massachusetts that the best results can be accomplished.

My commanding officer, in the First Corps of Cadets, M. V. M., in Boston, used to lecture to us and give us good advice, but he would usually interject that those whom he was addressing did not need the words of advice, it was

those who were absent, who should take in the good that his words contained, and so it generally is. May any good words contained herein, go beyond this audience through the kindness of the press.

You have those among you who have done that good work in the interest of this part of the state and have such work well in hand. Your Old Home Week Association and your Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association are to be congratulated for all they have done and all that they are doing and all that they are likely to do in the future.

Every one present will, I know, join with me in paying tribute to the guiding spirit in very much that has been accomplished, and which should not have been left undone, in bringing history into permanent type for present and future generations and usefulness hereabouts.

He was born November 30, 1818, at Deerfield, in beautiful Franklin County. I have looked up somewhat of his life as published, but I feel that there is one word that is attached to his charming characteristics which insure his interest having been turned, so far as any one active mind can be, to the best interests of his home and state, and that word is "agriculturist." Such is truly our friend, Hon. George Sheldon.

God bless him for his many past efforts, and may he, as the sage of this valley, be spared for many more years of good work.

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#### REMARKS OF SAMUEL O. LAMB.

It is good for us to meet here, and let us be glad and rejoice that we are permitted to witness its well-deserved and honorable public tribute to the memory of the brave man, who at this place 229 years ago, gave his life for his cause, which was in its ultimate result,—which he neither foresaw or anticipated,—the cause of the progress, civilization and good government in the world. That the sentiment

which underlies and inspires its proceedings is widespread and strong, is attested by the number of people present on this occasion. It has been said that the memories of its great men are among the most sacred treasures of a people. The truth of the remark is confirmed by the numerous and precious associations which cluster around the names of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln and other distinguished soldiers and statesmen, patriots all, whose names and memories are dear to the hearts of their fellow country men. The man whom we honor to-day is entitled to a high place in the ranks of the heroes and the patriots of his day who are all entitled to a lasting place in the remembrance of those, who as we do, enjoy the fruits of their labors and sacrifices. The name and the deeds and the untimely fate of William Turner, are not likely to be forgotten in this community while the memorials placed here endure and while the waters of the Connecticut continue to plunge over the falls which bear his name. Nevertheless, I heard with pleasure the suggestion of our worthy president, that henceforth the square on which this memorial stands shall be called and known as Turner Square. I second the suggestion and commend it to the favorable consideration of the park commissioners, the officers and the people of the town of Greenfield. And in pursuance of this suggestion, I venture to make another of the like nature. I have noticed with pleasure that the park commissioners of Greenfield, have taken steps to appropriate unoccupied land at the junction of the road this side of the Factory Village, as a part of the park system of the town and I would suggest that such park be called Adams Square, in memory of one, who for many years was an active, intelligent and influential citizen of the town, much interested in its growth and prosperity.

As students of history we learn that monuments alone do not perpetuate the memory of great events and great men. Granite, bronze, brass and marble are all subject to the tooth of time. Cities and empires have arisen, flourished, decayed and disappeared and their memorials have perished with them. Cicero's account of his discovery of the tomb

of Archimedes, shows in what a brief space of time the memory of a distinguished man may be lost among the people of a great city. I say Cicero, because that is the pronunciation which I was taught to give the word and because to my ears as it did to the ears of James Russell Lowell, it has a sound more dignified, honorable and more in accordance with the character of the man than Kickero. Cicero was an ardent antiquarian, he delighted in the study of the past and were he living to-day, this time and in this vicinity, I have no doubt he would be an active enthusiast and efficient member of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. He had studied much the history of Syracuse and Archimedes and had in his memory certain verses said to be inscribed upon the tomb of the distinguished geometer and mathematician, 200 years and more after the death of Archimedes.

Cicero was appointed Quester of Sicily and among the pleasures which he most anticipated was that of visiting the tomb of Archimedes which was marked under the direction of the deceased by a sphere and cylinder thereon. Great was his surprise on reaching Syracuse to find no knowledge among the people, of the tomb of Archimedes, and many denied its existence, but he pursued his investigation among the many tombs in the cemetery which were hidden from view by the dense jungle of briars and brambles. At length he saw at a distance the sphere and cylinder which marked the object of his search. Laborers were procured and the path cleared to the place, and Cicero had the pleasure and satisfaction, not only of seeing the sphere and cylinder, but also of deciphering from the half obliterated inscription the verse which he had in his mind. We may well hope, and with good reason expect that the memorials which have been and are to be placed by this Association will not be subject to the fate which befell the tomb of Archimedes, that our descendants will not permit them to be surrounded and obscured by brambles and briars, but will care for them and preserve them as sacred to the memory of the brave men who, with their lives in their hands, wrought so faithfully, so efficiently, and with such

success in laying deep and broad and strong the foundation of those institutions which we have received as a glorious inheritance from those who have gone before us, and which it is our bounden duty to cherish, maintain and transmit, unimpaired to those who may come after us.

## ANNUAL MEETING—1906.

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### REPORT.

The annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association at Deerfield, February 27, was well attended, both afternoon and evening, and the exercises were of much interest to those inclined to historical and antiquarian pursuits. The meeting in the afternoon was for business, and held in the council room of the Memorial Hall. In the evening the exercises were in the town hall, following an excellent supper. In the absence of the president, George Sheldon, who is wintering in Boston, Vice-President Judge Francis M. Thompson presided.

At the business meeting the report of the treasurer, John Sheldon, showed a balance of \$4,829. Volume IV of the "Proceedings," covering the years 1899–1904, has been published within the year by the committee of publication, George Sheldon and J. M. Arms Sheldon. There appears no falling off in the quality of the work.

By the report of the Curator, George Sheldon, the library has been enriched by 83 books, 263 pamphlets, and 7 broadsides; 93 miscellaneous relics have been added to the general collection. There were registered, during the year, 5,689 visitors. This does not include the whole number, as schools do not generally register. The curator states that the visitors have come from the Occident and the Orient, from Japan, China and the Philippines, and from 36 states in the Union.

One of the most notable features of the Association's work is the extent to which the collection appeals to all classes of people. Children who come in the school parties seem to lose their boisterous habits when they become interested over these vestiges of a past civilization. Occasionally a party of

foreigners at work on the railroad appears, showing as deep an interest in the collection as those of more education.

These officers were elected:

President: George Sheldon of Deerfield.

Vice-Presidents: Judge Francis M. Thompson and Samuel O. Lamb of Greenfield.

Recording Secretary: Margaret Miller of Deerfield.

Corresponding Secretary: M. Elizabeth Stebbins of Deerfield.

Treasurer: John Sheldon of Greenfield.

Members of Council: C. Alice Baker, Rev. Richard E. Birks, Agnes Gordon Fuller, Frances W. Ball, Edward A. Hawks, William L. Harris, Julia D. Whiting, Asahel W. Root and Philomela A. Williams, all of Deerfield; Eugene A. Newcomb, Herbert C. Parsons, George A. Sheldon and Albert L. Wing of Greenfield; Ellen Chase of Brookline; John H. Leavitt of Waterloo, Ia.

The business meeting of the Association was followed by the reading of notices of deceased members. Chief Justice John A. Aiken of the Superior Court prepared a sketch of Mrs. Sarah C. Rice, which was read by Mrs. Lucius Nims. Samuel O. Lamb read a tribute to Austin DeWolf, a native of Deerfield who resided in Greenfield for years. The sketch of Whitney L. Warner of Sunderland, a member of the Association since 1873, who died March 26, 1905, was prepared by his daughter.

Other biographical notices were as follows: Chauncey Bryant, by Herbert C. Parsons; Robert Childs of Deerfield, by Laura B. Wells; George W. Horr, by Clarence J. Hill of Athol; Joseph P. Felton of Greenfield, by Albert L. Wing.

The principal speaker in the evening was Rev. Thomas Franklin Waters of Ipswich, president of the historical society of that town and a well-known antiquarian. Others were Rev. G. W. Solley of Winchendon, Rev. R. E. Birks and Rev. G. F. Merriam of Deerfield, S. O. Lamb and ex-Senator H. C. Parsons of Greenfield and George D. Crittenden of Shelburne Falls. Mr. Solley spoke on "Uprightness of Character," saying that man is the servant of God. Eternal destinies are in his hands if he is true to his trust. Our New

England fathers cheerfully and strongly attacked every problem which confronted them, subduing the wilderness and building their homes. Building a state, they lived out their ideal under the hardest circumstances. Never discouraged, success crowned their efforts. Whatever the New Englander did he did well, whether it was building a colonial mansion, a meetinghouse or sowing a field. In conclusion, Mr. Solley said the boasted success of to-day is founded on 200 years of training and discipline in the old New England virtues of thrift, insight, indomitable perseverance and hard work.

S. O. Lamb spoke briefly, referring to David S. Hoyt, a son of Horatio Hoyt. David Hoyt was about Mr. Lamb's age and much associated with him, the two being alike in political faith. Hoyt went to the Mexican war and returned here, and afterward enlisted in the cause of freedom in the Kansas struggles, being killed in these troubles. Mr. Lamb eulogized him as worthy of honor.

H. C. Parsons hoped to see an increase of interest on the part of the young people in the history of the Valley. He thought the writing of such books of history as those by Mrs. Mary P. Wells Smith was very useful in this direction.

Christopher Clarke of Northampton spoke in his interesting way of the movement for preservation of public reservations, telling a little of what had been done at Mt. Tom and elsewhere. He hoped to see Sugar Loaf preserved. He also urged the preservation of historic old trees.

Rev. R. E. Birks spoke in his pleasing manner of his work upon the family history and traditions of Rev. Samuel Mather, Deerfield's pioneer preacher. He had been endeavoring to get together material for a study of the history of the Mather family in England, but found the subject so broad that he had not been able to straighten it out. He was like the man, he thought, who once brought out a genealogical tree for the edification of a historical gathering, and this was so extended in its ramifications that halfway down there was a place where it said "about this time the world began."

Mr. Crittenden entertained his audience greatly with reminiscences of Revolutionary soldiers he knew in his young days.

## REPORT OF CURATOR.

My annual report as Curator will cover but eleven months, as the financial and economical year will hereafter end January 31.

As was foreseen, the expansion of our relic department from the main building to the wing, as well as the accession of hundreds of additions, since the catalogue was printed in 1886, made a new catalogue a necessity. The matter has received much thought, but as yet no definite arrangement has been made. In connection with this it will be found that a large proportion of the numbers and labels on the articles must be renewed. For this purpose it has been decided to use oil paint when feasible.

The accessions to our collections have been 83 books, 263 pamphlets, 7 broadsides and 93 miscellaneous relics; 5,689 visitors have registered; when they came as schools or societies a large proportion did not register. These came from 36 states of the Union, ranging from Maine to California, and from ten foreign countries, including China, Japan and the Philippines. My assistant is well qualified to serve this miscellaneous crowd, and to respond to their questions.

We have always invited criticism, and with good nature have received a great deal of advice as to the management of our affairs from outsiders. When wise or practicable we are glad to profit by it. The need of warmth in the winter is a drawback on the usefulness of our Museum. One item of advice is to put up a furnace somewhere outside, and heat the Hall by steam. An excellent scheme if we were a Carnegie or even a Rockefeller, which we are not.

It has been thought best to reprint from Vol. IV of our "Proceedings," the Report on Monuments, made at the Field Meeting in 1901, by Mrs. Sheldon, and to keep it on sale at the Hall for the benefit of visitors, and a nominal profit to the Association. A copy is herewith transmitted.

The Necrology roll for the year is a long one. Our ranks are being depleted; some action should be taken toward

enlarging our membership. It has been suggested that the price of our four volumes of "History and Proceedings" be sold to members at a further reduction under conditions which will not interfere with the regular price.

Respectfully submitted,

GEORGE SHELDON,  
*Curator.*

Deerfield, February 27, 1906.

## NECROLOGY.

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MRS. SARAH C. RICE.

BY CHIEF JUSTICE JOHN A. AIKEN.

In a biographical notice it is usual to begin with the date and place of birth. In the case of Mrs. Rice both are unknown to me, though I have a vague recollection that Hartford, Vermont, at the confluence of the Connecticut and White Rivers, is where she first saw the light. As to the day or month or even the year of her birth I am too indifferent to even ask those who know. Why inquire about the number of Mrs. Rice's years, when she was always young! If with the burdens of time come querulousness and decrepitude, if there is a manifest and respectable claim to old age, then there is a propriety in asking how old a person was. And yet curiosity after all is not content to be still. I have heard Mrs. Rice speak of birthdays and how her friends had remembered her on such anniversaries, and she has made in my hearing some mention of having left behind her the eightieth milestone in the journey of life. Two years ago when about to attend a circus she remarked: "I suppose people will say an old woman of eighty-two ought to be thinking of serious things, but I am going to the circus; I may not be here next year." And she went. Barring the unhappy accident which, after some weeks of suffering, ended her life, her step never lost its resiliency, nor her eye its brightness, neither was there any impairment of her faculties.

She was a woman of enterprise, energy and decision. She would have been unhappy, if inactive. By most of us her life would be regarded as laborious and toilsome, but she never thought it so. She often said if hard work killed, long ago she would have been dead. After seventy she declared it

was getting to be time for a vacation, and that she had never had one. Taking boarders for moderate compensation had been for many years substantially her sole source of income. To her boarders she announced that on a day certain, which she named and placed a few months ahead, she proposed to retire from business, and that they must then go elsewhere. When the designated time came she gave her farewell dinner, as she called it, with specially prepared menus on which were written appropriate verses and sentiments composed by herself and granddaughter for the event.

Thereafter, her years were marked by a becoming recognition and observance of a well-earned right to relaxation and repose, saddened, however, by the death of the granddaughter just mentioned, whom she had nurtured from infancy. But she found no time nor ability to grow old. She was invariably cheerful, interested in what was happening, finding zest and enjoyment in many ways. Her comments on local occurrences and people were ever worth hearing, for they were to the point, epigrammatic, vigorous; as she was a shrewd observer and outspoken. She never said mean things, however, nor gossipy things, nor malicious things.

She outlived by many years three of her children. A son survives her who wished her to share with him an attractive home in a western city, but she preferred to remain where so many of her days had been spent, and she had natural misgivings about attempting to adapt herself to new surroundings, and more than all, she did not want to surrender the feeling of independence she had, so long as she was in her own home. Independence and self-reliance were among her most pronounced characteristics; this was manifest in many ways, and among them in matters ecclesiastical. Meekness was not one of her attributes, and years ago, when the bigotry of a local preacher aroused her maternal indignation, all the clergy were for a long period of time under the ban; but as she grew older and her vision wider and clearer her natural tolerance and fairness of mind resumed ascendancy.

In the essentials of righteousness she abounded. If there was illness in the neighborhood and her ministrations could avail, no invitation was needed to bring her to the sufferer.

For the infant insufficiently clothed because of poverty of parents she would find some garment providentially stowed away for just such a situation.

Young men starting in trade as clerks on meager pay were her frequent boarders. In such her interest was well-nigh maternal. She spoke of them as "My boys." For them there was good advice in matters of deportment, if there was occasion. There was a generous and judicious extension of credit, if need be, in the payment of board bills. For their transitory ailments, such as sore throats and colds, she applied the teas, syrups and flannel bandages of her *materia medica*, and her therapeutic accomplishments were great. After they had left her table, and in the natural course of events gone hither and thither in life, she followed them in remembrance. In their success she felt pride, and often claimed share in their "bringing up," and the propriety of the claim was allowed. With most of them a visit to Greenfield was incomplete without a call on her, and with many the recognition of indebtedness was more substantial.

While her means were inconsiderable and careful economy had to be her rule, she was a most generous woman, for true generosity is a matter of the heart and spirit and not of the pocketbook. There was thrift without parsimony. What she undertook prospered. In the minor occurrences of life, she had the foresight and skill that seemed to control events. In the day when the source of water supply was wells, her well never went dry. Her hens laid when other hens loafed. The first rhubarb pie on West Main Street, each spring, came from her garden, and it was presented to some neighbor. Her asparagus bed sent up its shoots a week before other beds showed signs of awakening. Her early peas often had to weather spring snows. Her strawberries always yielded abundantly, and the demonstration was in baskets of them presented to those who had none.

Her garden is among my earliest recollections, and, although many years have since gone by, a vivid picture still remains in mind. On the first warm days succeeding winter, came the red polyanthus, soon after there were tulips on long stems, with blooms like goblets, all of one color, and

that pink—tulips the like of which (my memory for standard) Holland never equaled. Peonies, gigantic and rosy, were in the floral procession, and after them, in midsummer, were tall clumps of perennial phlox, white with pink centers. At the end of the garden on a high pole was a bird house of four tenements each with its annual family of Purple Martins. And let me not forget the roses, erect as bushes or climbing on knarled cedar posts and over doorways, and one bush in particular, tall and especially prickly, a mass of yellow in its season from which I was given bouquets "to take to teacher."

I have seen other gardens, many and many of them, but this stands out among them as memorable; and memorable not for its flowers, I'm conscious now, but for its gracious mistress, as old then as she ever was, and in my eyes as young when I last saw her as she was then, more than forty years ago. And I am sure wherever the Gardens of the Blest may be, there she now is.

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### WHITNEY L. WARNER.

BY HIS DAUGHTER MRS. LIZZIE WARNER FISH.

Whitney Lewis Warner was born in Williamsburg, December 12, 1827. When a young man he went to Sunderland and there resided until after his marriage. After a residence in Greenfield of several years he returned to Sunderland in 1870. For thirty-five years he dealt in general merchandise, succeeding his father-in-law, Horace Lyman, in the store at the corner of Bridge and Lyman Streets, and for over twenty-five years he held the office of postmaster. He served the town as selectman and member of the school committee, and held other offices, and was thoroughly identified with the interests of the town. He was perhaps best known in connection with the Franklin County Agricultural Society, at whose annual fairs he was for thirty-seven years superintendent of the hall exhibits. In that time he gained an experience that made his services of the highest value. When he first took charge of the hall the exhibits were so meager that he purchased

seven bushels of the best fruit he could find in order to make some sort of a show, but he never had to repeat the experience. Mr. Warner always desired to have something fresh in the arrangement of the hall, and the many visitors found much to admire. His own favorite in providing things was the sweet pea, and he always had scores of varieties on his place in Sunderland. He had been a member of the State Board of Agriculture and was often an interested visitor at the local fairs.

Mr. Warner took great pleasure in reading and had a fund of information; he had traveled much and could describe what he had seen in his journeys most interestingly. He was a member of the Congregational church and as superintendent of the Sunday school, and in other ways served its interests. His death removed one of the most prominent business men of the town, and he was long and well known and honored in the community.

He married Helen Lyman, a sister of the late Judge Lyman of Greenfield who survived him but a few days. Mr. Warner died at the Cooley House, Springfield, March 26, 1905, after a few days illness, of pneumonia. He became a member of the P. V. M. A. in 1873.

The "Republican" in the notice of his death spoke thus: "Many Springfield people had come to know Mr. Warner during his winter sojourn here, and they found him an interesting man of pleasing social qualities; a typical New Englander, who had prospered in business, and in his later years enjoyed the fruits of his industry and thrift."

"Honorable in his dealings with men, Mr. Warner built up a good business and was repeatedly honored by his townspeople by elections to positions of trust. He and his wife enjoyed travel and formerly journeyed to southern California or Florida to spend the winters, but of late years had found it pleasant to come to Springfield and pass the winter months at Landlord Marsh's hotel, in quiet. With his large white-bearded face, broad shoulders and quiet Yankee ways, he was a man who attracted attention, and will be much missed in his home town, as well as by a large circle of friends in this region."

## GEORGE W. HORN.

BY J. CLARENCE HILL.

George W. Horr of Athol, a life member of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, died on Tuesday morning October 24, 1905. Thus passed from this life and from the many scenes in which he was formerly an important and picturesque figure, the senior member of the Northwestern Worcester County Bar and a man who was perhaps as well known throughout this section of the state as anyone now living. It was not simply as a lawyer that Mr. Horr was so generally known hereabouts, though in his best years he stood high at the bar. It was as a public speaker on many and divers occasions, and as a writer, chiefly of historical papers, that brought him in touch with local people and affairs. He was a natural orator, of vigorous and impressive presence and he could speak with power and rare eloquence on any subject. He had a great deal of native capacity and had the very best opportunity to rise to high public distinction. These native gifts and the promises of his early manhood were never fully realized. Death ended a career that, however fruitful of meritorious achievements, fell painfully short of the ardent hopes that had been created for him. In physical appearance Mr. Horr was a singularly handsome man, with a wealth of snowy hair and a long patriarchal beard. He always won admiration and applause when speaking before a large audience, where he was particularly in his element. His command of the English language was splendid and in private conversation it was as clear and perfect as at any other time. Mr. Horr was a most jovial and kind-hearted man, a faithful friend and strictly honorable in his business and financial dealings. As a lawyer he has many times in his life given freely of his advice without one cent of compensation.

George W. Horr was born in New Salem, Mass., June 22, 1829, and was descended from good old New England stock. His great-grandfather was Robert Horr who held an official

position in the great war of the Revolution. His father was Major Warren Horr and his mother, Sally Pierce Sloan Horr. Mr. Horr attended the district schools of New Salem and at the age of thirteen entered New Salem Academy and when but fifteen years old was teaching school which he continued for three successive winters. His pupils, at least many of them, averaged five and ten years older than himself. Mr. Horr was later a student in Quabaug Academy, Phillips Academy at Andover and graduated from Williston Academy in Easthampton in 1848. He was salutatorian of his class. Mr. Horr entered Harvard University in 1848 and received his certificate of matriculation from the president, who was then Edward Everett. He was a member of the Lawrence Scientific School and Harvard Law School,—from the latter receiving the degree of LL. B. in 1860.

Soon after graduation he entered the law office of George T. Davis and Charles Allen of Greenfield and later was a student and clerk in the law office of Lincoln, Maynard and Chatfield of New York City. At that time Mr. Chatfield was attorney-general of the state of New York and young Horr was enabled to get a thorough training under him.

Mr. Horr was admitted to the Massachusetts bar in Greenfield in 1860 and to the practice in the United States courts in 1870. His first law office was in his native town of New Salem. In 1863 he located in Athol and was a resident of that town up to the time of his death. For many years Mr. Horr was a successful pension claim lawyer.

While a resident of New Salem he was frequently called upon to act as moderator, member of the school board and in other responsible places. For two terms he was commissioner of insolvency of Franklin County. His literary work was long and varied and there is only time for a brief mention. As early as 1854 Mr. Horr, in company with the late Charles G. Colby, organized a literary bureau in Brooklyn, N. Y. He was author and compiler of the histories of Athol, Petersham, Royalston, Phillipston and Dana for "Jewett's History of Worcester County," published in 1879. He was a welcome speaker on numberless public occasions. Among the more important in which he officiated were the following: The

dedication of the town hall of Erving in 1875; the dedication of the Warwick town hall in 1895; the centennial on July 4th in Athol in 1876; Memorial Day oration in Hatfield in 1890. He was a frequent speaker at the annual New Salem Academy reunions and was a past president of the alumni association. For over 40 years he was active as a speaker, lecturer and orator all over the state. Throughout his life Mr. Horr was a supporter of the Democratic party, although he was independent in belief and in late years had not upheld many of that party's policies. He was a member of the Harvard Law School Association, of the Worcester County Bar Association and of Harvard Union.

He became a life member of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association in 1893 and for several years attended the annual meeting and took active part in the exercises. He was for four years chosen Councillor of the Association. In 1893 he gave an address on the "Academic Period in Massachusetts Schools" which was of much interest and value. He also secured for the Association some rare articles of antiquarian value and presented it with a "History of Worcester County" which contained much of his own work in that line.

Mr. Horr's wife, Grace H. Horr, a brilliant poetess and writer, died in New York about 15 years ago. There were no children.

The funeral services of Mr. Horr were held in the Second Unitarian church in Athol on Thursday afternoon October 26, Rev. John William Barker, pastor of the church, officiating. There were delegations of several Bar associations present and many relatives and friends. The burial was in the family lot in the Highland cemetery at Athol Center.

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### AUSTIN DEWOLF.

BY SAMUEL O. LAMB.

Austin DeWolf was of good English and New England family. The paternal family tree with its wide spreading branches, in which he was deeply interested and upon which he bestowed time and labor had struck its roots deep in

good society in Old England years before the discovery of New England by English or other navigators.

He was born April 28, 1838, on a farm in that part of West Deerfield called the "Nook," the title and occupation of which had been for many years in his immediate ancestors. He was a son of Almon DeWolf,\* one of the well-to-do, respectable and worthy farmers of Deerfield. The maiden name of his mother was Elvira Newton, also of good New England connection.

Like other country boys of that time he was brought up on the farm, laboring in the summer and attending district school in the winter. He was active and industrious and entered with interest into the management of the farm. There is still standing on that farm an orchard, the trees of which were planted by him, or under his direction. He early manifested an inclination for pursuits in life other than those usual in the life of a country farmer. His mind was quick and active and retentive. He easily mastered all the branches then taught in the district schools.

He then took a course in Deerfield Academy, usually walking to and from the same. A portion of the time he boarded with Sarah Barnard, a popular teacher of the day, doing chores in payment for his board.

Deerfield Academy was then under the charge of Ryland Warriner, one of the most popular and successful teachers of the day; his influence and that of Miss Barnard must have been stimulating and encouraging to the mind of a youth under their influence.

He afterwards attended the Academy at Westminster, Vt., of which Professor Ward, afterwards principal of Powers Institute, Bernardston, Mass., was then principal. He was at first inclined to adopt the profession of teaching, and taught in Rowe, Mass., and in Newark, Ohio. The climate of Newark was adverse to his physical constitution, and he was compelled by repeated attacks of fever and ague to leave that place. He returned to his native New England.

He taught schools in Warwick and in Greenfield and was for one term or more principal of the school in the village.

\* Always Dewolf in Deerfield.

district of Greenfield, then held in the old Fellenburg Academy.

He won a good reputation as a successful and popular teacher, and after his admission to the bar, he received the honorary degree of A. B. from Trinity College.

When in Warwick he began to read "Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England" and soon decided to enter the legal profession. This decision was not in accordance with the views and wishes of his family, and he afterwards said that his mother objected to his becoming a lawyer; on being asked why, she replied that lawyers usually drank, but he assured her that he thought he could be a lawyer without using intoxicating liquors, and in his own words afterwards, "She saw me in my profession and she knew I did not use intoxicating drinks." She was pleased and satisfied.

He studied law in the office of the Honorable Whiting Griswold, and was admitted to the bar August 14, 1863. He soon entered into partnership with the late Honorable Wendell T. Davis, under the firm of Davis & DeWolf. This firm soon acquired extensive and lucrative business.

Mr. DeWolf was ambitious and studious, enthusiastic and energetic, and soon attained a high standing among the legal practitioners of the Franklin County Bar; the higher honors of the profession seemed to be within his easy reach, but Mr. Davis was largely interested in laying the foundations of the new city at Turners Falls. This and other circumstances naturally diverted the attention of Mr. DeWolf from the law to other business affairs. On the death of Mr. Davis he became treasurer and for several years devoted himself actively and industriously to the interests of the Turners Falls Company. At the expiration of his term of office, he resumed the practice, which, however, he had never wholly abandoned, of his profession in Greenfield. He was, as we have said, ambitious, and his ambition was in the line of his profession. He compiled with much study and care the statutes and decisions of Massachusetts, relative to Town Meetings, a work of much value to town officers for reference. It may be said here that he was an

excellent presiding officer and was for many years moderator of the Town Meetings in Greenfield.

He sought the office of district attorney for the district, comprising counties of Franklin and Hampshire, and in 1874 received the nomination of the Republican party as a candidate for that office. In that year there was a spasm of Democratic triumph, and he was defeated by the election of Samuel T. Field of Shelburne Falls, the candidate on the Democratic ticket. In 1889 he again received the nomination of the Republican party, but in that year was defeated by Honorable John A. Aiken, now Chief Justice of the Superior Court of the Commonwealth. The defeat, caused largely as it was by the defection of professed party friends, deeply touched Mr. DeWolf and was undoubtedly, with the promising representations of an old friend and former client residing in Marion, Indiana, one of the main circumstances which induced him to leave Greenfield in 1890 and remove to Marion. He there entered into partnership with Mr. G. W. Harvey, one of the leading lawyers of the city, under the firm name of Harvey & DeWolf. This firm had a large practice and continued until 1897 when ill health compelled Mr. DeWolf to give up practice. From this time his life was clouded by the complication of diseases, which caused his death May 8, 1905.

Mr. DeWolf married in 1866 Miss Frances Oviatt of Litchfield, Conn. She survives him with three sons: Mr. John DeWolf of Cambridge, Mass., an electrical engineer, and Edward, a locomotive engineer, and Louis, also a business man in Marion, with whom Mrs. DeWolf makes her home.

In conclusion we quote as to the ability and character of Mr. DeWolf the following words of Henry W. Jones, Esq., a prominent lawyer of New York City, contained in a letter to Mrs. A. W. Root of Deerfield, sister of Mr. DeWolf, which she has kindly placed at our disposal. Mr. Jones says:

"I had no difficulty in recognizing his honesty of purpose, his integrity of speech and action, his fidelity to the trusts imposed on him, his kindness of heart, and the great

gentle spirit which he protected from assaults by an incisive manner, which those who did not know his real nature, or earn his confidence, might think sprung from an indifference to the opinions of others. My intercourse with him, however, convinced me that as a man, and as a lawyer, his influence was invariably exerted for honesty, fair dealing, and righteous conduct and in this respect he was a pattern not merely for lawyers, but for all men."

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### JOSEPH P. FELTON.

BY ALBERT L. WING.

The necrology of the year for this Association has been an unusually long one and contains the name of Joseph Proctor Felton who passed away at his home in Greenfield, April 12, 1905, at the age of 81 years, lacking four months. A native of New Salem, the son of Daniel and Anna Holden Felton, he was educated in the public schools and the academy of his native town. His earlier adult years were passed on the farm in summer and teaching school in the winter when the family lived in Deerfield on the Otis Hager farm after their removal from New Salem when Joseph was 14 years of age. In 1847 he was married to Miss Harriet Amanda Bridges of Deerfield. In 1855, he went to Greenfield, taking up his residence on the Alonzo Graves farm in the Country Farms neighborhood. After a residence of 10 years there he moved to the farm in the North Parish near Nash's Mills where he lived for 40 years.

Mr. Felton filled a large place in the life of the community in which his lot was cast. A shrewd Yankee, he was farmer, cattle dealer, market man, deputy sheriff, member of the school committee, choir singer, master of Guiding Star Grange, No. 1, the first to be instituted in the state, master of the state grange, interested in agricultural societies and farmers' clubs—all these and others that need not be enumerated were interests that claimed the attention of a busy man. Like other shrewd Yankees he had

a turn for litigation and on one occasion at least conducted and won his own case. In local politics he took a deep interest, always voting the Republican ticket and unable to see any good in a member of the opposing political faith. He was an unsuccessful aspirant for legislative honors and failed to secure the shrievalty nomination for the county. He was a large owner of real estate in Greenfield and other towns. With markets at Greenfield and Turners Falls in the days when butchers carried on slaughtering, buying their cattle from the farmers, he gained a wide acquaintance which was broadened by attending meetings of the national grange in Kentucky and South Carolina as master of the state grange. He became familiar with many portions of the national domain from occasional long trips.

Mr. Felton was a man of genial nature, full of energy and engaged in many undertakings in his prime; from the standpoint of business his life was generally successful. In the affairs of the North Parish where he lived so long he was a prominent factor. Years ago there was a flourishing farmers' club in that district. In this Mr. Felton was a leader and associated with prominent agriculturists from the village. In the Franklin Harvest Club of which he was a member for many years he was also prominent. Although not a member of the church in the North Parish, Mr. Felton was for a long time a constant attendant. He sang bass in the church choir for 40 years and was always at the rehearsals. In the time when musical conventions were held in Greenfield with Solon Wilder and Carl Zerrahn as conductors, Mr. Felton was always on hand. He was generous by nature and as a member of the North Parish Society he had ample opportunity to exercise that charity which can best be exercised at home. This generosity of nature led him to extend a helping hand to those less fortunate than himself.

A shock five years previous to his death restricted the field of his activities, and the last two years of his life he was confined to his bed. He is survived by a widow, a daughter, Mrs. Albert J. Smead, and a son, Frederick B. Felton, all of Greenfield.

## ROBERT CHILDS.

BY MRS. LAURA B. WELLS.

Robert Childs was born in Wapping, Deerfield, April 22, 1824. He lived there until April, 1862, when he moved to Deerfield Street, and purchased a house on the corner opposite the present home of Miss C. Alice Baker. Here he lived until his death, which occurred April 24, 1905, when he was 81 years old; so his long life was all spent in Deerfield.

He became a member of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association early in its organization, and was one of the Councilors. He was a constant attendant at its yearly meetings, and was always interested in everything belonging to its welfare and progress.

He owned the lumber and grist mill on the hill east of the street. He was a very ingenious man, making the operations of the mill a success through his inventive talent. The loss of his arm by an accident in the mill forced him to retire years before he was ready to give up active business.

Mr. Childs was twice married, leaving at his death a widow and four children, Mrs. Fred A. Fenno of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Robert Warren Childs of Deerfield; Miss Alice E. Childs of Springfield, Mass.; and Frank R. Childs of Boston.

Mr. Childs had a genial nature, making many friends. It is said of him, in truth, he lived and died an honest man.

## POEM.

BY CAROLINE WILLIAMS PUTNAM.

[The writer is of Grand Rapids, Mich., and is a daughter of the late Dr. Stephen Williams of Deerfield.—EDITOR.]

Backward, roll backward  
Oh Time, in your flight,  
Make me a girl again  
Just for one night.

Unfold to my vision  
The long village street  
Where the elms in broad arches  
Are bending to meet.

Bid the old Indian house  
To arise as of yore,  
With the tomahawk's mark  
On the old battered door.

How it thrilled my young heart  
With horror and dread  
To see marks of the bullet  
Right over the bed.

And the old red brick church  
That stood on the green,  
With the parsonage adjoining,  
They still may be seen.

Let me hear the deep tones  
Ring out from the bell,  
Which hung in the steeple,  
How sad was its knell.

To Academy lane  
My footsteps I turn;  
Will the classmates come back  
For whom I still yearn?

Will the teacher beloved  
Resume his old seat?  
His voice shall I hear  
With its accents so sweet?

As each young head is bowed  
While the lesson of love  
Is breathed from his lips  
Like a word from above?

When the lessons are over  
And twilight steals on,  
I will climb the steep hill  
Where my loved ones have gone.

Their names I shall find,  
'Tho' their faces are hid  
'Neath the turf and the daisies,  
The green grass amid.

Then I still will climb on  
'Till I stand on the height  
Of Pocumtuck, whose summit  
Is beckoning to-night.

I will look down below  
 On a scene far more fair  
 Than I ever have found,  
 E'en in Italy's air.

I have wandered afar  
 Over mountains and seas,  
 But no land ever showed me  
 Such beauties as these.

For the home of my childhood  
 Gleams forth from the trees,  
 Whose branches still wave  
 In the mild evening breeze.

And with but one touch  
 Of the magical wand,  
 The friends of my youth  
 Before me will stand.

Again I am young,  
 And dear playmates once more  
 Come trooping around  
 To the wide opened door.

Their lips are as rosy,  
 Their eyes are as bright,  
 As when I last saw them  
 So full of delight.

Dear scenes of my childhood,  
 You hold me entranced  
 By a magic unspoken,  
 As backward I glance.

In memory's Hall  
 You have shown me to-night  
 Bright gleams of the past,  
 Which are clear to my sight.

They have taught me this lesson:  
 No things that we love  
 Shall ever be lost,  
 They are stored up above.

Now, Time, I defy you;  
 You may roll on again;  
 You may whiten my hair,  
 You may rack me with pain.

For I hold in my heart  
The dear scenes of my youth,  
And the spirit that filled them  
Reveals their full truth.

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## REMINISCENCES OF REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.

BY GEORGE D. CRITTENDEN.

Colonel Edmund Longley of Hawley was well known by me in my boyhood. He died in 1842, aged 96. He came from Groton about 1772, and commanded a regiment under Washington. He was a man of great dignity, and was most emphatically a gentleman of the old school, a man of courtly manners, and was the man of the town. He was first selectman, justice of the peace and representative to the Great and General Court for many years. He and the minister, Rev. Mr. Grout, were the oracles of the town. Anything they said was accepted as law and Gospel. When Colonel Longley was a very old man he told my father that he was very fond of a horse, and many years before some horsemen from Hadley visited a horseman in Hawley and had a horse race in the highway. He wanted to see it so badly that he went a mile cross-lots and secreted himself in the woods about a fourth of a mile from where the race was to come off, and climbed a tree and saw the race. The next Sunday Rev. Mr. Grout preached a scathing sermon on the sin of horse racing. Colonel Longley had a brother Joseph, who was confined once on a prison ship when the British occupied New York City. He was called Master Joe on account of his irascible temper, which his friends claimed was partly on account of the sufferings he endured on the prison ship.

Deacon Isaac Tofey was another who lived to the age of 96 years, who was a man of strong character, stout integrity and firm in his convictions almost to obstinacy, and who stamped his peculiar traits upon his descendants to a remarkable degree.

Another was my grandfather, Capt. Sumner Crittenden.

He was 13 years old when the war broke out and served three months at the close. He lived near Plainfield line, and commanded the Plainfield artillery, an organization that had its beginning near the close of the Revolutionary war and was kept up till about 1850. He was a bluff, high-tempered man. Every man in his company was afraid of him. Once on his way to muster to some town on the east side of the Connecticut River, he and his company were stopped at the bridge and toll demanded, which he claimed they had no right to do. On their refusal to open the gate he ordered his men to wheel around a cannon and blow up the gate. By the time the cannon was wheeled around the gate was opened. After delivering a short command to the gate keeper not to stop another company as the law did not require toll from men on the way to muster, he went over with his company. A brother of his, Amos Crittenden, who was a milder tempered man, was at the storming of Quebec with Arnold.

Another soldier of the Revolution of whom many anecdotes are told was Lieutenant Hawks of Charlemont. He was said to be a good citizen and kind neighbor, but had a very quick temper. Once upon a time he had a job of sledding to do, and was looking in the almanac to see what the weather was going to be, and because it said perhaps rain, he said, "Perhaps I'll burn ye," and threw it behind the back log.

He once had several hired men and had no housekeeper, and did his own cooking. He was once making a short-cake and tried to bake it by laying it on a flat stone at a certain angle in front of the fire. He had made it so thin it would not keep its place but would keep slipping down. After pulling it back a few times he seized it in both hands and dashed it against the back of the chimney with the remark: "There, see if you can stick there!"

I remember another very eccentric Revolutionary soldier in Charlemont, a man by the name of Jonathan Avery, who was called Hatter Avery. He was the father of Mrs. Pike, who is nearly 102 years old. He had a habit of answering any question by an original rhyme coined on the spot.

Mrs. Pike can repeat many of them now. Woe to any man who abused the old hatter, unless he was willing to be immortalized in rhyme. He was once doing some business with a man whom he thought abused him, and whom he thought was mean and little-souled. He gave him his opinion of him in these words:

The flour from a grain of mustard seed  
With the leg of a bee for bacon  
Would feast your soul forever  
If I am not mistaken.

On the other hand, he could very good-naturedly apologize for any little misdemeanor of his own in reply to a gentle reproof. A young woman friend of his once joined the Church, and a short time after she saw him splitting kindlings on Sunday morning. She said: "Why Mr. Avery, I am surprised to see you splitting wood on Sunday." He stepped back a step, removed his hat and said: "I have wood that is very good. It is beech, maple and birch. I had forgot you had just joined the Church." He enlisted when nineteen and was orderly sergeant.

When retreating after the battle of Long Island, he lost all his clothing except what he had on, which was poor and nearly worn out. He was a favorite with the officers, who replenished his clothing from their own. His captain, who was a very devout man, and who often prayed for his men, gave him a pair of trousers. One night Jonathan was sent out with five men on a dangerous scout. He noticed that some of the men were afraid. He said: "Don't be afraid. Just think how many prayers have been offered up for you in these old trousers." His witticisms are quoted to this day. His order book is now in possession of one of his descendants.

It is a curious fact that most of the men who settled this side of the Hoosac range were the political followers of Alexander Hamilton, who was the head of the old Federalist party which favored a strong central government. While on the west side of the mountain the people mostly followed Jefferson, and later Jackson, who favored a looser federation.

of states. We have reason to be thankful that one article which Hamilton contended for was not adopted, viz.: that United States senators should hold office for life. What an unspeakable calamity it would be to-day if our present Senate was intrenched where they are for life and the people possessed no power under the constitution to dislodge any part of it.

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## HISTORIC IDEALS.

BY REV. THOMAS FRANKLIN WATERS OF IPSWICH.

I count it a privilege that I have part with you in your annual meeting. I represent the old town of Ipswich, and its historical society. Though the town had the good fortune to escape the horrors of Indian assault and, so far as known, no one was slain or captured within her bounds, she had a large and willing part in King Philip's war. Some of her citizens who had migrated to Quabaug, Pritchett and Ayers, and their families, were among the first to suffer death in the assault upon that town. Ipswich soldiers were in Lothrop's company, and six perished at Bloody Brook. The commander in chief of the colonial forces was General Daniel Denison, a citizen of Ipswich, and the brave Major Samuel Appleton of Ipswich, leading his company largely composed of Ipswich men, saved Deerfield, when assailed, and succeeding Major Pynchon in the chief command, brought the campaign of 1675 to a victorious close. Major John Whipple was the dashing leader of a troop of horse in the same campaign. The historian of the Indian wars, whose work is regarded as the most valuable of contemporaneous records, was Rev. William Hubbard of Ipswich. Colonel Samuel Appleton was instrumental in securing the release of the captives and bringing them back to their homes. Ipswich, as well as Deerfield, rejoices in its historic past and is striving, in somewhat similar fashion, to perpetuate it in fit memorials.

Every community which is disposed to recognize its large responsibilities to other communities and to mankind at

large, will acknowledge a twofold obligation. The one is an obligation to preserve intact and increase so far as possible that heritage of beauty, of which it is the present possessor. The majestic trees that adorn its streets and give character and grace to what were otherwise bare and uninteresting thoroughfares, are the gift of a generation that has passed away. The roads and lanes, the hills and rivers, the broad stretch of landscape in which the town or village lies, the sea beach upon which the town opens, these are all an inheritance. The present generation may have a certain legal right to do what it chooses. It may despoil the landscape of its beauty by the erection of unsightly manufacturing establishments, by the allowance of disfiguring advertisements, or by many needless intrusions upon the sanctity and beauty of nature. But moral right is wholly lacking. These beautiful things that have charmed our ancestors should be handed on unharmed to the generations that are to come.

It is a matter of common congratulation to all thoughtful men and women, that this responsibility is being recognized. The preservation of our public shade trees is jealously regarded. The abatement of advertising nuisances is being sought by the enactment of new statutes. The preservation and the increase of the natural beauty of the landscape is being studied. And loud and indignant protest is being made against the stripping of the trees from the White Mountains, the quarrying of the Palisades and the destruction of Niagara for filthy lucre's sake, and the selfish advantage of a few covetous folk.

But there is another responsibility, more delicate, more frequently overlooked, yet no less real, which the thoughtful citizens of every community will admit, the responsibility of doing honor to its great and inspiring memories. In the older towns of New England it is not possible that the two centuries or more of earnest and high-minded living should not have witnessed days of peril, met with fine courage, periods of struggle and of patient endurance, and the varied personal achievements of not a few men and women, which deserve a high place in the grateful remembrance of the

men to-day, and should be honored with some outward and enduring memorial. In some instances, our New England towns are so rich in historic association that any outward memorial may seem needless, if not presuming. What monument can properly mark, save for the purpose of protection from relic hunters, that rock on the shore of Plymouth made sacred forever by the sainted feet of the Pilgrims? What need has Bunker Hill or Lexington or Concord of memorials or tablets? The silent, enduring memories that hallow these spots are their great memorial.

To the student or reader of history this may be true. But there is a surprising ignorance of history, an almost unimaginable callousness to fine sentiment, that is widely prevalent. A friend of mine, standing before a great painting, "The Embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers," which hangs in the House of Parliament in London, chanced to speak with a stranger who was looking intently at it. He found that he was an intelligent Hollander, that he lived very near Delfthaven and that he was entirely ignorant of the Pilgrim Fathers, either in Holland, England or America. In the city of Salem, which is extraordinarily favored with historic associations of the first magnitude, a professional guide told me that seemingly intelligent citizens secure his services as guide for the benefit of their friends, who chance to visit with them, and that they confess that they have no idea of the things or places of interest. I fear that this ignorance is far more common than we imagine and that, besides this, there is a wide prevalence of inexact and confused ideas and a persistent adherence to old myths and traditions that have no historic value.

There is real need, then, in the interest of truth, and for the sake of the inspiration that comes from the contemplation of great historic characters and events, that every community strive to give fitting outward expression to the memories of the past, and strive constantly to this end.

But what is the ideal memorial? It must be determined by circumstances and it will be wholly different in different places, but it must commend itself by its thrilling appeal and its self-evident fitness.

Every tourist who has seen beautiful Lucerne, amid the mountains of Switzerland, speaks with rapture of the Lion of Lucerne. Some of the Swiss soldiery in the service of France fell in the French Revolution in the defense of the Tuilleries. Their patriotic countrymen sought to rear an appropriate memorial and very fortunately they left it to the sculptor, Thorwaldsen. He designed the figure of a colossal lion, carved in the recess which was hollowed out in the face of a perpendicular cliff. Pierced with the spears of his foes, the great beast has laid himself down to die. This grand symbolic figure, with its mute lesson of courage, of death, thrills the most careless beholder, ignorant of its historic significance, with profound emotion.

When Nelson died, though the English nation refused him burial in Westminster, they made him a coffin from the mast of one of his prizes, laid his body under the great dome of St. Paul's and reared a statue of the hero in the same sacred spot. The boys of London stand in awe before that figure of England's great admiral.

On the river bank at Concord, where stood the embattled farmers, that Minute Man, leaving the plow to rush to battle, fashioned in bronze by Daniel French, the Concord sculptor, with the simple epitaph by the Concord sage, realizes the ideal of every beholder.

I turn from these memorials, the creations of genius, seen and known of all men, to this quiet town, with its noble memories, and I affirm, that to me, at least, there is the same fitness in the simpler and less imposing fashion in which this Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association has wrought out the great task of a wise, yet thrilling memorial of its past.

You know the story far better than I, of the brave pioneer life of the settlers of Deerfield. They realized their danger and fortified their village with log-forts. On September 1, 1675, they repelled an Indian attack. On September 12 the Indians made a second assault, but Major Appleton, my great fellow townsman, had arrived with his company, and the Indians were defeated, after a brisk fight. On September 18, Captain Lothrop's company was surprised

and slain at Bloody Brook, and 17 men of Deerfield were numbered with the dead. Overwhelmed with grief, realizing the danger of even worse calamity, the settlers left their homes, and Deerfield, for the time, ceased to be.

Gradually, after Philip's war was finished, the brave Deerfield folk returned and rebuilt their town. Twenty-five years of quiet followed, broken, now and then, by the capture or murder of a few of her citizens by the wily foe. Then came the horrors of that midnight slaughter on February 29, 1703-4, the gathering of the prisoners in the light of the burning houses and the awful winter march through the wilderness to Canada. Their minister was a captive, his wife had been slain, their homes were in ruins, the remnant of that brave and patient people, gazed, heart-broken upon a scene of unspeakable desolation. But they held manfully to the spot, now made doubly precious by the blood of their dear ones, and built again their town and re-established their sorrowful homes.

The simple monument that marks the spot where the Flower of Essex fell, was raised, but no memorial of that dreadful assault on February 29, had been erected when your Association undertook the task. How wisely and happily has that task been achieved!

Hannah Dustin of Haverhill, a captive in the hands of the Indians, and awaiting death at the end of her painful journey, driven to desperation by her sorrows and her fears, rose silently in the night, massacred her foes, took their scalps and found her way home. In the public square of Haverhill, to-day, a marble group reproduces with horrible realism the ferocious, but natural revenge. It ill accords with the spirit of Christian civilization that this grim deed, a stern necessity in its day, should be perpetuated in such fashion.

The city of Salem to-day is wisely deliberating whether it can accept the offer of a wealthy man, a possible descendant of the persecuted Quakers, to erect, at his expense, a monument in their memory. But the principal figure of the monument he proposes is a massive tiger, rending its prey, a symbol grossly out of harmony with the tenets of

George Fox, and a perverse misrepresentation of the spirit of the Puritans.

With what calmness and dignity has your Association done its work! You have marked the sites of the houses of Rev. John Williams and of John Sheldon with simple stones, inclosed the well which gave water to those within the stockade, with its massive curb, and raised a mound in the burying ground, where the bodies of 48 men, women and children were laid, and going a little afield you have marked the spot where the excellent Mrs. Williams, lagging behind because of her injuries, was slain by a blow from an Indian tomahawk. These chaste and simple memorials are tasteful and impressive. But these are not all. You have set apart a large place in the old Academy building, now called the Memorial Hall, and there you have deposited the door of John Sheldon's house, still bearing the marks of hatchets, which was stained with the blood of a hapless infant. Through its portal the mother of the family, killed by a bullet, was borne to her burial.

There, too, you have placed that group of tablets, which preserves the names of those who died, and those who were carried away as captives, whole families sometimes, father, mother and little children and sometimes only a part.

As we gaze we see in imagination the lonely and heart-broken survivors, speaking of the beloved dead, wondering what may be the fate of the captives and bearing their burdens for months before any tidings came. We see the struggling march of the prisoners. Mrs. Rowlandson, wife of the minister of Lancaster, has recorded the pathetic story of her captivity, how she carried her poor, suffering child in her arms until it died, how she suffered from hunger, from the compulsory eating of filthy food, from the hardship of the wintry wilderness, and the constant expectation of death, and the marvelous help and comfort she found in those awful days in the good words of Holy Writ, upon which her soul fed and was refreshed. The pious men and women of Deerfield, no doubt, tasted like extremity of suffering, and felt the support of their religious faith. Our hearts are touched. We grieve with the mourners. We

admire the strength and courage of the women of that day. We rejoice that our sires bore themselves like heroes in those days of bitter tribulation.

Thus you have made a singularly fit memorial. But you have done more. You have gathered about these tablets, on every side, the wonderful museum, with its rich treasures of aboriginal remains, and its vivid reproductions of the old New England home, and suggestive of quiet, sturdy lives that were spent therein. With broad and tolerant spirit you have grouped thus side by side, the memorials of the Indians and of the Englishman. You have recognized that these Indians, who were so cruel in war and who wrought such havoc in these Deerfield homes, were men and women of like passions with ourselves.

A recent reprint of the narratives of the sailors and adventurers who first came to these shores, reveals the timidity and harmlessness that generally characterized the natives, their kindly welcome of the strangers and the gross disregard of courtesy and humanity alike by the English, who appropriated their lands, kidnapped their persons and roused just hatred and desire for revenge. Philip's War was the logical outcome of a century of abuse. The Indian struck back at last. When we try to put ourselves in the Indian's place, we are not so ready to censure them for the bloody retaliation they inflicted at last.

The white man's victory is complete. The red man has perished from the face of the earth. His hunting fields, the rivers and lakes where he caught his fish, the place where he reared his wigwam and the spot where he buried his dead with affectionate care, all are in possession of the pale-face. It is only a just and kindly deed to preserve all that remains of long, long centuries of humble Indian life, and recall as vividly as we may, the dim, unrecorded ages which form the mysterious background of all written history.

How well has the unwritten record of that vanished race been suggested by the great collection of the tools, the weapons, the fishing gear, the cooking utensils, and every other memorial, you have gathered. And the long record

of the victorious race, revealed by the tools of many trades, the implements of husbandry, the spinning wheels and looms, the cooking utensils, the ancient garments, the old books, is aptly told as well.

But our responsibility to the past is not discharged when we have conceived and completed the most apt and picturesque and thrilling symbols and memorials. There must be as well the written book, the calm, clear, dispassionate record. Ancient documents must be read and studied. Vague traditions must be examined and refused allowance if destitute of historic verity. Myths and legends must be declared to be only myths and legends, however poetic and pleasing and gratifying to local pride. This is the age of exact scientific methods, and the exact scientific method is applicable to the analysis of records, the construction of exact historic statements, as readily as to the work of the physiologist or the chemist.

I can say nothing that will make it more evident that this Association and the old town of Deerfield is singularly fortunate in its historian. Better blood than that of many a royal house flows in his veins. He is the lineal descendant of that heroic John Sheldon, whose name will ever be spoken with admiration and reverence, whenever the burning and massacre at Deerfield are mentioned. Inspired by the heroic deeds of his ancestor and the grand character of the men and women of the Deerfield of 1704, he has made it his task, with rare patience in study, with fine discrimination in judgment, with resolute fidelity to the truth at any sacrifice of ancient tradition, with felicitous literary form to write the history of Deerfield. No more complete, well-balanced and trustworthy record can be conceived. And that monumental work has been supplemented most fitly by the remarkable zeal and industry of Miss C. Alice Baker, whose researches in the records of Canada, have made known at last the history of those who were carried into the wilderness on that fateful day.

For the 36th time you are met in your Annual Meeting. Nearly two score times you have told the story, ever old and yet ever new. I am reminded of the wise injunction

of the old Mosaic law, that when the families of the Hebrews celebrated the Feast of the Passover, the son should ask of his father the meaning of the ancient ceremony and that the father should repeat to his family the old story of the exodus from Egypt, with which their national history began. There is a charm and power in the spoken word that makes the most familiar historic record fresh and new. As you repeat the story, you dwell upon many different phases of the narrative, and every detail is brought into just prominence. The patient and daring journeys of John Sheldon through the woods to Canada, the pathetic preference by Eunice Williams for the life of an Indian, the courage of the village school mistress in saving her little flock from death or capture, the experience of many, in many days of trial, are told and have been told so often that they can never be forgotten. The noble enthusiasm with which this anniversary is always observed, gives it unique distinction.

May many other anniversaries be added to the long list! May other memorials, conceived with the same taste, be reared! May the inspiration derived from your example rouse other communities to similar work! May other groups of towns, which share a common past, be drawn to work together, sympathetically and harmoniously, as these towns and villages of the beautiful Pocumtuck Valley!

## ANNUAL MEETING—1907.

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### REPORT.

Enlivened by papers of great historical value, the annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association at Deerfield, yesterday afternoon and last night, developed an occasion of rare interest. Charles C. Hall's recounting of the early religious troubles of Ashfield, Rev. R. E. Birks's interesting paper on Samuel Mather, Deerfield's pioneer preacher, and Miss Baker's "New Story of the Captives" vied with one another in making the evening session entertaining and profitable.

The afternoon meeting was held in the quaint old Memorial building and the evening session in the town hall. Hon. Francis M. Thompson presided at both meetings in the absence of the president, Hon. George Sheldon, who was forced to succumb to nervous prostration, and has been ill all winter, but is much improved now.

The report of the treasurer, John Sheldon of Greenfield, gave the admission fees as \$592. From the sale of books, photographs, etc., the sum of \$93 was derived. There is a balance of \$5,316. The report of the curator, George Sheldon, says 6,916 visitors were registered during the year. Many schools and several colleges were represented.

Mr. Sheldon reports that the curator and his wife have given five months' severe and exacting labor to the cataloguing of reliques, and the work is still progressing under Mr. Sheldon's guidance. It is hoped to publish the catalogue during the year. Indelible ink and oil paint labels have been substituted for those faded out. In the domestic room specimens have been so arranged as to illustrate the development from raw flax to the finished cloth.

The gifts numbered 436 articles, 295 being books and pamphlets. Among the gifts is a handsomely bound volume, "In Allah's Garden and other Poems," by Mrs. Caroline Williams Putnam of Grand Rapids, Mich. Mr. Sheldon refers to the attention paid to the "Pitted Stones," and finds it impossible to connect them with the Indians. The theory has been that they were nut-crackers. Mr. Sheldon was in correspondence with Prof. F. W. Putnam of the Peabody Museum in regard to pitted stones when he was taken ill.

The following officers were elected: President, George Sheldon, Deerfield; vice-presidents, Francis M. Thompson and Samuel O. Lamb, both of Greenfield; recording secretary, Margaret Miller, Deerfield; corresponding secretary, M. Elizabeth Stebbins, Deerfield; treasurer, John Sheldon, Greenfield; members of the council, Rev. Richard E. Birks, Edwards A. Hawks, G. Spencer Fuller, William L. Harris, Asahel W. Root, Julia D. Whiting, Philomena A. Williams, all of Deerfield; John A. Aiken, Franklin G. Fessenden, George Arms Sheldon, Albert L. Wing, Eugene A. Newcomb, all of Greenfield; Charles E. Field of Chicago and Caroline W. Putnam of Grand Rapids, Mich.

Following the reading of the annual reports and the election of officers, notices of deceased members were read as follows: Deacon Samuel Childs, by Rev. Andrew Campbell; Edward Barney, formerly of Greenfield, by Mrs. Louisa W. Pratt; John H. Leavitt of Waterloo, Ia., by Judge Thompson. Rev. Joseph A. Goodrich of Shelburne read a paper upon the life and services of Rev. Dr. Lyman Whiting, late of Charlemont, and also a brief sketch of Lafayette Anderson of Shelburne.

Samuel O. Lamb recalled how in 1841 he worked in Charlemont as hired man for Mr. Leavitt's father. John H. Leavitt was about ten years old then; Mr. Lamb went to school to his mother and he recalled how when school was dismissed one day, when a young man was calling on the teacher, one of the pupils said that young man was the school marm's beau, and so it proved to be. Mr. Lamb recalled how John H. Leavitt was planning to attend this annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. Mention was

made at this point of the death of Miss Fanny Wilson, who was always interested in the doings of the society.

Rev. G. W. Solley, who was present, spoke pleasantly of his love for Deerfield, and how widely Deerfield is known.

There was music in the evening by the choir, which consisted of Mrs. Spencer Fuller, Miss Jennie Childs and Miss Goodnow, soprano; Miss Florence Birks, alto; Charles H. Ashley and Frank Hamilton, tenor; Marcus Rhodes and Jonathan Ashley, bass. All were attired in oldtime costumes and Jonathan Ashley, the great-great-great-grandson of Rev. Jonathan Ashley, the second minister of Deerfield, wore a very ancient costume. The choir sang these selections: "Child of Mortality," "The Lord Has Risen Indeed," "Ocean," and "Home Again." Mrs. Charles H. Ashley was the accompanist.

Resolutions sympathizing with Mr. Sheldon in his illness and rejoicing in his improvement were passed.

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#### REPORT OF CURATOR.

It is gratifying to report that the interest in the Museum increases with the years as proved by the number of visitors, and by the contributions received.

Six thousand nine hundred and sixteen visitors have registered this year; 1,557 registered in the month of August. The visitors represent 37 states and 7 foreign countries.

It is especially gratifying to note that so many town schools have availed themselves of the opportunities here offered:—as have Athol, Bernardston, Conway, Chicopee, Amherst, Deerfield, Shelburne, Turners Falls, Millers Falls, Montague, Greenfield, South Hadley, Sunderland, Montague City, Springfield, Whately and Northampton. Of colleges, Williams, Amherst and Mt. Holyoke are represented. Other schools are:—The Burnham private school and the Clarke School of Northampton, North Adams and Westfield Normal schools, Hoosick School for boys, Northfield Seminary,

Mt. Hermon, Arms Academy, Prospect Hill School of Greenfield, and Smith Academy of Hatfield.

Various historical, literary and patriotic organizations have also visited the Museum; as the Longmeadow Historical Society, Women's Clubs, Daughters of the American Revolution, and Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic. April 19, sixteen members of the State, Harbor and Land Committee visited the Hall, one result being that later several of them returned with their families. Some of the schools and societies for the past few years arrange for a regular annual visit showing that the educational value of the collection is appreciated.

The contributions for the year number 436 articles; of these 295 are books and pamphlets.

Among the most notable of the relics received is a handsome buckskin side-saddle, handed down through five generations of the Plympton family, from Mrs. Kezia Plympton Hardin, 1740 (great-great-granddaughter of Sergeant John Plympton who was captured in Deerfield, 1677) to the donor, Mrs. Robert Smith of Duluth, Minn.

Of the books and pamphlets many have been obtained by exchange with other historical societies.

Arrangements for an expert having failed, the Curator and his wife devoted five months of severe and exacting labor to the preparation of a new catalogue for the relics. A serious illness prevented the continuance of this work, but although still maintaining a horizontal position the work has been resumed under my direction, and the publication of the catalogue may be looked for before the close of the year.

The preparatory work necessitated the reclassifying of many articles, the thorough cleaning of the whole collection, and the renewing of labels. In many instances the ink on these labels had faded or was utterly gone, making the task difficult. Indelible ink labels or numbers have been substituted in most cases, and nearly all the wood and metal articles have been numbered with oil paint, thus ensuring permanency. This work is still unfinished in the Indian Room and the Military Room.

One new case has been added to the Kitchen, one to the Military Room, and two to the Needlework Room. These cases are already well filled.

Few changes have been made in the Memorial Room and the Library since the last report, but the congested condition of the Domestic Room has been greatly relieved by a readjustment of the contents. A new and important feature of this Room is the arrangement of specimens illustrating the evolutionary process from the raw flax to the finished cloth.

Many articles have been transferred from the various departments to the Military Room.

Most of the fine needlework in the cases of the Main Hall has been placed in the Needlework Room. This has relieved the crowded condition of cases E and F. Case G which was formerly filled with needlework is now taken for brass and silver articles.

Of late years I have given much attention to our collection of Pitted Stones. I have in every way sought to find a single instance of any connection between them and the American Indian. I called the attention of Prof. F. W. Putnam of the Peabody Museum at Cambridge to the result of my study, and we were in active correspondence on the subject. Indeed my last letter to him was on October 25, 1906, the very day I was stricken with nervous prostration, and it was my last literary or historical labor, probably "the last straw." This letter demonstrated (at least to my satisfaction) the utter futility of the accepted hammer and nut-cracking theory.

The Pitted Stone Table is rich in material for a serious study of a new problem. So far as I have gone in my investigation, I can say in a few square-toed words that I see no other solution, but that we here stand face to face with the work of an unknown people of an unknown age!

To the members of our Association and their friends here assembled:—I congratulate you upon this most auspicious day for this meeting, and also upon our present prosperous condition. But the need of new members in the near future

is imperative. Time never delays and we must keep pace with it *willy nilly*. I most earnestly hope that before this meeting closes, measures will be taken for the infusion into this body of new blood and fresh activities.

Respectfully submitted,

GEORGE SHELDON,  
*Curator.*

Deerfield, February 26, 1907.

## NECROLOGY.

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JOHN H. LEAVITT.

BY JUDGE F. M. THOMPSON.

The fathers and mothers, who early in the eighteenth century settled among the foothills of the Green mountains in this vicinity, voluntarily took upon themselves a life of constant struggle, trial and danger.

It was necessary that the forest be removed, shelter provided, crops planted, and that food be obtained for the family sustenance. The winter climate was inhospitable and driving winds and pitiless storms piled the abundant snow into almost impassable drifts.

No one man alone could make headway against such conditions; consequently there was forced upon the settlers a feeling of unity and brotherhood which was conducive to neighborly assistance. Taking all these things into consideration, it does not seem strange, that here was created a strong and heroic race of men and women which gave tone and character to their descendants.

We, at this time, are called upon to review the life of one who inherited the characteristics of such a race.

Rev. Jonathan Leavitt was called to be the first minister of Charlemont in 1767. He was then 26 years of age, and Sarah Hooker, a descendant of Rev. Thomas Hooker, the celebrated New England divine, had been his wife for six years. He built his house in that part of Charlemont which is now Heath in 1769, and it still stands as a monument to his memory. There were born to him eleven sons and one daughter, all of whom reached maturity, raised and educated on the meager salary these poor settlers were able to pay their ministers.

Three of the sons of Parson Leavitt settled in Greenfield, all becoming honored and respected citizens.

Jonathan, the oldest son, was a judge of the old Court of Common Pleas, and was the second judge of the Probate Court of Franklin County. He built that fine old mansion now known as the "Hovey House" in 1793, and here, with the aid of his good wife, who was a daughter of President Stiles of Yale College, maintained a most attractive house, about which was centered the social life of the northern portion of old Hampshire County.

Hart, the second son, was for many years a merchant, his store standing on ground now occupied by the Mansion House block. He was one of the three young Greenfield men who married daughters of lawyer Sam Barnard of Deerfield, December 23, 1792. The triple wedding will long be remembered largely because it was so charmingly described by the late Mrs. Yale in her account of the "Three Brides in Blue," in a paper read before our society, a few years since.

Hooker, the younger of the three brothers, studied law with Judge Leavitt, and became register of deeds and county treasurer, holding these offices for 27 years. He was also clerk and treasurer of the town of Greenfield for many years.

Roger, the parson's fifth son, remained upon the old Heath homestead until 1833, when he removed to Charlemont and purchased the beautiful brick mansion yet standing, on the bank of the picturesque Deerfield River. He married a daughter of that fine old Revolutionary officer, Col. Hugh Maxwell, of Heath, whose influence caused the town to be named in honor of his former commander, Major-General Heath. Roger's oldest son, Joshua, graduated at Yale, first became a lawyer and then a minister, but gained his greatest renown as editor of the "Emancipator" and the establishment of the New York "Independent."

Roger Hooker Leavitt, son of Roger, will be remembered by our older people as a prominent man in western Franklin, a colonel in the militia, a member of the legislature, and the earnest and persistent advocate of the building of the Hoosac Tunnel.

His son, John Hooker Leavitt, was born at the old parsonage in Heath, October 11, 1831, and he is the subject of this paper.

Something might reasonably be expected from a young man starting out in life with antecedents such as we have recited. Young Leavitt made himself proficient as a civil engineer and as soon as he reached his majority, he pushed for the new and boundless west. He reached Dubuque, Iowa, in 1854, and after remaining a short period went to Waterloo, where he resided the remainder of his life. Very early in his professional career, he was called upon to survey a large tract of land for the late celebrated John Roebling, who was the builder of the first Brooklyn Bridge.

Mr. Leavitt soon brought to his home a bride, in the person of Miss Caroline Clark Ware of Granville, Ill., who with two sons and three daughters survives him. In 1856, Mr. Leavitt entered into the banking business, and soon won the entire confidence of the community, so that in a few years the Leavitt & Johnson bank and all the affiliated institutions connected with it, had achieved remarkable success. No financial changes, crashes, failures or speculations ever shook the foundations of their business career. For fifty years, President Leavitt was, during business hours, almost constantly to be found at his desk carefully superintending the trusts committed to his care. In 1871, he was elected to the state senate, and was thus drawn into the bitter fight made by William B. Allison to prevent the return of James Harlan to the United States senate, after his service in Mr. Lincoln's cabinet and subsequently in the senate. Mr. Leavitt, although against the wishes of a majority of the people of his county, took up Mr. Allison's cause, and having great influence in his quarter of the State, was largely credited with Mr. Allison's success.

But political life was not congenial to Mr. Leavitt. His interest largely centered in the general business affairs of the community, and in his church.

Rev. J. O. Stevenson, a former pastor of Mr. Leavitt, writes:

"Fifty years ago, Mr. Leavitt became one of the charter

members of the Congregational Church of Waterloo, and for fifty years manifested in religion the same sane and steadfast character, that he exhibited in business affairs. For fifty years he was in his place in the congregation every Sabbath, both morning and evening, and his family with him. He was there not because of the singing, nor because of the sermon, but because it was the right thing for a Christian to do. He was also present as a rule at the mid-week meeting for conference and prayer. He was always present at every business meeting and gave the church the advantage of his business ability. He was the strength of the church financially as well as by his life and example. He gave liberally to all missionary and benevolent objects. He gave large sums that never appeared in any ecclesiastical statistical reports. He was especially interested in Talladega College and was much pleased by what he saw at that institution during his trip south last winter. If all business men who are professing Christians, would stand by the Christian churches of our cities as he stood by the Congregational Church of Waterloo, we would not need to talk and plan so much about getting up revivals, and our cities would be lifted to a much higher social plane both morally and religiously. This may sound extravagant, but it is believed to be perfectly true. For fifty years of Sabbaths he was seen passing between his church and his home as regularly as the day came. He remembered the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

"The activities of this long life were not confined to his bank and his church. Fidelity never works that way. In every public enterprise he had a hand, was chief adviser and largely prime mover. This is true both morally, religiously and commercially. Whatever there is of excellence along these lines in Waterloo to-day owes as much to him as to any man and perhaps more, because his life has told along these lines for so many years as an unbroken steadfast influence, and because it has told on Waterloo's interests from the beginning of things. It is a great thing for a city to have its financial and religious interests kept solid for the first fifty years of its life. I presume, it would be correct to say that this influence was strictly conservative.

"The bank, the church, the home—on this triangle, was based this life now ended. The religious atmosphere of his home is known to all. What he was in the home is known to the wife who walked by his side nearly fifty years. Children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren have known this home and have been under its influence. Down through the years to come, more persistent than the bank, more lasting perchance than even the church, will be the moral and religious inspiration and stimulus of this home. II Samuel 3, 28: 'And the king said unto his servants, know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?'"

After continuing business upon the same premises where he had commenced as a banker for fifty years, he left his office and his home to submit himself to a surgical operation, hoping relief from a malady, which proved to be incurable. He died at Waterloo, September 25, 1906.

One of the city papers in making the announcement of his death, said, "Although not unexpected, Mr. Leavitt's death has cast a pall over the entire city."

Mr. Leavitt had for many years been much interested in the work of our society, of which his father had for several years been a vice-president, but he did not join us until 1903 at which time he became a life member.

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## SAMUEL CHILDS.

BY REV. ANDREW CAMPBELL.

Deacon Samuel Childs, who died February 18, 1906, was born in 1843. "The son of Samuel born in 1815, son of Samuel born in 1777, son of Samuel born in 1745, son of Samuel born in 1712, son of Samuel born in 1679, who was the Deerfield settler. His father was Richard Childs of Barnstable who was also a deacon."

Thus it will be noted that the late Deacon Childs was of a very worthy ancestry and in him was to be found much of

the best that had been in his forbears. To say this is to pronounce a fitting eulogy indeed.

Deacon Childs early became identified with the religious life of the town, and his chief interest outside of his home was his church. This does not mark him as a narrow man, for almost every man has one chief interest in life. He was not unmindful of his civic responsibility, and his influence in the affairs of the town was always upon the side of righteousness; nor was he neglectful of his social obligation but responded cheerfully and willingly to demands upon him as a citizen and a neighbor.

But in the church he found his largest sphere of usefulness. He was a broad, substantial Christian, deeply and genuinely religious by nature. His act was consistent with his word, his practice with his precept. He was true to his conviction. He was charitable in judgment, tolerant of those who differed from him and sympathetic with all who were seeking the same end, by whatever way, the uplift of humanity through the Christian faith. He was genial in temperament, with an aptitude for making friends, and a friend once made always remained such. All of this is but the expression of his character and the expression is pleasing because the character was simply Christian. The religiousness of his life was after all his chief characteristic. His piety was simple and sincere and yet withal with such a dignity that even a casual acquaintance with him left the impression of genuineness and integrity.

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### LAFAYETTE ANDERSON.

BY JOSEPH A. GOODRICH, OF SHELBURNE.

Lafayette Anderson, who died at his home, Keatskotoos, near Genoa, Nebraska, on February 8, 1907, at the age of 82, was one of the oldest, if not the oldest living settler in this section, having moved to Nebraska in 1874, and settled in Keatskotoos where he resided until his death, engaged in farming and raising stock.

When Mr. Anderson moved here Nance County was an Indian Reservation, inhabited by the Pawnee Indians, and Platte County was but sparsely settled, and antelope, buffalo, and deer ranged over the prairies.

Mr. Anderson was born in Shelburne, Mass., July 15, 1824, one of seven children of David and Mercy (Childs) Anderson, a descendant of the old Anderson family. His childhood was spent in Shelburne, where he attended the district school in the Patten and Shelburne Falls Academy, and later he went to Amherst.

After leaving school he learned the carpenter's trade and spent a number of years in Indiana and Kentucky working at his trade.

About 1850 he returned to Shelburne and lived with and cared for his uncle John Anderson and wife in their declining years. June 23, 1853, he was married to Maria Carpenter of Shelburne, by whom he had one son, George P. Anderson, now living in Colorado. She died June 17, 1865. October 25, 1866, he married Mrs. Sarah Forbes Wells, who with their son Robert C. Anderson survive him.

In 1872 Mr. Anderson represented the Shelburne district in the Legislature.

In his home relations he was ever kind and thoughtful and was quiet and unassuming in his dealings with the world. A good man, highly respected, loved, and revered by all who knew him.

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### EDWARD BARNEY.

BY MRS. LOUISA WHEELER PRATT, OF GREENFIELD.

A few years ago Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barney had their golden wedding, and on this occasion an aged aunt, Mrs. Hannah Amy Clark, wrote Mr. Barney: "I well remember the May morning, when my mother mounted her horse, and rode away through the orchard to go to her oldest daughter, and welcome her first grandchild, yourself."

The newcomer was named Edward, making the sixth of that name from father to son. The family lived in Guilford,

Vt., and Mr. Barney was proud of his New England birth. From both sides of the house he came from Puritan stock. The Barneys were of an honorable ancestry, with titled relatives. Their war record is noteworthy, ten of the family having fought in the Revolution.

In 1812, General Barney, an ancestor of Edward, served with credit and his sword is now owned by S. S. Barney, the youngest son of Edward.

The American ancestor was Jacob Barney who came from England, with his son Jacob, and settled in Salem, Mass., December 14, 1634. The younger Jacob married and had twelve children from which come all the Barneys of record in this country. Some went to Rehoboth, near the Rhode Island line, and a town south of Rehoboth was named Barneyville for them, three brothers going from there to Guilford, Vt.

Then one of these moved to Sandy Creek County in New York, and another to the Great Western Reserve in Ohio, and founded the branch of the family of car building fame.

The mother of Edward Barney was Eliza Avery of Groton, Conn., a direct descendant of Robert Williams who settled in Roxbury, Mass., in 1638. Because of this Williams ancestor Mr. Barney had an unusual interest in the story of the "Redeemed Captive," as being the thrilling experience of one of his own kindred, even if remote.

Edward was the eldest of nine children, seven of them being sons. The seven brothers had many gifts in common. All were good looking, had fine health and cheerful dispositions.

The father was a man of great energy, ability and natural dignity. The mother a woman of high ideals and strength of character. She told her children the story of her grandfather, a soldier in the Revolutionary war, who was wounded and left for dead on the field on Long Island. He revived and crawled to a house, where he was concealed and cared for, and months later he made his way to his home in Groton and was received as one from the dead.

The elder Edward Barney moved with his family to Bear Mountain, Great Barrington, amid the Berkshires, and the son Edward then left home to prepare for college at Lenox Academy. Catherine Sedgwick, the writer, was much interested in his progress, and he became a fine scholar, excelling in the classics, and was fitted to enter the sophomore year at Williams. Overstudy caused his health to fail and reluctantly he put aside his books and turned to an outdoor life, taking up civil engineering and carpentry and had good results in both pursuits.

In 1851, he married Harriet, the youngest daughter of Robert Wheeler of Greenfield. Here he lived for fifteen years as a farmer, being progressive in his methods, and aiming to make the most of his opportunities.

He believed in old-fashioned hospitality, and his door was open to the stranger and wayfarer as well as to kindred and friends. For fourteen years his father lived with him and died at his home. In 1866, Mr. Barney sold his farm and went to Georgia to put up buildings on a plantation. On returning he located in Deerfield, buying the Amsden place at the Bars and raised stock and tobacco.

The years in Deerfield he enjoyed, as he liked his environment, the people and the social life. He was interested in the P. V. M. A., the Grange, of which he was a charter member, the Wapping Farmers' Club and the Congregational Church. His early gifts to the Association of Indian stone curiosities was supplemented by a box of pottery and arrowheads, his son and daughter having made the collection. Not seeing them in their places his son said: "Father, where are my arrowheads?" The reply was, "I gave them to Jonathan Johnson for Memorial Hall, as that seemed the proper place for them." At that time the son was not equally anxious to contribute to the curiosities in the Hall.

When Mr. Barney was sixty years old he began a new mode of life in the far west. Joining his sons, who had previously gone there, they located in the Judith Basin in northern Montana to engage in the sheep industry, which they did with profit. The territory settled up so fast they sold their land and moved their outfit, going to Lake

Basin, thirty-five miles north of Billings, having here large bands of sheep, where they prospered.

Life in the west suited Mr. Barney, it broadened and developed his character and gave him many varied experiences. Often he was out in blinding snowstorms. Once he was lost in a howling blizzard, but he came upon a round-up corral where he built a fire and passed the night.

A good opportunity to sell out sheep and land to the Lake Basin Sheep Company, left Mr. Barney and his son free to go to New Mexico, where they bought two large bands of sheep, which they shipped to a point in Wyoming, and then trailed them across country to Montana and sold them. The whole journey was 1,200 miles, the trail 600 miles. On the route they crossed the Crow Indian Reservation. They went across the Custer battlefield, down the Little Horn to Fort Custer and across Powder River, Tongue River, and Big Horn. The Indians hate sheep and tried to turn them back which meant a great hindrance. Mr. Barney (with characteristic resourcefulness) invited some of the chiefs to his camp and fed them, and by diplomacy and firmness talked them over to his way of thinking, so the sheep were allowed to go on. After this journey he retired from active business, locating in Denver, Colorado. Here he had a pleasant home, facing the Rocky Mountains and could see from Long's Peak in the northwest to Pike's Peak at the south the snow-capped range for one hundred and thirty miles.

In the South Broadway Presbyterian Church he was active and helpful, being chosen trustee, an elder, the secretary and treasurer. When the church was built he was on the building committee and was always ready to help bear the financial burdens of the church.

The Stock Men's Conventions held in Denver, he always attended, and not many months before his death he addressed the assembly with great power in the interests of the sheep men. He related a story turning the laugh on the cattle men and made their arguments ridiculous.

Every year he went somewhere,—when he was 81, going to Wyoming, Montana, Washington and Oregon.

The sorrow of these later happy years was the death of his only surviving daughter Florence, Mrs. Rowland Stebbins, who died the same week with her husband, four years ago.

One who knew Mr. Barney intimately writes, "His life stands for the best type of American citizenship. He was generous, sympathetic and had a genuine interest in others and his motive in life was to help and encourage. I have seen him tried in many ways and a more honest man never lived. Sustained by an unfaltering trust he had no fear of the unseen future."

Mr. Barney died in Denver, after a short illness, November 5, 1906. The burial was in Billings, Montana. His immediate surviving family are his wife, two sons, Charles Wheeler and Solomon Smead Barney, seven granddaughters and one grandson who bears his name.

Captain Barney of Chicago says: "Of brother Edward I may quote, 'I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.'"

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## LYMAN WHITING, D. D.

BY J. A. GOODRICH, OF SHELBYNE.

The fairest and choicest product of the world is a symmetrical, rich, and gracious life. Such a life has gone from us and we mourn the loss, but as

"No work begun shall ever pause for death,"

so no righteous life though taken from our midst ceases to cast its charm over us and inspire to nobler living. Age from a distance has the golden glow of sunset, and we have a theory that life is growth, unfolding possibilities, expanding powers, inspiring visions, yet in experience the crowding years seem to bring their limitations and it is not easy to say to those who follow after—

"Grow old along with me  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life, for which the first is made."

How difficult it is to grow old gracefully! Yet this is our first thought of Dr. Whiting, at least, for those of us who knew him during his closing years and for those who saw that last eventide on May 27, 1906, when his will bowed in "supreme submission to the adored will of God." The atmosphere of his life was that of the Orient where there is little twilight. At dawn, the sun leaps above the horizon into the full splendor of its majestic orb and setting departs as quickly. Dr. Whiting saw cheery sunshine to the last.

It is not the many places in which he lived or the many incidents of his life which fascinate us with their charm or are fraught with deepest interest, but the spirit of his life that breathed through all. It is he we would remember, rather than his achievements, and the outline of his life is given only for a background of his charming personality and the far reach of his influence.

On April 28, 1817, the home of David and Phebe (Whiton) Whiting at North Brookfield, Mass., was made glad by the birth of a son, Lyman. That was an abiding and increasing gladness as those parents watched his development into a noble Christian manhood. Three preparatory schools had a part in fitting this youth for college, Amherst Academy, Leicester Academy and North Brookfield high school. He entered Amherst College in October, 1835, at the age of eighteen years, but was compelled to leave, near the close of his junior year, because of illness. The following winter, having recovered his health, he taught school and in the spring began studying under a private tutor, Mr. Charles S. Russell at Cambridge, Mass. The winter of 1838-39 again found him tutoring and teaching a select school. In September, 1839, he began his theological course in the Theological Institute of Connecticut, at East Windsor, now Hartford Theological Seminary, but at the close of the first term he entered Andover Theological Seminary from which he was graduated in 1842. By vote of the trustees of Amherst College in 1889 the degree of B. A. was conferred on him and his name inserted in his class (1839) as an alumnus.

He was blessed with godly parents who were solicitous for his religious training as well as for his secular education.

So we are not surprised to find him at the age of fifteen making public confession of Christ and uniting with the church at North Brookfield. Thus in childhood, was the foundation of his unfaltering faith laid, and without wasted years he walked in the path of a consecrated life which led naturally through those years of preparation into the active ministry in the Kingdom of God. The Brookfield Association gave him his license to preach at Charlton, Mass., April 20, 1842, and the following January he was ordained as associate pastor with the Rev. Micah Stone at Brookfield, Mass. His pastorates were short, not because people were displeased with his services, but because he was an active, energetic, enthusiastic worker who could bring things to pass. Consequently he was much sought after by churches which recognized his sterling character, and his ability. How long the trail of his influence, how broad the sweep of his life, how great the glory of his light, we see as we simply name the places where he proclaimed the gospel message. After four successful years at North Brookfield, his ministry is continued in the following places: Lawrence, Mass., Reading, Mass., Portsmouth, N. H., Brooklyn, N. Y., Providence, R. I., Dubuque, Ia., Janesville, Wis., Philadelphia, Pa., Chelsea, Mass., Kanawha Presbyterian Church, Charleston, West Va., South Williamstown, Mass., and East Charlemont, Mass., where he finished his work, being the oldest Congregational minister in active service. What a record these years unfold! To few is it given to labor so long in the Master's vineyard. He came short only one year of three-quarters of a century of active, vigorous, fervent and conscientious Christian service, and his public ministry among the churches extended over sixty-three years. What hosts to sing of his goodness and tell of the blessings of his life! Many of these years were given to continuous service with no period for rest or recreation and never was he out of his pulpit more than four consecutive Sundays.

Dr. Whiting possessed a mind alert and sensitive to every public interest, and his influence extended beyond the sphere of church work into every phase of life in the community

in which he lived. He was a man among men. A high-minded, loyal citizen of his community as well as pastor of his people. During his pastorate at Reading, Mass., he was appointed delegate to the "Know Nothing" congressional convention of the district. While sitting in the rear of the hall reading a newspaper he was aroused by hearing his name called and surprised to learn that he had been elected chairman of the convention. He was still more surprised to find later that he was the choice of the convention to represent that district. He was the compromise candidate among the contending factions and when he attempted to decline some one shouted, "Take a week and think it over."

He did think about it. He asked the advice of friends. Letters came pouring in urging him to accept and advising him to decline the nomination. His college friend, Henry Ward Beecher, wrote urging him to decline, saying: "The ministry is a higher calling, don't back-slide into politics." Rufus Choate urged him to "keep out." What should he do? A field of apparently widening influence and service to his country was opening before him, but the call of the ministry, the advice of Beecher and Choate, and the letters from the political camp followers seeking for favors tipped the balance toward the ministry and he declined the nomination. This decision was never regretted. He had also received the Whig nomination so that his election seemed sure. Had he been elected he would have made himself felt in Congress on the side of right and justice, for he was too conscientious and independent to have been a mere timeserver. He would have carried the same lofty spirit, the same devotion to righteousness into political affairs, as characterized him in the ministry. He always thought that if he had gone to Congress, J. L. Orr might have been elected speaker and the Civil War been brought on sooner before the North was so well prepared. The thought that he may, in his refusal to enter politics, have served his country some good end was pleasing to him. While in Reading he served as chaplain of the Massachusetts Senate and was a member of the Governor's Council. During his pastorate in West Virginia he exerted valuable influence in political affairs.

At the age of twenty-six he married Miss Esther Sophia Chamberlain of Westboro, who died during his pastorate at Charleston, West Va., June 4, 1882. Four sons and four daughters made up this family, only two of whom were living at the time of his death. Two months after beginning his work as pastor at South Williamstown, on December 16, 1884, he married Miss Josephine Cummings of Lawrence, Mass., who was interested in all his work and who lovingly and solicitously cared for his health and helped him to husband his strength during the closing years of his life.

Iowa College in 1868, conferred on him the degree of doctor of divinity. He was trustee of Beloit College from 1870-77, of Rockford Seminary from 1871-75, and of Fox Lake College, Wis., from 1871-80. Several college professorships were offered him, but he chose to keep in the ministry.

For two years Dr. Whiting was associate editor of the "Iowa News Letter," in Dubuque. He contributed many articles to the "North American Review," published fourteen sermons, and was often called on to preach sermons or deliver addresses on special occasions. He was an antiquarian as well as a preacher and though not a member of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association he was greatly interested in all its proceedings and was often present at its meetings. Local history was of great interest to him and he was considered an authority in the history of the Nipmucks who were the faithful allies of King Philip and wrought such cruel devastation at Springfield and other river towns during Philip's War. At the bicentennial of Brookfield, July 4, 1860, he delivered the historical address. He was a member of the committee of this Association for the Field Meeting held at Charlemont August 30, 1899, when he delivered the historical address which is published in the "Proceedings" of the P. V. M. A. At this meeting the sites of the Rice, Hawks, and Taylor forts were marked. At Riverside, Gill, September 12, 1900, he opened the Field Meeting with prayer, at which time a monument to Turner's men was dedicated. Again on July 29, 1903, at the Field Meeting at Deerfield, within the old stockade, Dr. Whiting delivered the address in dedication of the street Monumental Stones.

Dr. Whiting was a man of great activity and vigor. With elastic step he used to walk the streets, or climb the stairs to the Ministers' Association meeting, or go up the aisle of the church and step into the pulpit. There was no hesitancy in his movements, no uncertainty as to where his foot was to go. And this was characteristic of the man. How hearty his greeting! How fluent his conversation! How versatile his mind! One never thought of him as old, for he retained the broad outlook, the enthusiastic hopefulness, the open-mindedness, and buoyancy of youth. His mental vigor kept pace with his body and his last paper before the Ministers' Association, a few months before he died, was a discriminating and exhaustive study of a Greek prefix. Then how he could criticise! Yet always in a kindly spirit of love which took away the sting. With what precision and order all ecclesiastical councils must proceed when Dr. Whiting was present, and usually his word was the final authority on any mooted question.

Perhaps the greatest help that came to his associates in the ministry was when he gave personal reminiscences from his seventy-five years of active life. Then it was he showed the optimism of his mind. When others could see only corruption run riot, wickedness alarmingly prevalent, the church losing her hold on the masses, and religion on the decline, with the sweep of his eye over the years, as he knew them, he would see purity and honesty triumphant, wickedness put to flight and the church of Christ a bulwark for righteousness, justice, and morality; mightier than ever in her influence over men throughout the world. Few, as years come to them, can keep youthful aspirations and be alert for new visions of truth; and giving them welcome, march abreast of the times; grow more tolerant and liberal in theology, and more genial in companionship; yet this was true of Dr. Whiting. Years only seemed to increase his faith, enlarge his vision, mellow his spirit. He caught the years as they came, with a heart of cheer, and adjusting himself to the ever changing environment and new burden, made those years yield to him their essence of life.

Nature did her best in making beautiful the Deerfield

Valley through Charlemont, but God gave an added touch and enhanced that beauty when he sent Dr. Whiting to complete his work in the little church in East Charlemont, and close his days in that parsonage which then became "Sunnybank Manse" indeed. No gloom for him since God lighted all his path. In a letter to Mrs. Eldred of Janesville, Wis., October, 1905, he writes: "May I tell you how on November 1, 1855, I preached the sermon of dedication for the North Church at Portsmouth, N. H., and was installed pastor the same day. The congregation will hold a jubilee observance of that occasion on November 5, 1905, and ask me to preach as fifty years before. I hope to go and do so. This was the way it was in Janesville, October 17, 1869. I preached a dedication sermon and was installed in the evening. I hardly think I can reach your jubilee (1909). . . .

"But dear friend, as we get on the way, what a precious peace comes to us from the outlook to the home beyond, growing nearer with every day's sunset. Earth so lessens, as the heaven enlarges from our nearer view of it. 'Oh, what will it be to be there!' The thought of it is a part of reality."

His sublime faith in God gave him this rich experience,

"Holy, blessed Trinity,  
Darkness is not dark to thee,  
Those thou keepest always see,  
Light at evening time."

We have lost a Christian gentleman, a wise counselor, a true and faithful worker in the Master's vineyard. Lost did I say? "Surely we cannot lose him. We have not lost him. We are with him in the love of God in which he rests in peace."

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## MORE NEW ENGLAND CAPTIVES.

BY C. ALICE BAKER.

Every schoolboy is familiar with the fact of the authority given by Queen Elizabeth to her favorite, Walter Raleigh, to explore and settle the eastern coast of America.

The Queen's pleasure at his description of the land, led

her to confer the honor of knighthood upon Raleigh, and to name the coast Virginia in honor of herself, a maiden queen.

Though Raleigh's costly attempts to colonize Virginia resulted in little more than the discovery of a new weed and a new root; \* the log foundations of the present city of Raleigh;—the story of little Virginia Dare and the lost colony;—though Raleigh himself was disgraced and imprisoned by his Queen, and beheaded by her cowardly successor; —it cannot be denied that he opened the door for the English occupation of North America.

In 1607 King James granted the territory embraced by Raleigh's charter and known as Virginia, to two companies of knights, gentlemen and other adventurers. The northern half was granted to the Plymouth Company; the southern half to the London Company—neither to settle within a hundred miles of the other. Their charter gave them their lands free of any service to the King, he reserving one-fifth of any precious metals they might find.

Each colony was to be governed by a Council appointed by the King, and responsible to him: the settlers to have all the rights and privileges of English citizens.

On the last day of May, 1607, three ships with a hundred settlers sailed from Plymouth, Eng., reaching the mouth of the Sagadahoc River on August 8.

On a point where now is the town of Phippsburg, they proceeded to organize their community, with a list of high-sounding officials of whom George Popham was President, and a nephew of Sir Walter Raleigh,—Raleigh Gilbert, was Admiral. Full half the adventurers lost heart and returned with the ships to England. Discouraged by the long and severe winter,—by the death of Popham, and the enforced return of the Admiral to England, all were ready enough to abandon the enterprise and went home to England stigmatizing the country as being “overcold and not habitable by Englishmen.”

The same year, the London Company sent out its colony, also in three ships commanded by Captain Christopher

\* Tobacco and potato.

Newport, who with Captain John Smith and five others were to form a council to govern the plantation they might establish. Driven by a storm into Chesapeake Bay, they were so attracted by the beauty of the place in that spring-time, that they determined to settle there, and chose a place on a low island near the mouth of the James River, giving it the name of Jamestown. The hot southern summer and disease decimated the colony, which but for the energy of Captain John Smith would have perished.

They lingered along till re-enforced by Lord Delaware, who in 1610 came out in person as Governor of Virginia, with supplies and colonists.

Not long after, imitating their Indian neighbors, the settlers began to plant tobacco for their own use, sending samples back to England, as Raleigh had previously done. There it was warmly welcomed, no one throwing cold water on its use, unless King James's "Counterblast," a somewhat windy protest, may have chilled the ardor of some.

However this may be, it later became the chief source of wealth to the colony which might otherwise have gone up in smoke. It was John Rolfe, the husband of Pocahontas, who began the systematic cultivation of tobacco, which in a few years became the leading industry of Virginia. It took the place of money in the colony, and became the first export of America. It brought more colonists to clear more land for its production.

A historical game popular in my childhood, had this rhyme:

When wives were very scarce indeed,  
And bachelors were poor,  
A certain fragrant Indian weed  
Made courtship short and sure.

This was founded on the fact that when nothing seemed lacking to the ultimate success of the South Virginia Colony, but wives for the settlers, the London Company sent out a ship load of young women, whose passage was fixed at 120 pounds of tobacco each, and the youths who could pay this amount on demand, seemed to have no difficulty in obtaining wives. Virginia tobacco, at that time, brought

better prices, than we in Deerfield are accustomed to, being sold at 75 cents a pound. But ninety dollars for a buxom English bride was certainly not dear!

The coming celebration of the 300th anniversary of the settlement at Jamestown, must awaken in the mind of every descendant of the Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay Colonies, reflections of what might have been had Popham's colony on the Kennebec been equally successful with that of the James River.

But though Jamestown flourished, in the warmth of a summer sun, and Georgetown was literally "starved with the cold,"—before the end of the century, English were taking up lands at the mouth of the Kennebec River. Previous to Philip's War, the Indians on that river were on friendly terms with the English, selling them islands at its mouth, and lands along its banks. In 1654, Robinhood, father of the afterwards notorious Hopehood, and one of the principal chiefs of these Indians, sold his residence in what is now Woolwich to two Englishmen. In 1667 or 1668, Kenebis, who lived on Swan Island, sold that to the English, and Abigadasset, his neighbor on the mainland, also deeded land to the English. In fact from 1648 to Philip's War, the Eastern Indians sold much land on the Kennebec to the English, and lived on friendly terms with those who settled there.

After Philip's death, his most notorious adherents fled to the eastward, joining the Maine and New Hampshire Indians and attacking the scattered settlements. At Woolwich and at Arrowsick Island in the Kennebec, settlers were killed, and others carried away captive.

From this time on, the Sagadahoc Province, that is, the country between the Kennebec and St. Croix Rivers, was in dispute between France and England.

In the summer of 1698, a French fishing vessel gave to the captain of an English vessel similarly employed, an order from the French government to seize all English vessels found fishing near Cape Sable, and told him to warn all other vessels.

Bonaventure, in his ship L'Envieux, as we have seen in

the story of Baptiste, boarded several other English vessels and sent them home with the same story.

Villebon, Governor of Acadia \* was more explicit. In September of the same year (1698) he wrote to Governor Stoughton, that his royal master had ordered him to maintain the French claim to the country as far west as the Kennebec River from its source to its mouth, the course of the river being free to both nations. The Indians on its banks must not be considered as subjects of the English, but as free natives. All American fishermen on the coast, and all traders to French ports east of that river, would be seized.

On a tongue of beautiful meadow land, on the Kennebec, was a stockaded village of the Norridgewock tribe of the Abenakis. Outside the palisade was the mission chapel whose little bell † rang clear over the sparkling river for morning mass, and sunset vespers. To this mission in 1694 Sebastian Rasle, then in the prime of life,‡ was sent as priest. It may interest our Deerfield craftsmen to know that what little leisure he had, he employed in carving ornaments, and making bayberry dips for his church.

It was a critical situation for Father Rasle and his Indian flock, many days' journey from the French, while the English settlements on the Kennebec were not far below.

The almost uninterrupted wars with the Indians, aided and abetted by the French after 1689, made the lands on the Kennebec formerly bought of the Indians, of no value to nonresident owners, but after the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, settling the boundary at the St. Croix River, the English grantees began to reclaim their possessions on the Kennebec. So numerous were these claims that in 1718 a book was opened to record the names of the claimants.

"The intrusion of settlers and the building of forts and block-houses on lands which they still called their own irritated" the Norridgewock Indians, and incited by Father Rasle, who was prompted by De Vaudreuil, they made fre-

\* Acadia included Nova Scotia and west to the Kennebec.

† Now in possession of the Maine Historical Society.

‡ Thirty-seven years old.

quent incursions upon the English. This led Governor Shute, who succeeded Dudley in 1716, to summon the Indians to a conference on Arrowsick Island in the Sagadahoc River.\* Thither he went in the frigate Squirrel and was met by the Norridgewocks and Abenakis of the Kennebec, accompanied by Abenakis of the Penobscot, the Saco and the Androscoggin.

In a tent, over which waved the English flag, old Judge Sewall administered the oath to the Interpreter Shute, made the Indians a speech in which he told them that as they and the English were all subjects of good King George, they ought to be under the same religion, which was the only true one. To that end he had brought them a Bible and a minister † presenting both on the spot.

At the end of a very unsatisfactory interview, in which the English Governor does not appear to the best advantage, Wawurna, the chief of the Norridgewocks, begged to be excused from receiving the Bible and the minister, and withdrew, wishing the English bon voyage. Father Rasle, who was in the Norridgewock camp sent Shute a letter that evening, saying that the Governor of Canada had asked the King of France, whether he had ever given the lands of the Indians to the English, and the King had replied that he had not, and furthermore that he would help the Indians to repel any intruders upon them. This letter was contemptuously rejected by Shute, but the rupture was patched up the next morning, and after mutual promises, the conference closed.

The matter did not end here. Father Rasle carried on a virulent correspondence with Rev. Joseph Baxter. Mr. Parkman quotes from a letter of Rasle to a Boston minister, boasting of his power over the savages, and threatening to order them to make war on the English.

Notwithstanding their expressions of peace and willingness to allow the English to settle on the Kennebec, they

\* After their meeting and forming what we find in the old records as Merry-meeting Bay, the united Kennebec and Androscoggin Rivers are known in our annals as the Sagadahoc, till they are lost in the ocean.

† The Rev. Joseph Baxter of Medfield.

had no sooner returned to Norridgewock, than they began to kill the cattle, and burn the haystacks of the English below.

The Governor of Canada was in a difficult position. As by the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, there was nominal peace between France and England, he could do nothing openly,—but he secretly instigated the Indians to drive the English from the Kennebec. “I am well pleased,” he wrote to Father Rasle, “that you have prompted the Indians to treat the English as they have,” and it was probably at his recommendation, that the French King allowed Father Rasle and sent every year 6,000 livres to be distributed among the Indians of the Kennebec and Penobscot in the form of munitions of war, and food and clothing for their squaws while their warriors were raiding the scattered settlements of the English.

The destruction of Norridgewock and the death of Father Rasle in 1724 did not put an end to these raids. De Vaudreuil continued to turn the savages of the Christian missions against our frontiers. The same year in answer to accusation and remonstrance from Governor Dummer, he writes: “You have brought your troubles upon yourself. I advise you to pull down all the forts you have built on the Abenaki lands since the peace of Utrecht.” Dummer replies that since that treaty, France has no longer any claim on those lands, and that the Abenakis would be at peace with the English, but for the instigation of De Vaudreuil,—and sends Samuel Thaxter, William Dudley, and Theodore Atkinson of New Hampshire, to carry his letter to the Canadian Governor, with proposals of peace, and a demand for the release of all the New England captives in Canada.

These gentlemen confronted De Vaudreuil with his own letters to Father Rasle, proving that the Canadian Governor was inciting the Indians to attack the scattered English settlements. They succeeded in procuring the ransom of a few captives, but the war went on.

The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748 following the capture of Louisburg, was merely a suspension of hostilities on this continent. No treaty could prevent the French in

America from their purpose to keep as much as possible of the disputed territory, and the savages were used as a tool for the annihilation of the frontier settlements.

The boundaries between France and England in America were not to be settled, until Wolfe and Montcalm fell fighting with equal valor, on the Heights of Abraham.

Before the beginning of the Seven Years War, the English had built Richmond Fort, so called, on the west side of the Kennebec. Nearly opposite, at the head of Swan Island, was also a garrison house; and another on Arrowsick Island, a league below in the Sagadahoc River.

After the capture of Cape Breton, one Captain James Whidden lived with his family on Swan Island, where he owned a tract of land. One of Whidden's daughters married Lazarus Noble of Portsmouth, and they lived with her father on the island.

Many years ago, on the principle that all is grist which comes to my mill,—knowing nothing about the early settlements on the Kennebec, I copied from our Archives the examination of one John Martin of Brunswick on January 25, 1750, relative to his own capture at Brunswick by Indians. I give you the substance of this paper, which is in the form of question and answer; Martin makes his mark, and swears to the truth of his statements.

He says that the attack on Brunswick was on September 10, 1750, and that he was the only one taken at Brunswick.

That "about the same time," thirteen were taken from Swan Island, and one above Richmond Fort. Those from Swan Island were Lazarus Noble, his wife and seven children, Timothy Whidden and his brother, Solomon, a young woman called Hannah, and a young man named Chubb.\* Philip Jenkins was the man taken above Richmond Fort, who died later at Canada. William Ross and his son were also taken at Sheepscot.

Martin and most of these mentioned, were carried to

\* These were Ann or Hannah, sometimes called Mary Ann Holmes and Jabez Chubb.

Quebec, where they were later sold by their savage captors to the French and redeemed by the English.

According to Martin, "one of Noble's children, a girl, was sold at Montreal and another, a lad, at La Prairie, and another of Noble's sons was at Three Rivers."

Questioned whether he knew of any other captives, Martin replied, "There was a little child of Lazarus Noble, as I was informed, but could not learn where it was."

On May 25, 1751, three boys were carried captive from North Yarmouth, Maine. A fruitless attempt to rescue them appears in the following depositions sworn to on the 27th, before Samuel Seabury, Justice of the Peace at North Yarmouth.

The Deposition \* of Gideon Man, Benjamin Welsh and Lemuel Boles, all of north yarmouth testifie and say That we being in Company with Several others yesterday morning Looking for three children (viz. Joseph Chandler, son of Edmond Chandler, Solomon Mitchell and Daniel Mitchell, sons of Benjamin Mitchell) that were then missing, we discover'd where the Indians by their Tracts and by a musquash Skin made into a Cafe & uf'd by them as we suppose and Drop'd where they Lay behind a Fence by the Road, we Saw where they Took the Boys & follow'd their tracts both Indian & y<sup>e</sup> Boys together for Some Considerable way where they carried them off.

(Signed.)      GIDEON MAN,  
                          BENJAMIN WELCH,  
                          LEMUEL BOLLES.

And further the Said Benjamin Welch & Lemuel Bolles say that they in Company with Several others in pursuit of the Indians came to the place of Edward King of Sd Town & in his Inclosure we found a yoke of oxen of his Shot (as we supposed by the Indians) & some part of the meat cut of & carried away.

BENJAMIN WALSH,  
LEMUEL BOLLES.

The seizure of these boys created general alarm.

On the same date as the depositions above, J. Oulton writes to the Governor from Fort George in Brunswick that at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the day before, Daniel Pall of North Yarmouth came and told him of the carrying away of the three boys by a party of ten or twelve Indians as shown by their tracks. "This," says Oulton "puts all these posts in an alarm not knowing where they [the Indians] will be

\* Vol. 54, p. 28, "Mass. Archives."

next." He reminds the Governor that he warned him last autumn that they were "in a poor state of defence,"—that "firing off their two great guns with powder only, gives the gun carriages such a shock as to show that if shot were used, they would fall down;" and he begs for "aid and authority to put them in proper condition."

On the 12th of July, Governor Phips wrote to Captain William Lithgow at Richmond Fort,\* that he must notify such of the Penobscot and Norridgewock Indians as he might see, that they "must use their utmost Endeavor that those children must be Delivered up."

On the 15th he writes to Captain Ezekiel Cushing to warn people on the eastern frontier to be on their guard, as "the Penobscots and Norridgewocks are suspected to be unfriendly," and on the 23d he warns Captain Lithgow and notifies Captain Jabez Bradbury at the Fort at St. George's River, that "the Norridgewocks are hostile."

The report of the next attack at the eastward is a letter written by John Gatchel at Brunswick, and sent to Colonel Cushing who, being ill, forwarded it to Enoch Freeman. The latter, enclosed it in a rather spicy letter of his own † and sent it posthaste to the Governor, by Mr. Daniel Tucker. The proverbial dilatoriness of "Old Dan Tucker," seems not to have prevented his namesake from being dispatched as a messenger when speed was required. Gatchell's letter is as follows:

BRUNSWICK, July 25, 1751.

Hon<sup>d</sup> Sir

This is to acquaint you that yesterday a number of Indians attacked some of our people as they were mowing, and carried Seven Into Captivity viz: Edmund Hinkley, Isaac Hinkley, Gideon Hinkley, Sam'l Lumbers, Samuel Whitney and his son Samule, Hezekiah Purrenton and [blot] others: and killed and wounded upwards of twenty Cattle and Carried of upwards of four Cattle. We Judge their Number to be Between twenty & Thirty. We Are In a Distressed Condition & without we are Speedily Helped Are afraid must Abandon our Settlement; this Is the Substance from y' Hum Ser<sup>vt</sup>

JOHN GATCHEL.

P. S: these above mentioned persons all belonged to that part of the town called new meadows.

\* "Mass. Archives," Vol. 54, p. 40.

† "Mass. Archives," Vol. 54, pp. 48, 49.

John Gatchel's news of the captives at New Meadow is corroborated by a letter to the Boston Governor from one John North dated Fort Frederic, July 30, 1751.\* North asks for a good boat and oars as he is obliged to hire for the Governor's service when necessary,—and more men. He says, "our Inhabitants here has so much Planting, Lumbering & Stock to provide Hay for, they cant attend this Duty."

In 1756 one Ebenezer Preble,† had a garrison house on Arrowsick Island, in the Sagahadoc. He had married, some years before, Mary, daughter of Samuel Harnden of Woolwich.‡

The gloom of the long and severe Maine winter had passed. Chanticleer crowed exultant, as he led his noisy flock to scratch the softened earth, in the sunshine near the house. The voice of Ebenezer Preble, then in the prime of his manhood, sounded cheerful, as he drove his oxen in a field not far away. The sweet June day seemed full of promise to his wife, as she stood in her doorway, with her baby boy in her arms, looking across the fields to the odorous pines, and the blue sea beyond.

Her little Mary, close beside her, and hiding in her gown, played "Bo-peep" with her baby brother.

Rebecca, the eldest child, eleven years old, was helping Sarah Flyng, the maidservant, "tidy up" the kitchen while the other three children busied themselves as best they could,—when suddenly, through the soft summer air, resounded the deadly yell of the savage.

Preble, unable to reach the house, was instantly killed. His wife bolted the outer door, and for some time bravely defended the house and children, until at last she was shot dead, through the door or window.

The Indians then broke in and plundered the house,

\* "Mass. Archives," Vol. 54, p. 51.

† His ancestor, Abraham Preble, came to New England in 1636, and settled in Scituate, whence he removed to York, Maine, and died there. Another Ebenezer Preble was accidentally killed by Handkerchief Moody, on which incident is founded Hawthorne's story, "The Minister's Black Veil."

‡ Harnden, who had removed from Middlesex, had a garrison house at Woolwich, Maine, not far from Arrowsick Island.

carrying off with them the six children, Rebecca, Samuel, Mehitable, Ebenezer, Mary and baby William.

"The Servant lad, they wounded mortally, and then knocked him in the head, so that he dyed." They killed the baby. The other five children, and the servant girl badly wounded, they carried to Quebec and sold to the French.

Thus within a short time as we have seen, all the settlements about the mouth of the Kennebec were raided by the savages, there being scarcely a family but mourned some member, killed or captured.

Our Archives of this period abound with petitions from the distressed survivors, appropriations of money, with permission and passports to proceed in person to Canada to obtain the release of their children,—and with Resolutions by the General Court, to demand the return of all the captives.

April 9, 1751, Timothy Whidden, in Boston, petitions the Governor for money to get home to Swan Island and the General Court at once allows him £3 for the purpose.

His father, James Whidden, in a memorial dated a month later thanks the Government for having procured Timothy's release, his other son having died in Canada. He begs the Government to "Compassionate his Sufferings, by Compleating the Redemption of his son-in-law, Lazarus Noble and his family," who may be at that date at Crown Point awaiting the payment of their ransom, which he is unable to furnish.

There is also the petition, dated May 30, 1751, of "Sam" Hinckley, Sarah Hinckley and Sarah Lumber" [Lumbard?] which "Sheweth that on the 24 of July last the Indians carried away his Son and their Husbands, and are with them now at Canada, and humbly beg your Honours would take their Maloncoly Surcumstances into your wise Consideration, that they Edmund and Gideon Hinckley and Sam" Lumber may be Delivered out of a land of Darkness and State of Captivity that they may be Brought to Injoy not only Civil but Sacred Priviledges in this their Native Land, and we Sarah Hinckley and Lumber, further beg your Honours would think on the troubles of your Honours Hand-

maids who have had our Husbands Carried and Kept from us and we Left in the Wilderness without a Guide or any to Provide for us or our Children which we hope your Honours will Redress by Providing for their Speedy Return to us and their friends." \*

And now I offer you another illustration of the proverb that "All roads lead to Rome," which I suppose means that if one's heart and mind are bent on a special subject, that Pilgrim runs against guide-posts that seem to have been providentially placed to aid his progress. Rummaging in my scrap-bag, for material for to-day's patchwork, I find the following relative to Maine captives, whose story I am trying to tell you. The first is a letter from the Selectmen of Brunswick, Me., to the Hon. Josiah Willard, Secretary of the Province of Massachusetts Bay.†

BRUNSWICK, April 16, 1751.

Hon<sup>d</sup> Sir

This waits on you by Mrs. Rofs, who is the wife of Will<sup>m</sup> Rofs now in Captivity in Canada he was taken at Sheepscot [sic] where he had his house and Substance burnt by the Indians the last Warr, and last Sept. what they had obtain'd by industrey was again burnt in a Garrison by the Ennemy and Mr. Rofs and his Eldest Son carry'd away to Canada.

Said Rofs is a lame man and has left this woman and three small Children not able to help her, in poor Circumstances—This is therefore to pray your hon<sup>r</sup> to Consider her Condition and begg you would use your wonted goodness to relieve her, by moving the Govern<sup>mt</sup> to take some method to get her husband out of Captivity, or relieving his family as in your wisdom you shall think best. We know the man to be a sober, honest, well-minded man. We are your Hum Serv<sup>ts</sup>.

JOHN MINOT,  
ROBERT PHINNEY,  
Selectmen.

On the 20th of April, both Houses voted, the Council concurring,‡ "That the Gentlemen Appointed to Consider some Method for the Redemption of Captives, take this letter into Consideration and Report thereon." The next is an account of the return of some of the Swan Island and

\* "Mass. Archives," Vol. 74, p. 45.

† "Mass. Archives," Vol. 74, p. 5.

‡ "Mass. Archives," Vol. 54, p. 50.

other Maine captives, in a letter from Jacob Wendell \* to Secretary Willard.

ALBANY, July 26, 1751.

Mr. Secretary:

Sr, Agreeable to the desire of Brigadier Dwight and Coll Partridge I have waited here until the return of Capt Van Schaack and Mr. Abeel from Crown Point with Tenn Prisoners † that were taken att the eastward in Our Province viz. Lazarus Noble with his wife and four children with Jabez Chub and Ann Holmes, all taken from Swan Island near Richmond Fort, and William Rofs and his Sonn John taken att Sheepscutt with one Scotch woman these were all that were att Crown Point. Two children more of Lazarus Nobles were expected there dayly as they Tell me but were not come when they came from thence, So could not Stay for them. wee were obliged to send five hundred Dollars to Pay for these Tenn and John Martin ‡ redemption from the Indians, and Clothing before they would suffer these to come away which mony I have been obliged to borrow here and also the Charge of Sending Twice and bringing them from Crown Point here. I have this day been providing them with Shoes etc. necefsary for them and having rested here a little, have agreed to Send them early in the morning in a Battoe about Thirty Myles down y<sup>e</sup> River to a Place called Claverack, and from thence to be carried in a waggen to Sheffield, where have given them a letter to David Ingersoll, Esq, Capt. Ashley etc to gett horses for the women & children to carry them to Westfield where have given them a letter to the justices & Milletary officers to send them forward to Brigadier Dwight who will forward their goeing to Boston & there I have directed them to apply to yourself for assistance to be sent to their respective Places of Abode. They have signed the Promisory note the Commifioners sent by Capt Van Schayck for them to sign at Crown Point, and they seem to be Truely Thankfull for their Deliverance out of Captivity. I purpose now the Beginning of next week to Sett out for Boston Through Connecticut, and hope to be at home the week after next with due respects to His Honour the Lieut Governor and the Councill Their and Hon<sup>ble</sup> S<sup>r</sup> Your most Humble Servant

JACOB WENDELL.

P. S. Wee gott Two Belts made here and thinking they may be wanted to send to the Eastward I have sent them by Mr. Noble to Deliver to Yourself.

Noah Ashley's account reads as follows: §

WESTFIELD, July 30, 1751.

The account of what I paid for the charges of the ten Captives that the Honourable Colonel Wendal fent from Albany to Brookfield. I received them

\* Hon. Jacob Wendell, grandson of Evart Jansen Wendell of Albany, born there 1691, sent when a minor to Boston where he later settled as a merchant, marrying Dr. James Oliver's daughter. He became Colonel of the Boston Regiment, member of the Council, and was often employed by our Government in exchanges of captives with the Indians. He died in 1761.

† Both the above had been captives in Canada,—Van Shaack returning with Benjamin Stoddard in June, 1750, was later employed in the exchange of prisoners.      ‡ See *ante*, p. 180.      § "Mass. Archives," Vol. 74, p. 32.

att Westfield by Coln'l Wendal's Letter and sent them to the tavern and paid 00£-16s-00d Lawful money and the Next Day I sent them to Brookfield with a man and five Horses Which Cost me 12£-0s-0d and their Expences Coft me four pounds all Coft me old tenor 16£-00s-00d and I paid Mr Clap 6.-00-00 and to setting six shoes on Horses 1.-10-00—Total 23£-10s. The whole of the account I paid out Lawful Money 03£-2s per me Noah Ashley. The whole is 23£-10s Old Tenor—Lawful Money is 3£-2s-8d allowed by the Committee.

J. OSBORNE.

Thus within a year Lazarus Noble and his wife and four children, with those of their fellow captives who had been sold in Quebec, returned to New England. Imagine the mingled joy and sorrow of these poor captives on reaching the Maine coast, after their distressing experience, and their wearisome journey in midsummer, across country to Boston, and thence to their desolated homes.

Evidently the return of so many Maine captives, made Benjamin Mitchell more anxious about his own children, for in December of the same year, he petitions the General Court for money to pay for the redemption of his sons. Apparently no heed was paid to his request, for about a year later, a petition was signed by Lazarus Noble and Benjamin Mitchell \* stating that having already been at very great expense, in vain, to procure the redemption of their children, they now "apprehend it will be necessary for them to make a journey among the French, where they understand their children are;" and they beg that the Legislature, in consideration of their impoverished circumstances will allow them an interpreter to go with them, "or condescend on any other Suitable Method for their relief." † The Government ordered that "the Petitioners be allowed 20 pounds to procure an Interpreter and proceed to Canada."

In the early summer, Mitchell and Noble set out for Canada. Their passport ‡ is dated June 13, 1753.

At Albany, they were joined by Anthony Van Schaack as interpreter. Noble and his family having been brought back by him from Crown Point he naturally wished one so

\* "Mass. Archives," Vol. 74, p. 48, Mitchell's petition; "Mass. Archives," Vol. 74, p. 69, Mitchell's and Noble's Petition.

† Two of Noble's children, Fanny and Joseph, were still in captivity.

‡ "Mass. Archives," Vol. 8, p. 282.

well acquainted with Canada and its language to go with him on this occasion.\* His experience as a captive led to his employment later as interpreter. This in Mitchell and Noble's case seems to have been prejudicial to their interests. We have Mitchell and Noble's "Memorial," to the General Court; † they say, "At our Arrival we waited on the Governor. Were at first kindly received & Incouraged to hope for the obtaining them, but to our Surprize the next morning we were ordered by the Town-Major to Depart the Town, & return to New England, or we should be immediately imprisoned, without being permitted to see the Governor a Second time, or Know the Reason of his Treatment."

The Memorialists, after thanking the Government for the sympathy and aid given them, render an itemized account of the expenses of their futile journey, showing that they have been obliged to exceed the sum appropriated them by £8, 19s and 9d, throw themselves "upon the Bounty and compassion of the Honorable Court" for that amount, which deficit was promptly allowed them by the Legislature.

Van Schaack's deposition, ‡ as he says, will serve to satisfy any inquisitive person as to the treatment of Mitchell and Noble whose statement he corroborates. Endorsed on his deposition is the following, which smacks of his own suffering as a captive: "My humble opinion is that if there is no better precaution taken by the Governors of Boston and New York by complaining at home, to oblige the Governor of Canada by the french King's orders to deliver up the stolen captives out of his Government that wee are obliged

\* Anthony Van Schaack, with one Abeel, had been a captive in Canada, and Governor Clinton of New York had sent Benjamin Stoddard, in the autumn of 1748, with a remonstrance against their treatment and a demand for their immediate release,—and a proposition for an exchange of captives conditional upon this. Daniel Joseph Maddox, a naturalized captive, was Stoddard's interpreter, and Van Schaack was allowed to accompany Stoddard to the Indian villages, and was of great service to him in his interviews with the Dutch and English captives since he spoke the language of the Indians and their prisoners. Van Schaack's name heads the list of twenty-four captives brought back by Stoddard.—"N. Y. Col. Doc.," Vol. X, pp. 209 *et seq.*

† "Mass. Archives," Vol. 74, p. 113.

‡ "Mass. Archives," Vol. 8, p. 280.

to submitt to the barbarous Treatment of all barbarous Indians." Evidently Van Schaack made the most of his short stay in Canada, as another hand adds to the above document the fact that "Mr. Mitchell and the Interpreter both saw Mitchell's son, and the Interpreter acquainted Noble, that he saw his daughter."

Exasperated by this treatment of its envoys the General Court, upon Shirley's return to Boston in the autumn, requested him to demand the return of all the New England captives. Inquiring of his Council, how this demand should be sent, it was "Advised that a suitable person should be commissionated [sic] to carry the letter, and Mr. Nathaniel Wheelwright was appointed for that service."

It will be remembered that Major Wheelwright had accompanied Captain Phineas Stevens the previous year to Canada, on which occasion in a conference, the Abenakis had spoken with no uncertain sound, warning the English to keep off their lands. At that time, Wheelwright had seen Abigail Noble who had been adopted by the Abenakis, and Solomon Mitchell who had been bought of them by a Montreal gentleman, and absolutely refused to go home to New England.\* Mr. Wheelwright's first dispatches to our government on this second embassy are dated Montreal, November 30, 1753. He writes that the Canadian Governor has ordered that he shall have liberty to see and talk with Mitchell's son, that he "shall omit no opportunity to try to make him return to his Parents, also that Mr. Noble's child,† which M. St. Ange Charly has the care of and which he assured me with great grief the last time I was in the country was dead, is now at Three Rivers at the Convent." Mr. Wheelwright's letter inclosed one from the Governor General with excuses for his treatment of Mitchell and Noble the year before, on the ground that the interpreter they

\* A full account of both embassies in which Mr. Wheelwright was employed, with lists of the captives, returned and remaining, concerning whom I shall have more to say in future, may be found in the Appendix to "True Stories of New England Captives." The fact of Wheelwright's acquaintance with the whereabouts of these Maine captives probably led to his appointment to this second embassy.

† Fanny, or Eleanor, as she was baptized in Canada.

chose, was “a Person that Return’d here of a very suspected character, and who besides began to behave in so insolent a manner that I determined to make him depart immediately, rather than to be forced to put him in Prison.” To convince Governor Shirley how sensibly he was touched with the lively sorrow these fathers felt at returning home without their children, he says he “sent for the Child that is with one Despins, & before all the Officers of the Government reproached him with his bad temper in not being willing to follow his father. Bursting into tears he told me that he absolutely would not leave his master.” He adds that he has “told Mr. Wheelwright, to signify to the Abenakis that they cannot do him so great a pleasure, as to release the children that are with them.”

While the Governor and Council in Boston were considering Wheelwright’s dispatches, he was eagerly prosecuting his search in Canada. Having actually got possession of Eleanor Noble and others, he left them at Three Rivers while he proceeded to Quebec, on his memorable visit to his aunt Esther at the Ursulines. In the beginning of her captivity Fanny Noble was bought from the Indians by Mr. and Mrs. St. Ange de Charly of Montreal, who treated her with great kindness, and became very fond of her. They had her baptized Eleanor, and of course educated her as a Roman Catholic. How Wheelwright got possession of her is the missing link in my story, but within twenty-four hours after he left her at Three Rivers, the old squaw who had sold her to Madame St. Ange, came along in a sleigh, and carried her off to St. Francis, doubtless induced by the hope of reward. Her brother Joseph in his Indian dress, went to see her there, but she would have nothing to say to him. She was finally bought back by Mr. St. Ange. After her return she was seen at an upper window of his house by her father on one of his journeys to Canada.

Later, she was put in a Nuns’ boarding school. Among her schoolmates were two Johnson sisters captured at No. 4 and two daughters of Mrs. Howe, taken at Hinsdale in 1755. Her brother Joseph, in his finest Indian array, visited her at her school, and carried her maple sugar and an Indian basket

full of cranberries, and a young fawn, but she would not look at Joseph till he had washed the paint off his face. Later Mr. St. Ange bought him, and educated him.

After Wheelwright's embassy in 1753, various plans were fruitlessly discussed in our Legislature, for the return of New England captives.\*

Shortly after this the Gordian Knot was cut by Samuel Harnden of Woolwich, Me., grandfather of the Preble children, who seeing in this legislative quarrel as to what and how many envoys should be sent to Canada,—a chance to rescue the government from a dilemma, while furthering his own wishes with less expense to himself, petitioned the General Court for permission and aid to go in search of his grandchildren and others.

This petition † dated May 27, 1761, is most interesting. After giving the facts of the massacre of his daughter Mary Harnden and her husband, Ebenezer Preble, and the capture of their children he says, "That in the year 1759, after the Reduction of Quebec by General Wolfe, two of his Grandchildren, Rebecca and Mary, were accidentally discovered, known and challenged there in the hands of the Remaining French Inhabitants, by William Nichols and Alexander Campbell, two men belonging to the Eastern parts of this Province, who was at Quebec, and thereupon they agreed upon their Redemption, which they obtained, and paid to the French one hundred Dollars for the same as may fully appear by a certificate from the then commanding officer at Quebec, Col. Robert Monkton, bearing date Oct. 8th, 1759, and the said two children were returned home." You will be glad to know that good William Nichols and Sandy Campbell were reimbursed on their return to New England.

Harnden goes on to say that "the Child Mehitable was carried to Old France to attend on her French mistress, and was to return back with her to Quebec, but not as yet return'd as y<sup>r</sup> pet<sup>r</sup> knows off; the Servant girl has not been heard off Since the month of August after her being carried away."

\* Notably June 7, 1761; see "Gen. Court Rec.," Vol. 24, p. 26.

† "Mass. Archives," Vol. 79, pp. 708-711.

The petitioner states that one of Benjamin Mitchell's children and three of Lazarus Noble's are still in Canada, and also that "in April 1752 Ezra Dyer's child was carried off from a place called the Eastern River, and about the same time the Widow Pumroy's husband was killed, and one child carried away from her,—all which still remain in Canada, and the Sd Davis and Pumroy are so poor that they are in no shape able to do anything towards recovering them . . . and y<sup>r</sup> Petitioner humbly Complains . . . of the Unjust Detention of his two Grandchildren, Samuel and Ebenezer Preble, and of the others, his neighbours' children, where without doubt the practice and principals of the Popish Religion will be instilled into them in their tender years. . . ." Harnden "Prays for the Aid of the Honorable Court in a Recommendatory way," to the Canadian Government, "for the Effectual . . . Recovering all these children there in his own Person, and for these Reasons, viz: that the said captivated children being in their tender minority at the time of their Captivation, and now having no Retention of the Knowledge of their Parents or Place of Nativity, and y<sup>r</sup> Pet<sup>r</sup> as their surviving Parent, obliged in Duty, (with the Authority of this Hon<sup>ble</sup> Court) to recover 'em . . . and he being well acquainted with several of the Tribes in that Country, who in the Times of Peace frequently visited the Frontiers of this Province where yo<sup>r</sup> Pet<sup>r</sup> has for many years been Settled, which assures him that some of these Indians will be of service to him in the Recovery of these captivated children mentioned, who in all probability is dispersed in that country, among the French or Indians at remote Distances and incapable to give any account of themselves to a Person who has a knowledge and remembrance of them, . . . all of which y<sup>r</sup> Petitioner humbly Submits to y<sup>r</sup> Excellency's . . . Wisdom and consideration, and prays that he may be heard upon the premisses before a Committee . . . and y<sup>r</sup> pet<sup>r</sup> as in Duty bound, shall pray, etc, etc."

Evidently Harnden was granted a hearing, wherein he further explained his plan and made such an impression on the committee, that on June 20th, 1761, the House voted that "as the Pet<sup>r</sup> proposes to go to Canada by the Way of Kenne-

bec River in order to recover the ten mentioned in his Petition . . . he be allowed and paid out of the Province Treasury the Sum of Ninety pounds to enable him to Proceed on his Journey." Ten days later, the Senate concurred in the above vote, with certain amendments, notably the substitution of twenty pounds for ninety, to which the House agreeing, the vote was passed on the 3d of July.

Harnden lost no time in Boston. Our Archives contain his own Report of his journey, in detail, by which we may follow him from day to day.\* I quote some of the more interesting items. He says: "July 24, 1761, Departed from my own House and went to Brunswick to see a young woman who had lately come from Canada, who informed me of a Servant Girl who belonged to my Son-in-law Ebenezer Preble, deceased." The next day, he proceeded to North Yarmouth, whence the Mitchell boys and their comrade had been taken, "and lodged there." By way of "Number Four" † where he bought grain for his horse, and provisions to carry him "through the woods," he "sett out" for Crown Point, arriving there the 7th of August, "at 9 o'clock at night," a solitary journey.

The next day he spent in getting a pass from Colonel Haviland, and making arrangements for himself and his horse to cross the lake, which with his "victuals a pint of wine, a bowl of punch, a pint of beer and stores down the lake," cost him £1 9s. 2d. He sailed at daybreak on the 11th. For the next two days his record is, "Small wind, water Shoal, obliged to anchor often. Wind right ahead and no hopes of Proceeding"—he "paid 3 hands, 3 dollars to row him 10 leagues to St. John," arriving there the same day.

There he spent the night, and agreed with two soldiers to pilot him "part by land and part by water to Shamblee Fort for which he paid 6 shillings."

Lodging at La Prairie, he reached Montreal on the 16th of August. The next day, he waited on the Town Major and stated his business in Canada. As usual, the appearance of a messenger from New England created antagonism in

\* Mass. Archives: Vol. 38A, pp. 332 *et seq.*

† Charlestown, N. H.

the French official, who informed Harnden that the Governor was busy that day.

The next two days were spent in recovering his grandson Samuel Preble, whom he found in the hands of a French officer, and in interviewing the Governor who told him he "believed he saw his other grandson in a French gentleman's house below the 3 Rivers." Obtaining a pass, Harnden started for Saint Antoine, sixty miles away to find Sarah Flyng—the captive servant of his daughter Preble, but after traveling some distance he became ill and returned to Montreal where he says he "tarried until the 25th of August in favor of Noble's child."

Unable to find out anything about her from the authorities by discreet questioning of "private persons" he was informed that she was in the country, and that they knew "a man who could help him." Paying his informants liberally, he found this man to be the interpreter that was with Lazarus Noble in Canada in 1753.\* He told Harnden that the child was living in the house of M. St. Toise in 1753, but that he "dared not then discover it, but where she was now, if alive, he did not know." To Harnden's question whether he would undertake to find her, the man replied, that he would, if Harnden "wou'd not discover him in the affair,"—and also that he would "stand Interpreter, if need was."

On the 25th the man reported that he had found out that the girl was in the nunnery in the care of Monsr. St. Toise, and that he would go with Harnden to "see her at Eleven o'clock that same day." They went, and "with great Difficulty, managed the matter so as to get a sight of the Captive girl in y<sup>e</sup> Nunery."

The story of Frances Noble, who was rebaptized Eleanor in Canada, as given by Mr. Drake in his "Tragedies of the Wilderness," is most interesting, but as it differs in some not very important respects from that of her deliverer, I prefer to follow that of an actor in the tragedy. Drake calls Harn-den, "Arnold," and makes him accompanied in his demand for Eleanor by a sergeant and file of soldiers. Doubtless

\* Anthony Van Schaack was Noble's interpreter in 1753. This man could not have been Daniel Joseph Maddox, he having died in 1754.

Harnden had to make a show of authority to get the child out of the convent. His own statement, concise of course (being a part of his report to the Government), is simply "Aug. 24th I took her out of the Nunnery." It cannot be assumed that Harnden took this girl of twelve or thirteen, away from the only home and parents she had ever known, and whom she dearly loved, without her seeing them again. They had cherished her fondly from her babyhood, and we may be sure it was a grievous parting to them all.

The next night after paying his own and his grandson's board, with washing and mending at Montreal, they all embarked on a vessel bound for England. They landed at Quebec at night of the 29th of August. The next day, Harn-den says: "I begun to enquire after my other grandchild, finding no Report was made of him, I was obliged to do the best I could and in three days time by a boy of about 8 or 9 years old I got some Intelligence of him which proved to be true. To cash paid in Seeking him out and recovering him 1£-16s-10d."

Up to this point Harnden's expenses were a little short of £10; but while at Quebec his eldest grandson broke his arm, and what with board for the three, at nine dollars and a half a week, and drink and washing and doctor's bill and the delay of 19 days cost him a little over £11. He also spent at Quebec for Eleanor, "6 shillings each for a pair of shoes and a pair of stockings, and 12 shillings for a short gown."

"On Sept. 17," says Harnden, "I embarked with the captives to Boston on the Brigantine Triton, George Wilson Commander." \* The list of provisions Harnden laid in for this voyage includes "36 pounds of beef, 12 pounds of mut-ton, Fowles at 2 pistareens a pair, corn for the Fowles, bread, sugar, rice and sauce, 6 quarts of wine and the bottles, 2 gallons of rum," besides coffee and chocolate bought on the passage.

They arrived in Boston on the 4th of October, but for want of a Passage to the Eastward, they were detained there twelve days.

\* She was owned by Nathaniel and George Bethune of Boston, who generously gave them their passage.

Harnden's petition stated that Mehitable Preble was still in Old France. Doubtless her grandfather while in Canada sought her untiringly,—but sought in vain. A letter was evidently written to France by some friends in his behalf, as I find in our Archives a reply in French from La Rochelle, dated August 30, 1763, and addressed to Mr. Thomas Wright, Lime St., London, from a French firm to some gentleman, acknowledging the receipt of a letter written the 28th of July.\* Freely translated, it is this: "Notwithstanding the pains we have given the matter, we have not been able to discover the child about whom you enquire. The lady whom you mention, indeed has with her, a young girl of your nation, but she cannot be the one you claim, since she has had her ever since 1757. She thinks she may have remained in Montreal. . . . That place being under the dominion of your government, it will be easy for you to inform yourself there."

This French letter is accompanied by the following letter in English:

LONDON, Sept. 26, 1763.

Sir

Inclosed you receive an answer from Rochelle about the Girl, that she never was there and 'tis thot is at Montreal as that Lady declared to our correspondent, so that Mr. Samuel Harnden must inquire after Mehitable Preble at Montreal. As my Father Mauduit is out of Town, I thot it proper to send by this conveyance.

S<sup>r</sup> Your most Humble Ser<sup>vt</sup>,  
THOMAS WRIGHT.

Our last glimpse of Samuel Harnden, Gentleman, is through his Memorial to the General Court, dated May 20, 1762, in which he says: "In Pursuance of a Resolve of the Hon<sup>ble</sup> Court, I proceeded to Canada for the Recovery of Sundry of my Grandchildren, and finally Recovered and brought back two of them namely Samuel and Ebenezer Preble . . . and in their Recovery, I was at great Pains, loss of Time, and Expences," an account of which expenses amounting to "Twenty-three pounds, eight shillings and four pence" he herewith humbly presents; and with respect to the time he was on the said service, being "Eighty and nine

\* "Mass. Archives," Vol. 80, 1761–74, p. 386.

days," he "humbly Submit the same to the Consideration of the Hon<sup>ble</sup> Court," and prays that such allowance may be made for his "Service and Loss of time from his Family and Business, as in its great Wisdom the Court shale judge just and Equitable."

Lazarus Noble also petitions the Legislature for reimbursement of his friend and benefactor. He says that he himself is "greatly Impoverished both as to his Estate and bodily health" and therefore "not able to contribute anything towards defraying Harnden's account, and that as the "petitioner apprehends it being of a public nature wherein the Honour of this Province is properly interposed,"—he prays the Court to order the payment of the account.\*

After due consideration the above petitions were answered by the following order: "June 5, 1762, Read and ordered that 37 pounds 13 shillings and 6 pence be paid to the Petitioner in full for his time Service and expence, mentioned in his petition and in that of Lazarus Noble, over and above what he has already received out of the Treasury." It is to be hoped that in his old age Harnden was also repaid for his heroic service in their behalf, by the love and devotion of his grandchildren.

These children owed much also to Preble, yeoman, as he styles himself, gentleman as his petition proves him,† in favor of Alexander Campbell, who redeemed his young granddaughters, Rebecca and Mary. He says that he is "not able to bear the charge of their redemption, being old, oppressed with the calamities of the war, infirm and poor; that he had indeed advanced the sum to Campbell but that he should have thot himself obliged to do in justice and gratitude to a man who had restored to him two of his grandchildren, even tho he had not left to himself a single penny to support him after."

And again Massachusetts answers the prayer of her peti-

\* Both the petitions may be found in "Mass. Archives, Military," 1751-74, pp. 217 *et seq.*

† "Mass. Archives, Military," 1760-61. Petition dated March 26, 1761, with certificate from Col. Robert Monckton, and receipt of "Alexander" Campbell, Georgetown.

tioner, and the sum of £30 2s. 11d. is granted to Jonathan Preble.

It will be remembered that Harnden with his two grandchildren, Eleanor Noble and others, returned to Boston on the Brigantine Triton, George Wilson, commander.

Her father died not long after her return. After his death, she lived in Captain Wilson's family, in Boston, till she had learned English of which she knew absolutely nothing.

Subsequently she found a home with a relative in Newbury, Mass.

Later she taught a school in Hampton. There she married Mr. Jonathan Tilton who died in 1798.

In 1801, she married Mr. John Shute of Newmarket,—and died in September, 1819.

To the last day of her life, she could never speak of her parting from her French parents without the deepest emotion.

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## EARLY HUNSTOWN AND CHILEAB SMITH.

BY CHARLES A. HALL OF ASHFIELD.

To an audience used to listening to the tragic and exciting history of Deerfield, the records of a town like Ashfield, happy in not having much history, must seem very tame and hardly worth record. Very few towns have such a past of bloodshed, horrors, sufferings and romantic happenings as Deerfield—*Old Deerfield*.

It seems as though the first settlers saw the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association while it was yet a great way off, and as careful and kindly hands prepare many needful things for the little child, long before it is born, so that when it arrives it is surrounded by many things necessary to its life, so the first settlers of Old Deerfield, when it was impressed clearly upon their minds that the society was really to be, set to work at once to prepare a store of tales and records of courage and daring to fight the treacherous and savage enemy, of heroic endurance, of battle and murder

and sudden death, and of death which would have been blessed if it could have been sudden, of burning homes and "midnight horrors red," of lovers and families separated perhaps for years and perhaps forever. A great endowment of these necessary possessions was laid up for the coming society, which in this respect must be, I think, the richest in the world. We ought to give the highest honor to these old pioneers, who strove so manfully for their town's greatest institution, so long before it came into existence. Doubtless, many an old settler as he wallowed away through the drifting snow towards Canada, wounded and bleeding, lighted for a little way by the burning buildings of his homestead, perhaps filled with a cruel uncertainty as to whether his wife and children had been killed by the brutal savages who were dragging him away, perhaps having the more merciful certainty that they were dead,—doubtless, such a man found much to soothe and sustain him in his agony, in having it given him to know, that the recital of his brave defense and heroic sufferings, would be of the greatest interest at the meetings of the society which he had learned to love and cherish.

The Ashfield settler had no historical society to look forward to. The historical business had already been going on in Deerfield for about ninety years when the first settler reached Ashfield. It had become so well established and the Deerfield people such experts at it, that it would have been as absurd for the Ashfield people to compete with them in building up a similar business, as it would be for the Ashfield people now to try to compete with the Arts and Crafts Society. Clearly the only thing for the Ashfield people to do was to turn aside into more quiet paths, and they very sensibly did so. Of such quiet people this paper tells. Yet their doings were not without important results. Ashfield was granted to a company of soldiers who served in an expedition against Canada in 1690. The soldiers came mostly from the towns of Weymouth and Braintree. They were under the command of Capt. Ephraim Hunt.

There were 60 of the soldiers. The grant was made about 45 years after they went to Canada; whether it was pay for

their services, or something of the nature of a pension, I cannot quite make out. Their petition asked for it in consideration of their hardship and suffering in the said expedition.

The act making the grant orders that the new town be laid out into 63 equal shares, one of which to be for the first settled minister, one for the ministry and one for the school, and that on each of the other 60 shares, the petitioners do within three years of the confirmation of the plan, have settled one good family, who shall have a house built on the house lot of 18 feet square, 7 feet stud at the least and finished. That each right or grant have 6 acres brought to and plowed, or brought to English grass or fitted for mowing. That they settle\* a *learned* orthodox minister and build and finish a convenient meetinghouse for the worship of God. This act was consented to by J. Belcher, December 24, 1736.

It is believed that the first permanent settlement in Ashfield was made in 1741 by Richard Ellis, a native of Dublin, Ireland, who married Jane Phillips, daughter of Capt. John Phillips of Easton. Captain Phillips was one of the soldiers in Capt. Hunt's Company and so was one of the Proprietors of Huntstown, as the new Plantation was called. The second settler was Thomas Phillips, son of Capt. John Phillips, who I suppose set up his son and son-in-law in business by giving them some of his land in the rough new town. Both Ellis and Phillips lived for awhile in Deerfield before going to Huntstown. John Ellis, Richard's fourth son, was born in Deerfield; Jane Phillips, Richard's wife, died about 1760, and about twelve years after he married Mary, widow of John Henry of Deerfield.

Huntstown and Deerfield joined each other. Indeed, it was a matter of doubt where Deerfield stopped and Huntstown began, on account of the western boundary of Deerfield not being well defined, which caused a long dispute between the two towns; at last the trouble was settled by the legislature, and 6,000 acres were taken from the east side of Huntstown as first laid out; while the same amount was added

\* It does not say they shall *support*.

to the west side of the new township. The 6,000 acres taken from the east side of the town are now part of Conway.

The third settler of the town was Chileab Smith, who moved with his family from South Hadley in 1750. He was born in Hadley about 1709. His wife's name was Sarah Moody. Mr. Smith was a man of great force of character, a good man, strong in his convictions, with a tremendous disposition to have his own way. He had not the slightest doubt that his own opinion on any subject was right, and he would fight for his convictions with the courage of a lion. In his quarrels he "spared neither land, nor gold, nor son, nor wife, nor limb, nor life,—in the brave days of old." He was interested to preach to his family and neighbors, and to have a church in the rough new country where he had settled, but he must be the infallible head of the church, whose opinions must not be questioned. It was this man's undaunted courage and his disposition to stand up for what he thought was right, against any odds, which won the fight for the Ashfield Baptists against their oppressors and was of the greatest benefit to the cause of religious freedom in this Commonwealth. Chileab Smith was prominent in Ashfield affairs from the first. He was one of a committee appointed at a Proprietors' meeting in Hadley in 1742, to lay out lots in Huntstown. Richard Ellis and Nathaniel Kellogg, the surveyors, were the other members. He was on a committee "to provide and agree with a minister to preach to such as inhabit Huntstown." He was one of the selectmen in 1762. He was chairman of the first board of selectmen after the town was incorporated in 1765. He was chairman of a committee to build a corn mill, and when the new land was given on the west side of the town to make up for that set off to Deerfield, he with Richard Ellis and Nathaniel Kellogg were a committee to divide this new land amongst those proprietors who had been dispossessed of their lots when the 6,000 acres were set off to Deerfield.

In his pamphlet \* entitled "An Answer to many Slander-

\* Printed in Norwich, by Robertsons and Trumbull, for the Author, 1774: reprinted by W. McKinstry (Censor Office), Fredonia, N. Y., 1865, for Quartus Smith of Stockton, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., great-grandson of the Author.

ous Reports Cast on the Baptists at Ashfield," he says: "My father died when I was 4 years old, but my mother instructed me in things of religion and taught me how to live." He passed through many long and heart-breaking religious experiences as he grew up, but at last "was delivered out of spiritual Egypt and the cry of my soul to the Lord was, What will you have me to do?" He went and joined himself to a church in Hadley, which he says: "I found out afterwards was wofully fallen or else never was in good standing." His objection to this church was "that they did not pretend to require a person to be converted in order to join the church, but take them in when under the power of a carnal mind, which the scripture saith is Enmity against God and is not subject to his law neither can be." He went to the Association carrying his principles in writing with him. He described first the true church of God and secondly the church in Hadley. "Its members not living stones but dead in trespasses and sins, so that if a person is no better than is required to be a member of their church he must perish eternally." The Association only told him he was wrong so he "went home and withdrew from that church in a public meeting. Some were for dealing with me, but finally they let me alone. Not long after this I removed to Hunts-town." He found the inhabitants of Huntstown rather indifferent about religious matters. He says he was concerned about the spiritual welfare of his children, his neighbors "and also for mankind universal." After thinking a long time about the matter, he says: "I was showed the duty and obligation I was under to let the light which was lighted up in my soul shine before others and not to hide it under a bed or a bushel, which gained a resolution in my mind to declare to others (if they would hear me) the truths that lay on my mind, and let come what will," so he called a meeting for religious worship and "when the time came there came together almost all there were in town to hear." This was the beginning of the Baptist church in Ashfield, for Mr. Smith says: "We were led to see of baptism that immerson was the mode and believers the subjects, and this we practice." All his eight children were converted

and many of his neighbors also. His eldest son Ebenezer was fond of reading the Bible and good books. His father says: "And now the knowledge he had received in his heart, with the head knowledge he had before being sanctified by the grace of God was all improved in speaking of the mysteries of the Kingdom of Christ publicly in our meetings. In the year 1761, my son, Ebenezer Smith, was chosen by the universal vote of the church and ordained to the pastoral care of the church in this place and thus continues to this day." It may be said here that Ebenezer Smith's "head knowledge" was not considered by his Congregational opponents as sufficient for "a learned orthodox minister."

It was this Ebenezer Smith who on July 1, 1756, five years before he was ordained, married Remember Ellis, the daughter of Richard Ellis the first settler. They rode to Deerfield, he on his horse and she on the pillion behind him, to be married by Parson Ashley. Chileab Smith on another horse and armed with a musket, went with them as a guard against the savage beasts and still more savage Indians which they were liable to meet on their wedding trip. This story has often been told and is no doubt familiar to many of you. Ebenezer Smith served in the old French and Indian war being with Col. Ephraim Williams in the fight near Lake George where Colonel Williams lost his life. He also served in the Revolutionary war.

On December 22, 1762, the Proprietors gave a call to Mr. Jacob Sherwin to settle with them in the work of the Gospel Ministry. February 22, 1763, a Congregational Church consisting of 15 members was formed by an Ecclesiastical Council convened for the purpose and on the following day Mr. Sherwin was by the same council ordained pastor. The articles of faith and covenant were consented to and signed by the following persons: Jacob Sherwin, Thomas Phillips, Nathan Waite, Ebenezer Belding, Joseph Mitchell. Mr. Sherwin was born in Hebron, Conn., and was graduated from Yale College in 1759 (from Mr. Shepard's "History of Ashfield").

The churches were now organized and ready for trouble, which began at once. Each church claimed that their

minister ought to have the land set aside in the several divisions for the first minister. The Congregationalists could not claim that they were first on the ground, so they claimed that Ebenezer Smith was not a regular minister, but was a kind of "hedge priest," though the Baptist Association which met in Warren County, Rhode Island, September 14, 1769, set the seal of regularity upon him and his society. The Congregationalists were now the most numerous in town and being supported by most of the nonresident Proprietors they seized upon the ministerial lands, which they never gave up. They also voted to tax all the people in town, without regard to their religious belief for the support of the Congregational minister and for building the Congregational Church. Chileab Smith in his pamphlet says: "The other society ordained their minister in 1763. We endured the injustice of paying his settlement and salary and for the building their meeting house, till the year 1768, then in May the church sent me with a petition to the General Court in Boston for relief. They chose a committee to look into the affair, and our petition appeared so reasonable to them that they blamed me for not coming sooner for help, but finally the court passed a resolve that I should go and notify the town and proprietors clerks, with a copy of our petition, to show cause if any they had, why our prayer be not granted at the next session of this court, and that the further collection of taxes, so far as respected the petitioners, should be suspended in the meantime, but alas, for us. After I was gone to do the business they told me to do, at the same sitting, the General Court made an act wherein they empowered our oppressors to gather money of us, or sell our lands for the payment of their minister and the finishing of their meeting house. Yet I went to the court at the day they appointed but could get no hearing." This act passed for the benefit of the Congregational Society was called, "An act in addition to an act, for erecting the new plantation called Huntstown, in the county of Hampshire into a town called Ashfield."\* By it the Proprietors were empowered to lay and collect such taxes as they

\* "Province Laws," Vol. 4, p. 1036.

thought necessary for the purpose of completing the Congregational meetinghouse, for the settlement and support of their minister and for the maintenance of roads, and the act provided that "the monies so raised shall be assessed upon each original right, consisting of 250 acres each, every part of which, in whosesoever hands it may be, being subject to taxation." This was an unusual law, even for those days, and gave the Baptists no chance to escape taxation for the support of the Congregational Church. The great struggle of the Ashfield Baptists was to get this law repealed and no

"Village Hampden who with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood"

ever showed more persistent courage than Chileab Smith showed in the long discouraging years when he stood up for the religious freedom of the people of Ashfield.

This law may be found in Vol. 4 of the "Province Laws," chapter 5, page 1015. Many documents connected with the case are also printed, and on page 1035, it is said in speaking of this act: "The importance of the subject which the passage of this act brought into discussion in this province and before the privy council seems to warrant the printing of the following papers, which though cumulative and repetitious and generally written by illiterate persons in humble life, form a significant part of a series of efforts to secure that religious liberty which to-day is the boast of our Commonwealth."

The following is a copy of one of the many petitions sent to the General Court by the Baptists. Their Church Records say: "Under our oppression we sent 8 times to the General Court at Boston for relief, but got none." \*

\* The petition says that it is an Acct. of y<sup>e</sup> sufferings of y<sup>e</sup> B'p'ts. in Ashfield.

1. Constituted June 27, 1761.
2. Minister ordained Aug<sup>t</sup>. 20, 1761, by Elders Noah Alden, Vitman Jacob, with two private brethren from Sturbridge.
3. Number of communicants in 1769, 30.
4. Our Society who were agreed in y<sup>e</sup> choice & Ordination of our Elder were by far y<sup>e</sup> major part of y<sup>e</sup> inhabitants of y<sup>e</sup> Town at y<sup>t</sup> time, and we were ab<sup>t</sup> building a meeting house, but were forced to desist by reason of

Their cause was also taken up by the Baptist Committee of Grievances acting in the name, and by the appointment of the Baptist Churches met in Association in Bellington, this province, the 11th, 12th and 13th days of September, 1769, who say in course of a long petition about Baptist grievances in general speaking of "some laws which bear hard upon us, and as we think, deprive us of charter privileges, especially one law made in favor of the proprietors of the town of Ashfield in the county of Hampshire, which is contrary to, and in respect to that town, supersedes all acts of the General Court heretofore enacted and declared to be in favor of Baptists. In consequence of which law, and by a power granted in the same to the proprietors of Ashfield aforesaid, three hundred and ninety-eight acres of our lands have been sold, to build and remove, and repair when moved, a meeting house in which we have no part. Tho our money helpt to build it, and to settle and support a minister whom we cannot hear. The lands were valued at £363, L. M. and were sold for £19 3s. L. M. so that our loss was £344, L. M. Part of the lands aforesaid belonged to the Rev. Ebenezer Smith, a regularly ordained Baptist minister, who together

there coming into town a number of men of a contrary persuasion who w<sup>t</sup> help of y<sup>e</sup> non resident proprietors overpowered us in voting so y<sup>t</sup> they have raised large sums of money for another meeting house and have settled another minister & given him a large settlement & salary, and have built their meeting house, and altho y<sup>e</sup> General Court had granted a considerable tract of land to y<sup>e</sup> first minister y<sup>t</sup>, sho<sup>d</sup> be settled in this town, yet y<sup>e</sup> above party have seized upon y<sup>e</sup> land and put their minister (though not y<sup>e</sup> first) into the possession of it, & we have been forced to pay at several vendues, y<sup>e</sup> sum of ten pounds lawful money upon each right, chiefly for their minister and meeting house, and have since raised a tax of 150 Pounds for y<sup>t</sup> use and have this year 1769, voted a tax of 507 Pounds lawful money, wholly for y<sup>t</sup> use and have posted our lands for sale, To force us to pay our equal proportion thereof. Yet not one penny allowed us for our minister and meeting house. Thus it appears that our oppression is very great in this regard—for y<sup>e</sup> appearance of things are such at present y<sup>t</sup> we see nothing but y<sup>t</sup> our land will be sold, & we disinherited for y<sup>e</sup> maintainance of a Society to which we do not belong. For altho we have sent two petitions to y<sup>e</sup> General Court for help, as yet we have had none thus far.

CHILEAB SMITH,  
EBENEZER SMITH.

See Province Laws, Vol. 4, p. 1038. For all these petitions and many more see Province Laws, Vol. 4, pp. 1035–46.

with his father and others (their brethren), in the last Indian war, built at their own expense a fort, and were a frontier, and this they did for two years without help from any quarter and we beg leave to say that they deserve at least the common privileges of the subjects of the Crown of England.

"Part of said lands had been laid out for a burying place and they have taken from us our dead, they have also sold a dwelling house and orchard and pulled up our apple trees and thrown down our fences and made our fields waste places."

They "pray the General Court to relieve us in the following instances:

"1st. To repeal a law entitled 'an act in addition to an act, for erecting the new plantation called Huntstown in the county of Hampshire into a town called Ashfield' and restore to the Baptists in said town the lands which have been taken from them to support the minister settled by law and give them damages for the great and many injuries they have been made to suffer."

The petition was signed "in behalf of the whole committee" by "Sam<sup>l</sup> Stillman, Hugh Smith, John Davis." Who they were I do not know.

The answer of the Proprietors is very long. I will give a few extracts from it. Speaking of the Baptist petition, they say: "Your repondents are sure your Excellencies and Honors cannot rightly judge unless the real character and true springs of action of the people professing themselves Baptists in this part of the country (we profess not to be acquainted with others) are fairly laid before you and here the truth obliges us to declare that those people with and about us, who have now assumed the name of Baptists, were originally separates, as they were vulgarly called, from the established churches without other name or appellation than separatists. The causes and springs of whose separation have been such as these, to wit: With some it was an unconquerable desire of being teachers, a privilege or indulgence which could in no otherwise be insured to them, but by a

disorderly separation from the churches to which they belonged and setting up a meeting of their own.

"Some have left the churches and gone to these people because they have been guilty of such offenses as justly exposed them to a kind of discipline to which they could not feel themselves willing to submit and some have had the effrontary to say that the standing ministry is corrupt. Ministers themselves unconverted. The churches impure and unholy, admitting unconverted and unsanctified persons to their communion, etc." These charges it will be seen refer mostly to Chileab Smith's troubles with the church in Hadley. They also say: "In a word these meetings, or churches, or whatever else they may be called, as well since as before they took their present denomination, have been a kind of receptacle for scandalous and disorderly Christians, and may with some degree of propriety be considered as a sink for some of the filth of Christianity in this part of the country. . . . Thus pride, vanity, prejudice, impurity and uncharitableness seem to have originated and much also to have supported a sect so pure that they cannot hold communion with ordinary Christians. The legislature we humbly conceive cannot with any propriety interpose in matters of religion, further than to secure good and prevent ill effects of it to the state. Whenever then any religion or profession wears an ill aspect to the state it becomes a proper object of attention to the legislature. Of this kind most evidently is that religion which rejects men of learning for its teachers and altogether chooses such as are illiterate and men of ordinary ability and this is the religion of ye people we have been describing."

Of Elder Ebenezer Smith they say: "That there is such a man as Ebenezer Smith is true. That this same Ebenezer Smith is a regularly ordained minister in a legal, or scriptural or any other commonly received sense of ye words is as notoriously not true."

In refreshing contrast to the spirit of this paper is the following, put in by the Baptists as part of their case:

We whose names are undersigned have no objection against the Ana-

baptist Society being set free from paying to the maintainence of the other society which they do not belong unto.

Dated Ashfield June y<sup>e</sup> 9th 1768, signed Jonathan Sprague Jun., Isaac Crittenden, Isaac Crittenden Jun., John Ellis, Simeon Wood, Nehemiah Washburn, Aaron Fuller, Zebulon Bryant, Jonathan Taylor, Azariah Selden, John Wilkie, John Brigs, Jacob Washburn.

At a time when men let their prejudice in favor of their own sect overthrow every other consideration, these men, none of whom were Baptists, were willing that people of a different creed should have a square deal and they ought to have credit for it.

The legislative committee to which the Baptist petition and the Proprietors' answer was referred reported:

That there never was a law relating either to Churchmen, Baptists or Quakers exempting them from paying taxes, considered as proprietors or grantees in a new plantation. . . . The laws relative to them respect only such rates as are assessed by towns, district or parish.

Your committee finds that in the sale of these lands there was no unfairness, but everything was quite fair, quite neighborly and quite legal. Upon the whole your committee tho desirous that everything might be done that can be desired for persons of every denomination of Christians, whereby they may worship God in their own way and according to the dictates of their own conscience, without any let or molestation whatsoever—yet for the reasons above mentioned and many more that might be offered, it is our opinion that said petition be dismissed.

W. BRATTLE, by Order.

The council voted that the petition be dismissed. The House of Representatives nonconcurred and "voted that Mr. Denney, Colonel Bowers and Mr. Ingersoll of Great Barrington with such as the Hon<sup>ble</sup> board shall join to be a committee to bring in a bill repealing the act," but the Council nonconcurred and the Baptists' petition was denied. So the Baptists were beaten in their long fight before the legislature. I cannot help having a feeling of satisfaction that the House was willing to do the square thing by the Baptists. In a letter written long after, Elder Ebenezer Smith, said: "This looked like a dark day, but I had this for my support. That there is a God in heaven that governs the affairs of men." Elder Smith soon had reason to know

that his support was sure. For in Backus's "History of the Baptists," 2d edition, Vol. 2, page 160, it is said that:

When such a noise was made in Boston about the Ashfield affair Gov. Hutchinson happened to look and find that the word *support* was not in the original grant of those lands, and perhaps he might hope that by relieving the Baptists he should draw them to his side of the controversy betwixt America and Britain. Be that as it may, he privately sent for one of the committee and advised him to send the Ashfield law to a friend in London, who might present it to the King in Council, and he promised to write to Gov. Bernard—who passed it—to use his influence to have it repealed. This was done and its repeal was effected and then their oppressors had their turn of waiting upon one assembly after another unsuccessfully. For though several acts were framed for them, yet the consent of the Governor could not be obtained till they found out what his mind was and conformed to it.

The friend in London to whom the Baptists turned for help was Dr. Samuel Stennett, pastor of the church in Little-wild Street. He was a Baptist minister who was in favor with George the Third. Dr. Stennett received his degree from Aberdeen University in 1763. He was author of many hymns, among others "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand" and "Majestic Sweetness sits Enthroned upon the Saviour's Brow." His petition is in part as follows:

To the Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> the Lords Commissioners of Trade & Plantations: The humble petition of Samuell Stennett, on behalf of the Baptists in Ashfield in the County of Hampshire in New England sheweth, That by a Grant from the General Assembly in 1765 the plantation of Huntstown in the County of Hampshire was erected into a township by the name of Ashfield, with a condition that the settlers should build a meeting place and support an Independent minister. That 17 families were settled in Ashfield of which 12 being Baptists a Baptist church was immediately established there. That the Independents also established a church requiring the Baptists to support *their* minister, agreeable indeed to the terms of the grant but contrary to a general law freeing Baptists and Quakers from taxation towards the support of other churches. That the Baptists therefore refused to pay towards the support of the Ashfield Independent minister. That in May or June, 1768, an act passed in addition to the aforesaid act of 1765 which confirmed the grievance complained of. That the Baptists still refusing to comply, their effects were distrained for payment. That they have since petitioned the Assembly for a repeal of the Ashfield Law passed in 1768, and that not having obtained such repeal, your petitioner humbly prays on behalf of said Baptists that his Majesty will be graciously pleased to disallow the said Ashfield Act and as speedily as may be judged convenient, as the time limited for the king's disallowing it is now very near expiring.

At the court of St. James the 31st of July 1771, Present the King's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

The report of this meeting of the council says, in part:

The said Lords of the committee did this day report as their opinion to His Majesty that the said act ought to be disallowed, His Majesty taking the same into consideration, was pleased, with the advice of his privy council, to declare his disallowance of the said act and to order that the said act be and it is hereby disallowed and rejected. Whereof the Governor, Lieut. Governor, or commander in chief of His Majesties Province of Massachusetts Bay for the time being—and all others whom it may concern are to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

So the long fight was won, and the wrong done by the sectarian quarrel among a few rude farmers in the little backwoods settlement, was righted by the King's most Excellent Majesty, sitting in Council at the splendid court of St. James. It was a great victory not only for the Baptists, but for all religious denominations in this commonwealth. For none of them should thereafter be taxed "for the maintenance of another society which they do not belong unto."

Great was the joy in "Baptist Corner" and great was the confusion of the opposition, for this decision of the King was entirely unexpected by them and they were overtaken and thrown down by it in the midst of their high-handed career. Ebenezer Smith says: "That there were only 3 persons in America who knew the Baptists had appealed to the King." \* The records of the Baptist Church contain this extremely brief account of the matter: "In Oct. 1771, we were set at liberty by the King of Great Britain and our lands restored."

Ebenezer Smith was sent for, to go to many places to act as the defender of small Baptist societies which were being taxed to support the Congregational Church as the Ashfield Baptists had been. He was always sustained by the courts. When the state constitution was adopted in 1779, Capt. Benj. Phillips and Capt. Samuel Bartlett were delegates to the convention from Ashfield. They were instructed by the town "to use their endeavors to have an article inserted in the Constitution that each representative previous to his belonging to the General Court, should be solemnly sworn not

\* See letter in "Ellis Book," p. 342.

to pass any acts or laws whereby his constituents should be in any sense, name or nature oppressed or forced in matters of religion." The town also rejected the third article of the Bill of Rights, which proposed that the preaching of the Gospel should be supported by taxation, on the ground that it was "unconstitutional to human nature and nothing in the word of God to support it." \*

Chileab Smith's pamphlet says:

They filled this part of the country with slanders against me and our minister and the whole church, but me they called the Old Devil of all. Yea! so amazingly engaged were they to make my name odious, that I could not go abroad about my lawful calling but some evil report would be raised from it, and if I kept at home, the very smoke of my chimney could not pass, but be brought as a circumstance of my being about some evil.

It must have given Smith the greatest satisfaction to have seen his views so fully adopted by the town which only eight years before rejected them with scorn. At first his angry neighbors took every means to persecute him. He was arrested on the charge of being a counterfeiter. A party broke into his shop and searched it for counterfeit money. They seized him in bed, searched his house and took him away to Hatfield before the judge. They shut him in a cold room, gave him no bed, nailed up the doors and windows and left him all night with a keeper watching the nailed door.

They charged that he had "put off a bad dollar on Leonard Pike" and brought ten witnesses to prove that he was a counterfeiter, but Pike said the charge was untrue and the ten witnesses knew nothing about the matter, yet the judge put him under heavy bonds hoping to keep him in jail all winter and was only after great trouble prevailed on to accept bondsmen. The whole thing fell through "and the court ordered the cryer to cry me innocent, crying off three times in open court."

Simeon Harvey of Deerfield also slandered him "and at last got to that pass that he threatened to take club law and bragged that I was afraid to come to Deerfield, for says he, there are men here that will riddle him till they can see

\* From Shepard's "History of Ashfield, Ellis Book."

through him as through a riddle," but Simeon Harvey changed his mind as the following document shows:

MONTAGUE, January 28, 1772.

This may certify to all Christian people whom it may concern, that I Simeon Harvey of Deerfield, the subscriber, being at the house of Mr. Juddun Sawyers, in Montague, on the day above written, with a number of men belonging to the Baptist church there, to whom I had complained of Mr. Chileab Smith of Ashfield, his conduct towards me in an affair of some traps I let said Smith have for some land in Stafford, wherein I rashly and in a passion, from time to time, charged said Smith unjustly with scandalous, defamatory speeches, for which I am heartily sorry and ask his forgiveness, and all other people who heard me. I now believe the said Smith had an honest mind in all his dealings with me, for aught appears, as witness my hand.

SIMEON HARVEY.

I also promise to set it up, viz., this paper on the door of my house to stand one month.

(Signed.) JONATHAN WELLS }  
SAMUEL MONTAGUE } In behalf of the church.

I will close with the words with which Chileab Smith closed his pamphlet. They are indeed "the voice of one crying in the wilderness" and are as well worth attention now as they were 133 years ago, when they were first written and hot from the strenuous hand of this brave old fighter.

But perhaps some may inquire whether I have patiently suffered all these things. I can freely answer yea, because it was for the testimony of Jesus, and the more I suffer for his sake, so much the more I love him. Because I find his promise made good, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. And when the officers came and seized on me in my bed, it was no surprise to me, for I had warning by an invisible hand that I should soon suffer. Therefore I was much in prayer to God that for Christ's sake he would be with me in whatsoever sufferings I should be called to pass through. I was made also to believe that I should have no great matter to do in this trial, but stand still and see the salvation of God. So when I was taken prisoner and many grievous things laid to my charge, which I knew not, I felt uncommon joy to seize my soul, with thankfulness to God for preserving me from being in the least tainted with the crimes laid to my charge. And when my enemies were trying their utmost to find something whereby they might take hold of me in the law, then I felt the power of these words on my mind, Fear not them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do, and it is enough for the servant to be as his master. Many other places also came with such power on my mind that my love to Christ was kindled to such an ardent flame, that if I had a thousand lives they would not all have been too dear to lay down for his sake, so that I valued not the pains of my body no more than Jacob did the halting upon his thigh when he had obtained the blessing.

But doubtless there are many that will have no understanding of these things just mentioned, for the things of the spirit must be spiritually discerned. The spiritual persons therefore only can read these things with understanding.

Thus I have given a hint as I promised, of what has fell out in this place and leave it for the consideration of all, exhorting all that love the welfare of their immortal souls to take up the cross and follow the Lamb, whithersoever he goeth, for I can testify unto you from the word of God and my own experience, that all things shall work together for good, to them that love God. Therefore awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, that Christ may give you light, and he that cometh to me (saith Christ) I will in no wise cast out, for I am he that liveth and was dead and behold I am alive forever more, Amen, and have the keys of hell and of death.

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## SAMUEL MATHER, THE PIONEER PREACHER OF DEERFIELD, AND HIS ENGLISH ANTECEDENTS.

BY REV. RICHARD E. BIRKS.

To-day we are recalling times and people and events which made New England famous a century before the Revolution. And we may safely assume that it was from the example and teachings and influence of such men as the pioneer preacher of Deerfield and his associates, that the love of liberty, justice, free institutions and government for and by the people, became a master passion in their lives and the lives of their descendants, and enabled them at last, successfully to resist the unjust and domineering Tory government of King George the Third, free themselves from subjection to England, and to found a Republic which has been the most successful the world has ever seen. They were pioneers of civil and religious liberty on both sides of the Atlantic, and England and America have derived lasting benefits from their labors.

The history of Deerfield (at first named Pocumtuck) carries us almost within a generation of the landing of the Pilgrims and the first settlements of English colonists in New England.

When Lieutenant Fisher and his companions visited this valley in the spring of 1665, and laid out in plots the 8,000 acres given to the Dedham Proprietors in compensation for

the 2,000 acres in their township granted to Apostle Eliot and his praying Indians, there were still living some of the Pilgrims who came over in the Mayflower, for the time that had passed since John Robinson had seen those pioneer Pilgrims set sail for the New World to the time when the General Court approved Fisher's return and plan and the desire to "make a town at Pocumtuck, and to maintain the ordinances of Christ therein" was only about the same period as that which has elapsed in our day since the attack on Fort Sumter and the beginning of the Southern Rebellion.

And when a few years later Hinsdale and Frary and Nims and others built their log huts and settled here and established this frontier town, some of them were English emigrants and others were sons and daughters of emigrants, and are spoken of in the earliest records as "English." It has been a matter of great interest to me, when reading our esteemed President Sheldon's "History of Deerfield" and the papers published by this Association, to come across names of persons and places, from time to time, that bring to memory families and districts from which those pioneers or their fathers and mothers emigrated, and in some cases I can recall the old homes in which they lived, the churches or meetinghouses in which they worshiped, and the Church or Chapel "Yards" or cemeteries where lie the ashes of their ancestors in the old world.

It is from the personal point of view that I prepared this paper, as that is the most interesting to me and may not on that account be less interesting to you.

About thirty years ago it was my privilege to preach in what is called the "Ancient Chapel of Toxteth," Liverpool. Visiting during the week families connected with that ancient meetinghouse I learned much of its history, of the settlement of its first pastor, Richard Mather, and his emigration afterwards to New England, of the visits of his sons and *grandsons* and the records of their preaching in his pulpit, and to his old parishioners and their children in Old England. Well, what has this to do with us and Old Deerfield? I must confess that I was greatly surprised and interested to find that there was a connection between the first religious

society of Deerfield and that old nonconformist religious society in England, and through their first ministers, and I promised our esteemed President that if I ever had the time, I would prepare a paper for this Association, on the "Pioneer Preacher of Deerfield, and His English Antecedents."

It was in reading the first volume of the "History of Deerfield" that I found there had been a minister, and regular religious services in this old town before the settlement of John Williams, the redeemed captive (of honored memory) in 1686.

This minister who spent two or three years here visiting, helping, exhorting and encouraging the people (although not formally settled by a council) is thus referred to in Increase Mather's "Diary," under date of September, 1675. "This week news comes that on September 1st the very day when we were thus fasting and others should have been so but would not, the Indians burnt 17 houses and killed one man at Deerfield, which I have the more reason to take notice of in that my nephew Sam<sup>l</sup> Mather is Pastor there." This celebrated Dr. Increase Mather was the youngest son of Richard Mather, the first minister of the Toxteth Park Chapel, and afterward the emigrant and distinguished pastor of the first church of Dorchester, and ancestor of all the Mathers whose names are written large in the history of New England. Our Samuel Mather was grandson of Richard the emigrant and son of Timothy Mather who was born at Toxteth, Liverpool, while his father was pastor of the ancient chapel there. Moreover, Eunice Williams "The virtuous and desirable consort of the Rev. John Williams, who fell by the rage of the barbarous enemy, March 1, 1703–4 (as the inscription on her tombstone in our old cemetery and on the memorial stone near Green River records) was cousin of Samuel, the Pioneer Preacher and granddaughter of Richard Mather. So Deerfield is doubly connected with Toxteth Park ancient chapel and its first minister, through Samuel, the Deerfield Pioneer Pastor, and his cousin, Eunice Mather Williams, the Deerfield Martyr.

And I cannot omit mentioning here a strange thought

that occurred to me, if our Samuel Mather was one of those *grandsons* of Richard Mather who visited the old country and preached in his grandfather's meetinghouse, which is not unlikely, then the first and last ministers of the first religious society of Deerfield, although one came here in 1673 and the other in 1901, have preached in the same old pulpit, within the walls of the same church, and read the inscriptions on the same tombstones that mark the resting place of some of Richard Mather's friends and parishioners.

In regard to the English antecedents of Samuel Mather, there is great difficulty in getting reliable information of the early Puritan families of England, the ancestors of most of the first emigrants to New England. Most of the books and records relating to them and their doings were destroyed, and for many years even a list of names of those who dissented from the established church and faith might have led to their suffering fines, imprisonment or death for heresy or schism. I could name several nonconformist societies whose origin goes back to the time of the Pilgrims, but the records of the first pastors and members have been destroyed and their names are now unknown.

Occasionally an entry in the Parish Church Register or a brief notice of (the infliction of) fines, imprisonment, exile or death is all we can now find of those early pioneers of civil and religious liberty.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century there were, in some parts of England, little groups of men and women who met to freely and seriously discuss the vital questions of religion and church and civil government, which were then being considered in all Protestant countries.

From the time of Wycliffe and the Lollards the spirit of inquiry, the anxious desire and determination to get at the truth of Religion; to find out what was the Christianity of Christ and the Apostles, was active among the freer and more progressive minds in England. The ancient universities, Oxford and Cambridge, became the battle fields of contending theologians and reformers, the Seekers after Light, Liberty and Truth. And as graduates from the seats of learning returned home, or settled in various parts of the

country, they carried with them an interest in the living questions of the day (civil and religious) and they found or formed groups of men and women who shared their opinions and sympathized with their religious convictions.

Clifton and Robinson and Brewster were Cambridge graduates, who formed a society of this kind at Scrooby, which was driven to Holland and finally came as the Pilgrims to Plymouth. Those Pilgrims and Puritans were in a very difficult position. As heretics and nonconformists it was unlawful for them to live and worship in England. Then, on the other hand, it was a crime for them to leave England without the consent of the ruling powers. And those in power much preferred to persecute and harass them at home, than to consent to have them emigrate to some foreign country. Read the account of the attempts of Robinson's party to get to Holland, and what cruel treatment they received from their own countrymen before they set sail for Holland.

At Gainsboro and old Boston others did the same. Norwich, with its seaport, Great Yarmouth, was a noted center of Puritanism and free religious thought. Heretics and nonconformists were being imprisoned and burnt there for years before the Scrooby Society was formed, during its existence, and after the Pilgrims had found freedom to worship God in New England. Another center was Warrington in Lancashire, two miles from Winwick where Richard Mather went to the Grammar School as scholar and afterwards became a teacher, and within a dozen miles of Lowton where he was born.

Among John Robinson's pilgrims at Leiden was a John Neal from Warrington. What was in those days called the Forest of Rossendale, in which district was Bury, was another, and there Richard Mather found his wife, who was a Hoult, a name still honored and connected with the oldest nonconformist churches at Bury and Liverpool.

Richard Mather, the emigrant, as we learn from an account of his life written in 1670 and given by Increase Mather to the first church of Dorchester, was born at Lowton, near Warrington, in the county of Lancaster, England, in 1596.

"His parents," he said, "Thomas and Margarite Mather were of ancient families of Lowton, but somewhat reduced in circumstances. Nevertheless, God disposed their hearts to educate their son in good learning so they sent him to the Grammar School at Winwick." In the winter season they boarded him at Winwick, but he says, such was his desire for knowledge that he walked the four miles from his home to school and the same distance back home every day in summer. In this school, where he made rapid progress in his studies, he became a teacher in his 15th year. A call now came to him to leave his father's family. This is *his* description of the call: "At a place called Toxteth Park, near Liverpool, there dwelt a wise and Religious people, who being desirous of the good of themselves and their posterity, intended to erect a school amongst them, for the education of their children. It came into their minds to send unto the Schoolmaster of Winwick to enquire whether he had any of his scholars whom he could recommend unto them for such a service." He recommended Richard Mather who desired rather to go to the University, but he finally consented to go to Toxteth to teach school.

At Toxteth in his 18th year he was converted, he says, "Whilst in the family of Mr. Edward Aspinwall who was a learned and religious gentleman." In the ancient chapel at Toxteth in the floor is an old brass, recording the death of Edward Aspinwall in 1656. Aspinwall docks in Liverpool are named after the family, the hospitable friends of Richard Mather. While teaching he continued to study, becoming well advanced in Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric, and Theology, and finally went to Oxford and studied in Brasenose College there, preparing himself for the ministry.

But the Toxteth people were not willing to lose him and they besought him to accept a call to become their minister. "This call after due consideration, for weighty reasons he accepted. Being then returned to Toxteth, he preached his first sermon November 30, 1618. There was a great concourse of people to hear him." Now, he says: "The people having had some taste of his gifts desired that he might continue among them, and because that could not be without Epis-

copal ordination, they urged him to accept thereof, which he did to his regret however, ever after, as this entry shows: "Many years after, one of his sons taking notice of a torn parchment in his Father's Study, enquired what it is, unto whom his Father replied, That he received that when he was ordained by the Bishop; and [said he] I tore it because I took no pleasure in keeping a monument of my sin and folly in submitting to that superstition, the very remembrance whereof is grievous to me."

At Toxteth he remained 15 years, preaching twice every Sunday, and at Prescot and other neighboring towns during the week.

But notwithstanding his Episcopal Ordination and his popularity with his people, trouble awaited him. In August, 1633, he was silenced for nonconformity to the ceremonies of the Prelates. But through the influence of gentlemen related to the Bishops he was restored again to his public ministry. But not for long. He was again silenced in 1634. His friends tried again to have him restored but were unsuccessful. In fact he had committed an unpardonable sin. He had preached without a Surplice. Hear what the record says. It throws light on the way people looked at such things in those days: "The visitor asked how long he had been a Minister? Answer was made, that he had been in the ministry fifteen years. And (he said) how often hath he worn the Surplice? Answer was returned that he had never worn it. What (said the visitor, swearing as he spake it), preach fifteen years and never wore a Surplice? It had been better for him that he had gotten seven bastards. This (says Mather) was a visitor's judgment." He then retired to private life, and meditated a removal to New England. It is very interesting to read his account of the journey from Warrington to Bristol, and the voyage across the Atlantic. It took them from April 16th to August 17th, to make the journey, crowded into a small vessel, often in danger of shipwreck, and yet when he reached Boston safely with his wife and boys, he expresses his gratitude to God. "Praise the Lord, oh, my soul and all that is within me, praise his holy name. Who gave unto us, his poore serv-

ants, such a safe and comfortable voyage to New England."

When they arrived in Boston he joined the church there, but soon received invitations to settle in the ministry at Plymouth, Dorchester, and Roxbury. He was finally persuaded to go to Dorchester. The church that had been planted there had removed, with its minister, to Windsor, Conn. (It was to this church at Windsor that Richard's grandson Samuel, our pioneer preacher, went after leaving Deerfield.) At Dorchester he remained the rest of his days faithfully preaching and teaching and laboring among a people who appreciated his ministry and to whom he was a true friend and pastor.

Of his son, Increase Mather, President of Harvard College, and Cotton Mather, the grandson, and the man through whom Whalley and Goffe sent and received messages from England when in hiding at Hadley, I need not speak in detail. Their names and works are familiar to all readers of New England history. Richard's eldest son Samuel was a noble character, and not so well known in New England. He was having a strangely checkered and troubled, though notable career in the ministry in Old England, while his nephew and namesake was in the midst of dangers and difficulties in the same vocation, in New England. Graduated at Harvard College in 1643, at the age of 17, he became the first fellow of that college. He preached for a time in Boston and vicinity and then returned to England, the land of his birth.

There he was appointed chaplain to the Lord Mayor of London, and so popular was he and his services in such demand, that he overtaxed his strength and came near losing his life.

After a rest, he preached at Gravesend, then in the Cathedral at Exeter, in the days of the Commonwealth. Then he was made chaplain of Magdalen College, Oxford (near the college where his father studied).

He traveled over England and Scotland with the Commissioners, and in 1655 went with the Lord Deputy, Henry Cromwell, to Ireland. There he was appointed senior fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and pastor of the church of St.

Nicholas. Puritan and nonconformist as he was he gave proof of his liberality and charity, for when he received a commission from the Lord deputy to displace several Episcopal ministers, he refused to do it, saying: "I came into this country to preach the gospel, not to hinder others from preaching."

On the restoration of Charles the II, he was suspended for a charge of sedition. The sedition was "preaching against Episcopal rights and ceremonies." He left Ireland and went to Burton Wood in Lancashire (his native county) where he preached two years, until, with the noble 2,000, he was ejected by the terrible Act of Uniformity, August 24, 1662. In England to be descended from one of the 2,000 ejected ministers is as great an honor, as we consider it to be descended from the Mayflower Pilgrims, or Sons and Daughters of the Revolution.

An eminent English writer thus describes them: "In 1662, two thousand clergymen left their churches and their homes, and went with their wives, their families and their little ones, to perish—if God provided them not another home—to perish in the open streets and fields, and to preserve their integrity. . . .

"Instead of penury, homelessness, persecution and dishonor, the leaders of these men were offered the thrones of Bishops if they would conform; but they refused, and their memory shall be for ever held in honor. And as long as truth is prized in England, and liberty cherished, and conscience is revered, there shall be engraved in our heart of hearts 'the Immortal Memory of the glorious' two thousand."

Two of our Samuel Mather's uncles were of these two thousand ejected ministers.

Speaking again of his Uncle Samuel, his church in Dublin sent for him to return to them, which he did, and spent the rest of his days there, preaching in "his own hired house." He wrote to his aged father in New England in 1668 (the year his nephew, our Samuel, went to Harvard), "I have enjoyed a wonderful protecting providence in the work of the ministry. . . . If any one told me in April, 1660, that

I should have exercised the liberty of my ministry and conscience either in England or Ireland, and that without conforming to the corruptions of the times, and this for 7 or 8 years together, I should not have believed it. I should have thought it next to an impossibility, but with God all things are possible."

It was said of him that no man living spoke out so freely against the corruptions of worship and life, reintroduced into the nation in the early days of Charles the II; yet such was his learning, wisdom and piety that he lived without any serious molestation.

From Ireland, as a dutiful son, he sent over to his aged father in America, costly presents so long as his father lived.

Nathaniel Mather, another of Samuel's uncles, graduated at Harvard in 1647, returned to England and in 1656 was appointed by the Lord Protector Cromwell to a church in Barnstaple. There in 1662, Black Bartholomew's day, he also was one of the noble 2,000 ejected ministers. Later he went to Rotterdam, in Holland, and ministered to an English congregation there. In brighter times he returned to England, preached in London until 1697, when he died and was buried in Bunhill Fields, near where rest the remains of John Bunyan, Dr. Isaac Watts, Daniel De Foe and many celebrated nonconformists.

Eleazar Mather, the first minister of Northampton, father of Eunice Williams and uncle of Samuel the pioneer pastor, married a daughter of the Rev. John Warham of Windsor, Conn.; this John Warham was the devoted minister who removed with his congregation from Dorchester to Windsor, Conn.

After a ministry of eleven years Eleazar Mather died in 1669, in his 32d year, and his widow afterwards married the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, from whom are descended some of those who have been singing here to-night.

Eleazar commenced preaching at the age of 19 years. "He did not follow the example of his elder brothers and seek a field of labor in the cities of the old world but rather preferred the rude settlements of the new." He was a zealous preacher and pious walker, who was instrumental in

bringing many souls to the Saviour. His death was greatly lamented, not only by his own church, but by all the infant churches on the Connecticut River.

With such antecedents we should be surprised if Samuel Mather did not become a good and faithful servant of the Lord, walking worthy of the vocation wherewith he was called. He also preferred a rude settlement on the frontier of civilization to a city church in New or Old England, which I doubt not he might have had, so eminent and influential and respected were his uncles on both sides of the Atlantic. His aged grandfather mentioned him in his will and said: "It is my mind and will, that Samuel Mather, son to my son Timothy, shall have competent maintenance aforesaid to him out of my estate, in Dorchester, for his living in the way of learning and study, as a scholar, until such time he may be fit, by God's blessing on his studies, to take the degree of Master of Arts, he carrying himself, in the meantime as I hope he will, in duty and obedience to his parents and other superiors, and in a careful endeavor to fear the Lord and walk in his way . . . and being for that end diligent in reading the holy scriptures and meditating, they being able to make wise unto salvation, through the faith which is in Christ Jesus."

The old man's wish was fulfilled. He was dutiful and obedient to his parents, who were worthy people; his father Timothy was a well-to-do farmer and citizen of Dorchester, and his mother was the daughter of Maj. Gen. Humphry Atherton, a distinguished man in the Colony. Highly connected, his earlier years were spent in the enjoyment of all the advantages which the best society of that day could afford. The powers of his mind, the amiability of his character, and his piety, won the esteem and love of the people.

He came to Deerfield when it was an exposed frontier settlement, with the few homes of the first settlers (probably rude log-huts) scattered along the street, and on this hill. Here he gathered the people together for worship at first in some dwelling, and then in "Y<sup>e</sup> little house for a meeting-house that they meet in" on meetinghouse hill.

Around them were the Indians, behind them miles away

and only connected by rough roads or tracks through the forest, the nearest settlements at Hatfield, Hadley and Northampton. Here he was peacefully living and laboring when tidings came of trouble with the Indians, of the savage attack on Brookfield, and the beginning of the war known as Philip's war. Then there was a fight at or near Wequamps. Ere long Deerfield was attacked and several of the more exposed houses and buildings were burnt, and much property was destroyed, although the attack was repulsed.

Two weeks later a second attack was made, two more houses burnt, much stock and provisions stolen, one man shot and another taken prisoner. Then came the Bloody Brook massacre, when 17 of the men of Deerfield were slain and buried with the Flower of Essex, and of Pastor Mather's flock, 8 persons were made widows and 26 children made orphans that day, and Samuel Mather helped to bury the slain.

Deerfield now had to be abandoned, the garrison was withdrawn, the inhabitants scattered in the towns below, the houses were soon reduced to ashes by the foe and "the Pocumtuck valley was restored to the wilderness." Samuel Mather's first pastorate was ended. He waited for several years before accepting any of the many calls he had to settle in other towns. The inhabitants who survived still hoped to be able to return and rebuild their homes and they did not wish to lose "their reverend and esteemed minister." But there seemed no prospect of the town being resettled; it was too far west and too exposed to be safe, and in 1680, he went to Brainford, and from there to Windsor, Conn., where he was settled as minister in 1682, and remained until his death 36 years after. "In every respect, he was found to be a fit successor to the venerable John Warham."

He married a daughter of the Hon. Robert Treat, afterward Governor of Connecticut, which happy union served to increase the influence which his gifts of mind and heart had already secured for him in the public estimation.

Here his life was quietly and happily passed in the faithful discharge of his duties. It is said: "Not one shadow of complaint darkened his pathway, but there is abundant evidence

that he was the constant recipient of many marks of public and private respect and care." Selected for that honor by his brother ministers he was one of the founders of Yale College, and his cousin, Dr. Cotton Mather, refers to him in 1697, as "Known throughout the churches of the famous and happy colony, to none of the least whereof he hath for many years been a faithful pastor, known for his piety, gravity and usefulness."

In the year 1728, one year before his successor, John Williams, the redeemed captive, found a resting-place in our old cemetery by the side of his wife Eunice (Samuel's cousin) the Pioneer Preacher of Deerfield finished his earthly course, and his body was laid to rest among his flock in the old town of Windsor, Conn. It has been a pleasure to hunt up the antecedents of our first Deerfield Preacher, and the records of a noble life, so that the connection of a good and faithful servant of God with our old town in those days of trial, hardship, sorrow and danger shall not be forgotten.

The righteous are entitled to everlasting remembrance, and, from the men of whom I have been speaking, were descended some of the most eminent American ministers, statesmen and patriots, including many of the heroes of the Revolution.

## ANNUAL MEETING—1908.

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### REPORT.

The annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association was held in Memorial Hall, Deerfield, yesterday afternoon and evening. Neither the president, George Sheldon, nor the vice-president, Judge Thompson, who has usually presided, was present and the duty of presiding fell to Herbert C. Parsons, a member of the council. At the opening of the session in the afternoon the usual business was transacted, reports of officers were read, officers chosen and notices read of deceased members. The annual report of the treasurer shows that the Association is steadily accumulating a very comfortable fund. The receipts for the year were \$1,040, the payments \$482, leaving a balance on hand of \$5,874.

The report of the curator, George Sheldon, was written in his usual sprightly style. The total number of registered visitors during the year was 6,576. Additions to the general collection had included 123 articles, of which 90 were from the Dexter Marsh estate, also 83 books, 41 being from the Marsh estate, and 228 pamphlets, etc. A valuable gift is a book of photographs of Deerfield life by the Misses Allen. Among the additions is an index to the New England Historical and Genealogical Society.

The first edition of 500 copies of the "History of Deerfield" has become exhausted and reserved sheets have been bound. A guide to Memorial Hall is now in press. Mr. Sheldon referred to the catalogue of the collection which has been on the ways since 1906 and of the obstacles met in preparing it.

The obituary notices read were of George W. Hammond of Boston, written by his cousin, Samuel D. Warren of Boston and read by Miss Margaret Whiting; Charles E. Williams

of Deerfield, by Rev. R. E. Birks; Mrs. Julia N. Ryerson of New York, by Miss Georgiana Newton; George Wells of Bernardston, by his son, George A. Wells of New York, and read by Mrs. Laura B. Wells.

There was some interesting informal talk of an impromptu nature, as commonly happens at the annual meetings. Rev. R. E. Birks spoke of two books he had given to the Association, published in the eighteenth century in England. One of these was a volume of sermons having on its list of subscribers many of the leading nonconformists and Puritans of that period, and having the autograph of Sarah Flower Adams, author of "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The other book was given to Mr. Birks by Alderman Dennis, mayor of Northampton, Eng., and consisted of quaint old sermons and addresses. Mr. Birks urged gifts to the library.

George E. Taylor of Shelburne gave an interesting little talk. He spoke of some incidents connected with the gathering of chestnuts when he was about seven years old, the trees being so lavish that one man picked 110 bushels. Mr. Taylor picked a bushel, and his father carried them to town to sell, but money being scarce, he could get no currency, but had to swap them for cotton cloth. Mr. Taylor remembered how as a boy he cried because his chestnuts had gone for cotton cloth. Thereupon his father gave him a bright silver dollar, which he spent later for a geography. Mr. Taylor felt that the older generations had done a wonderful work, and he felt it our duty to pass on something to the next generation.

Albert L. Wing spoke briefly of his regret that some seemed to have a disposition to criticise the Association. Such a collection as the Association had assembled, if located in Europe, would be given a very prominent place in Baedeker. It was an almost unrivaled collection of Indian and colonial antiquities, and the Association was entitled to the very greatest respect. Eugene A. Newcomb spoke briefly.

Edward Tausig of St. Louis, who has spent considerable time of late at Deerfield, spoke of the American failure to develop veneration. This was especially true as respects archæological work. He referred to the failure of the city

of Salem to properly care for the old witches' house, and of regrettable modernizations of the house of seven gables. He thought it very strange that while Westminster Abbey and other memorials of the past abroad are visited more by Americans, than by Englishmen, that Americans are so indifferent to their own historical memorials at home. The greatest difficulty is experienced in retaining old landmarks. He spoke of the visit of a historian to St. Louis to get information about some of the old forts. The grandson of some of the people that had held the old forts had just sent a great number of papers about these matters to a paper mill. "In 50 years every scrap of the kind of information you are collecting," he said, "will be of the greatest value, so you will have your reward."

Miss Margaret Miller declined re-election as secretary, having served about eight years. These officers were chosen at the business meeting:

President: George Sheldon, Deerfield.

Vice-Presidents: Francis M. Thompson and Samuel O. Lamb, Greenfield.

Secretary: Richard E. Birks, Deerfield.

Corresponding Secretary: Mary E. Stebbins, Deerfield.

Treasurer: John Sheldon, Greenfield.

Members of Council: C. Alice Baker, George Spencer Fuller, Edward A. Hawks, William L. Harris, Julia D. Whiting, Edward J. Everett, Philomela A. Williams, Deerfield, John A. Aiken, Franklin G. Fessenden, Eugene A. Newcomb, George A. Sheldon, Herbert C. Parsons, Albert L. Wing, Greenfield, William H. Abercrombie, Brookline, Caroline Williams Putnam, Grand Rapids, Mich.

In the evening, after supper in the town hall, the literary exercises were held. Music was furnished by an old-fashioned choir under the lead of Charles H. Ashley. An ode written by President Sheldon, "Plymouth Rock," was sung to the tune, "Berea." John Sheldon of Greenfield read a carefully prepared paper on the "Common Field of Deerfield." George E. Marsh, a civil engineer of Georgetown, Colo., prepared a paper on his father, the late Dexter Marsh of Greenfield, known in scientific circles as the discoverer of

fossil footprints in the red sandstone of the Connecticut valley. Mr. Marsh was also called the "Hugh Miller of America." The paper was read by Frank L. Boyden of Deerfield.

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#### REPORT OF CURATOR.

I will note a few matters of interest which have occurred the past year.

It had been supposed that everybody had visited the Museum in previous years, but if so, they came again this year, and brought along "their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts." The number who left their sign manual on the register was 6,576. They came from scattered countries and various climes, and from the far-off islands of the sea. A few brought offerings. One of these was Ernest N. Stevens from the Philippines, who brought a Lintaka, or small brass cannon, the only firearm made in the Moro country; and a Kris, or sword, an ugly looking weapon in common use by the Moros—a good thing to run away from. These were bought on the ground by the donor, and are the real article.

To the general collection have been added 123 other articles, 90 of which came from the estate of Dexter Marsh, through his son, George E. Marsh of Georgetown, Colo. Among these is a trunk of his own handiwork, with the initials D. M. in brass nails on the lid; also a unique cradle made for his first baby, on which the rockers run lengthwise instead of crosswise.

To the Library has been added 83 books, 41 of which came from the library of Dexter Marsh; 228 pamphlets and plates, and 17 manuscripts, making a total of 453. One contribution is the valuable "Genealogy of the Stebbins Family," two volumes in large quarto, from Orramel G. Stebbins of Chicago. Rev. Mr. Birks has contributed several volumes of Sermons by old English Divines which, he says, are really worth reading in the twentieth century. I must confess that I am not in a condition to indorse or to question this statement.

I have, however, carefully examined the fine book of

photographs of Deerfield people and places, given by the Allen artists, Frances and Mary. To them our cordial thanks are due for preserving, in the life of the photograph, so much of the vital past of Old Deerfield.

In view of a paper to be read this evening, I will note one book added to the Library. Its value to me is an autograph inscription on a fly-leaf:

“Dexter Marsh, Deerfield, 1830.”

That fixes the date; as to the man he was a fellow farmer working for wages. Our evenings were generally spent in the street playing games with a party of North End men and boys. Within ten years Dexter Marsh had stirred the scientific world to its center. He had turned a new leaf in the great Book of Nature, brought Moses to the Bar, and chilled to the marrow the ranks of theology. The citizens of Deerfield should be proud that this man was, if only for a brief time, an inhabitant of the town.

The most expensive and really noteworthy gift to the Association is the new *Index* to the “New England Historical and Genealogical Register,” of which we have over fifty volumes. To the student in History or Genealogy this work will be invaluable. It is not yet fully completed, and will not be placed on our shelves until the numbers are bound.

The first installment of the “History of Deerfield” has become exhausted, and some reserved sheets have been bound, so that we now have an abundant supply in an improved binding.

There is now in press a “Guide to Memorial Hall.” It was nearly finished October, 1906, when I was suddenly called off service. This winter it has received its finishing touches. It is intended to serve the visitor, and to save the breath of my assistant.

With almost infinite care and labor the Catalogue of our Collection is at length finished and is now in the hands of the printer. It has been on the ways since May, 1906. The work has been beset with unusual and unexpected obstacles, and interruptions. The old Catalogue which should have been the main guide was, instead, a false light on the shore, a trap for the unwary moment, on account of changing loca-

tion, and loss of labels. By far the greatest trouble has been caused through this loss of labels, owing to delusive pasteboard and treacherous paste. Hundreds of tags with pretty red tape, patent eyeholes, and alluring enamel elegantly inscribed with number, date and name of donor, were found dangling in place, but staring one blankly in the face. The shining enamel was dust while the ink was all with last year's snow. Identification seemed a hopeless task, and many a weary week was spent in searching for the vanished knowledge. But no time or pains have been spared in making this Catalogue perfect, and much of the text has been a score of times compared with the accession book and the collection.

In default of any action by the Town of Deerfield, in response to a request from the committee in charge, to furnish a block of stone for the Pilgrim Monument, at Provincetown, I set about getting one, to send in the name of our Association. Through the generosity of one member this was done. I have been informed, however, that no corporations less than towns were allowed to contribute, so the block has been placed in the Monument to the credit of Deerfield.

Respectfully submitted,

GEORGE SHELDON.

Deerfield, February 26, 1908.

## NECROLOGY.

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### GEORGE WARREN HAMMOND.

BY SAMUEL D. WARREN.

George Warren Hammond, the oldest son of Josiah Hovey Hammond and Anna (Grout) Warren, was born in Grafton, Mass., April 4, 1833. He received his education in the district and high schools of the town and at Magoun's Grammar School in Cambridge, and taught during the winter of 1851-52 in the Williams District School at Uxbridge.

July 1, 1852, he entered Howe and Leeds' Wholesale West India goods store on Long Wharf, Boston, and after nine months became a clerk in the wholesale dry goods store of J. W. Blodgett & Co.

In 1854, his uncle, S. D. Warren, bought the paper mills near Portland, Maine, subsequently known as Cumberland Mills, and for twenty-two years, Mr. Hammond was connected with them: four years as clerk, five as superintendent, and about thirteen years as agent. In the latter position he succeeded Mr. Fales in 1863. While at Cumberland Mills he served two terms in the Maine Legislature, 1868-69, and 1869-70. It was in 1867 that he, together with Prof. George Lincoln Goodale of Harvard, then a physician in Portland, and Prof. C. F. Brackett of Princeton, then of Bowdoin College, made a European journey at the request of Mr. S. D. Warren, conducting investigations on the subject of paper-making at the Paris Exposition of 1867 and in Germany, and making a report thereon to Mr. Warren.

In January, 1876, Mr. Hammond left Cumberland Mills and became agent of the Forest Paper Company at Yarmouth, Maine, which was also under the control of S. D. Warren & Co. This mill was a pioneer in the manufacture

of soda pulp, and Mr. Hammond threw himself into the new enterprise with characteristic ardor.

On October 15, 1874, Mr. Hammond married Miss Ellen S. S. Clarke, daughter of Rev. Dorus Clarke, and sister of Mrs. S. D. Warren. Their home at Yarmouth, called by them Camp Hammond, was the center of kindly hospitality to a large circle of friends. They also occupied an apartment in Boston during part of the year.

Mr. Hammond at the age of seventeen joined the Congregational Church in Grafton, and he later changed his membership to churches of the same denomination in Boston, and Saccarappa and Cumberland Mills in Westbrook, Maine, being deacon in the latter church from 1869 to 1876, and for one year Superintendent of the Sunday School. On March 30, 1884, he and his wife were confirmed at Trinity Church, Boston, but in his later years at Yarmouth, he continued to attend services at the Congregational Church.

Mr. Hammond had an exceedingly strong love of flowers, shrubs, and trees, and took unfailing delight in those he had himself planted or set out at Yarmouth. In 1888, he became a member of the Visiting Committee of the Botanic Garden and Herbarium at Harvard, and in 1897, on the subdivision of this committee, became Visitor to the Gray Herbarium. His connection with this department covered nearly twenty years, lasting till his death. He took an interest in agriculture, particularly in fertilizers, and served on the Maine Board of Agriculture.

He made many trips to Europe, always observing trees and plants with minute care, and in Germany, Scandinavia, and Russia, made a special study of forests. Stones, precious and semi-precious, gave him great pleasure, and a dive into his pockets brought forth unfailingly a handful of such treasures. Another of his great interests was genealogical investigation, and this was not confined to his own family tree. After the death of his wife in 1905, an event which left him alone in his house, he threw himself with great ardor into the task of collecting the vital statistics of the old North Yarmouth township, and urging their publication by joint

action of the towns into which the original North Yarmouth is now divided.

Another characteristic was his strong belief that reasonable care of one's self would bring health and activity. His own sturdy health, and the physical activity he showed even to the last day of his life, witnessed to the good sense of his theories.

When, on January 1, 1906, his connection with the Forest Paper Company ceased, the value of his varied interests was shown. Time did not hang heavy on his hands, nor did he indulge in vain regrets for the path of routine he had now trodden for fifty-two years, but mind and heart were so full of other interests that the day was not long enough for all he wished to do.

In 1900, he received from Bowdoin College the degree of A. M., and, at the time of his death, he was Trustee of Gorham Academy, President of the Board of Trustees of North Yarmouth Academy, Chairman of the Trustees of the Merrill Memorial Library of Yarmouth, and a member of a long list of societies, genealogical, scientific, engineering, and historical. He was a Mason of the thirty-second degree. In 1887 he became a member of the P. V. M. Association.

He died suddenly in the out-of-door and active life he loved, having gone out for exercise, before sitting down to his work on North Yarmouth vital statistics, and a little later being found dead on his grounds. He died January 6, 1908, at the age of seventy-four years and nine months, and was buried at Mt. Auburn on January 9.

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## JULIA NEWTON RYERSON.

BY MISS GEORGIANA NEWTON.

Julia Newton Ryerson was the daughter of Isaac and Margaret (Willard) Newton of Greenfield, Mass., and was born in 1836. She left that town as an infant and had no associations or associates there. She married in 1862, William T. Ryerson of New York. She had been a summer

resident in Deerfield before her marriage, and became attached to the people. She loved the Old Street, and the atmosphere of the town was dear to her. She brought her children here for all vacations of their school life.

Her generous and kindly deeds for the sick and suffering here were many, and these tender ministrations are cherished memories.

Mrs. Ryerson became interested in the objects of this Association. She was present at the opening of Memorial Hall, and said as she left the doorsteps: "This is a proud day for Deerfield." She joined the P. V. M. Association in 1881, and served one year as a member of the Council. She died February 13, 1904.

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### CHARLES E. WILLIAMS.

BY REV. RICHARD E. BIRKS.

The Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association has done a great work during the last 37 years.

It has secured the wonderful collection of historic relics, increasing in number and value every year, an excellent library containing a large number of scarce and precious books, deeds and manuscripts of Indian and Colonial times. It has visited, held important meetings, and erected monuments in other towns, and, as a permanent home in which to place its collection of antiquities, it has bought this substantial, old Academy building, and through the generosity of one of its members, it has built a house close by for the residence of the care taker.

It has published in its volumes of the "Proceedings" of the Association, addresses and original papers on historical events and notable people of New England, and, by its labors, it has made more accessible, and real to our imagination the daily lives and doings of the aboriginal inhabitants, the Indians, and the first English settlers, the pioneers of civilization, and the struggles for life, freedom, and progress of those who helped to create this Republic.

And while it has saved from oblivion much of the history

of the past, it has also been making history as it has quietly gone on its way.

A hundred years hence the records of the names of the founders of the Society who rallied at the call of the President and were elected to fill its offices and form its council in the first generation of its existence will be read with interest.

Some will note with pleasure the fact that many of those early members of the Association, including the President, were descendants of and bore the names of the first white settlers under the shade of Pocumtuck, whose heroic and noble deeds are described in the papers read at its Annual Meetings.

One of our members who passed away last November, and of whom I was asked to say a few words to-day, was of the old pioneer stock.

Charles E. Williams, as he told me during his last illness, was, on his father's side, of the eighth generation from Robert Williams, the emigrant from Norwich, Eng., to Roxbury, and the grandfather of John Williams, the Redeemed Captive, and the first formally settled and ordained minister of Deerfield.

The youngest son of Horace and Mary (Nims) Williams he was born February 29, 1824 (the 120th anniversary of the Deerfield massacre), on the farm at Mill River, where he died in his 83d year. He was married, November 27, 1856, to Helen L. Field, of Conway, who survives him. He devoted his life to farming, and by thrift, economy, hard work and skill he was able to clear his farm of every encumbrance and bring it to a high state of cultivation, and leave it in excellent condition to his children.

He was a typical New England farmer, shrewd, intelligent, full of humor and sound common sense: he was never so happy as when among his brother farmers at their Harvest Club dinners, and at the Agricultural Society's Meetings.

He was ever ready to lend a hand, and took an active part in the affairs of the district. For 23 years he was a member of the Franklin Harvest Club and a regular attendant at its meetings. For 15 years he was a Trustee of the Franklin

County Agricultural Society, and for two years its President. For 20 years he was a Trustee of the Deerfield Academy and Dickinson High School, and he served the town for several years as Selectman, on the School Committee, as an Assessor, and as Trustee of the Smith Charities.

He joined this Association in 1879, was on its council for many years, and always took a deep interest in its proceedings and rejoiced in its growing prosperity.

It is fitting, therefore, that we reverently record the passing away of a respected member of our Council, and express our gratitude for the many years of interest in and service to this Association, and our deep sympathy with his widow and family in their loss.

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## THE COMMON FIELD OF DEERFIELD.

BY JOHN SHELDON.

Two and one-half centuries of continuous cultivation has made little change in the general features of the Common Field of Deerfield lying within the valley of the Pocumtuck. Finer and more succulent grasses have supplanted the ranker natural growth; crops alien to the soil cover much of its surface; some swamps have been drained and some thickets cut; the road maker has drawn lines upon it and the plowman ruled it into squares; all slight surface marks that only constant attention keeps from reverting to original conditions.

Erase the accretions that eight generations of civilization have added, cover the hills with a growth of larger timber and the meadows with wild grasses, scatter here and there over the landscape the ruins of a deserted Indian village, and you have the scene that lay before the eyes of that little party of explorers headed by Lieut. Joshua Fisher, who were sent out from Dedham, in the spring of 1665, to locate the famous 8,000 acre grant.

The valley was not wholly a wilderness. Long occupation by a numerous tribe of native hunters and agriculturists—

then nearly exterminated—had partially tamed the land and driven the vicious beasts of prey into more remote fastnesses. No need of the axe and fire to open space for the log cabin and cultivation. The plow could be sent afield at once and abundant reaping would follow the sowing. A ripe virgin soil, welcoming husbandry; a smiling sun-kissed valley, inviting habitation.

Here was what they sought and here they pitched their camp. Day after day with compass and chain this company of four fearless men tramped hill ranges, waded swamp and water course and undauntedly battled with the chill winds and rain storms of April and May. With excellent judgment they chose the land, and on the 22d day of May, 1665, they reported to the selectmen of Dedham that the grant had been located and the boundaries defined.

This 8,000 acres, the nucleus that with later additions formed the town of Deerfield, was allowed Dedham by the General Court in compensation for 2,000 acres taken from her territory and ceded to the Natick Indians, the apostle Eliot's proteges, and became the common and undivided property of the inhabitants of that town.

At that time there was little individual ownership of land in Dedham, most of it being held in common, so that this exchange of one acre for four simply increased these holdings by 6,000 acres. In 1669, a plan was devised whereby all the common land in Dedham was divided among individuals, basing the apportionment partly on the tax list and partly on the number of cattle running at large on the common land. These shares, or "rights," were called cow commons, sheep commons, and goat commons, and each inhabitant had a right to as much land in the common field as the number of his commons represented. Each common carried with it the "right" to an equal number of commons at Pocumtuck, as Deerfield was then called. A cow common equaled five sheep or goat commons.

It was not till 1670 that Dedham made any effort towards peopling its new acquisition. Householders there did not care to give up their homes and move into the wilderness, and the selling to others of rights that could not be located

was not brisk, though some sales were made. After considerable prodding by Samuel Hinsdell, who had invested in these rights to some extent, and who, impatient at the slow progress of events had moved his family on to the grant and taken up a location at random, it was voted at a town meeting held in the meetinghouse at Dedham on the 23d of May, 1670, to employ an "Artiste" to survey and lay out the common land at Pocumtuck according to each man's lawful interest. A committee was deputed to direct said "Artiste" who were empowered to order the situation of the town, locate the highways and so forth and have general supervision. This committee reported at a meeting held May 16, 1671, locating the town plot, the highways and two divisions of plow lands. In allotting the plow land they began at the south side of the Deerfield River opposite Cheapside and going south took in all the meadow between Pine Hill and East Mountain to the north end of the village. Beginning again at the south end of the village at Eagle Brook, they took the land between the river and East Mountain as far south as the ridge of land at Second Division Brook. These two sections constituted what was known as the first division of plow land. This was measured, the number of square rods that should be allowed to a cow common ascertained, and each man drew by lot for location in this division, as many commons as he held rights. All lots were laid out running east and west.

The second division of plow land covered the meadow lying south of Second Division Brook "both sides of the river from the Mountaine Westerly to the mountain and swamp easterly." This was divided and drawn in the same manner as the first division. By this method an equitable distribution was secured, all sharing alike in the various qualities of soil. It was further provided that no man should be allowed more than 20 cow commons in one place. At the same meeting the house lots on the street were drawn. Forty-three lots, representing 515 cow and 35 sheep commons, were drawn, a cow common in this drawing equaling a third of an acre.

The plow land and house lots having thus been allotted

each proprietor could now identify his own parcel to occupy or sell as he saw fit. Eventually the people to whom this grant was given sold their possessions and no Dedham people became permanent settlers at Deerfield. But others came in, homes were built, neighbor touched hands with neighbor and the settlement was established.

Although the home lots and a large part of the plow lands were now held in severalty, the municipal affairs of the new plantation continued under control of the town of Dedham, and the Proprietors dictated its policy. Land could be granted only to such persons as were approved by the mother town, and all meetings for the regulation of its affairs were held in Dedham, and the proceedings recorded on the town books.

This was inconvenient and unsatisfactory to the settler at Pocumtuck who could have little voice in the conduct of his own affairs, and in the spring of 1673 Samuel Hinsdell, the pioneer, was sent to Boston with a petition from the inhabitants to the General Court for authority for a local government. The result was that on the seventh day of May, 1673, the court took action as follows: "In ans. to the peticon of the inhabitants of Paucumptucke—the court judgeth it meete to allow the peticoners the liberty of a township and doe therefore grant them such an addition of land to the eight thousand acres formerly granted there to Dedham as the whole be to the content of seven miles square." A committe of six was appointed by the Court to order their prudential matters "till they shall be in a capacity by meet persons from among themselves to manage their owne affaires." This act of the Legislature, giving the "liberty of a township" to the "inhabitants" and which included the 8,000 acres already granted Dedham, established an independent town and cut them loose from Dedham authority.

The first known record of any meeting held here was called by the aforesaid committee November 7, 1673, jointly for the "Inhabitants" and the "Dedham Proprietors." The action taken at this meeting merged the interests of that part of the Dedham grant that had not already been divided

and set off to individuals, with the seven miles square granted to the inhabitants. Hereafter the settlers, then living on this tract and the Proprietors of the Dedham grant were the "Proprietors of Pocumtuck." Settlers afterwards taking up land under grant from these Proprietors together with those already there comprised the town of Deerfield.

In the early days cattle, horses and swine were turned loose to get their living as best they could. There were no inclosed pastures and consequently one of the first necessities of the settlers was to fence these animals out of the tillage land to protect the growing crops. A fence was built and the town assumed the obligation of keeping it in repair. At a meeting of the inhabitants held February 5, 1687, Lieut. Thomas Wells, Henry White and Thomas French were chosen to measure the fence and lay out to every proprietor a specified amount of it which he must maintain, on the basis of two rods for each cow common, or eleven feet for every acre of the Common Field standing in his name. Owners of home lots on the west side of the street were obliged to maintain one-half the fence at the rear of their lots abutting on the Common Field and the Wapping and Bars people (whose homesteads were granted them later) had to keep up the whole against theirs. At this time there had been built  $1,120\frac{3}{4}$  rods on the east side of the meadows. In 1691 it is recorded "the town agreed that A fence shall be made by Deerfield river side or elsewhere as the Townsmen shall judge best to prevent the cattle going over to Cheapside to damnify the corn and grass there." Just when this was discontinued is not shown but it was not kept up long.

The east division of fence as laid out in 1718 began near the Wiley & Russell works on Green River, and ran easterly to Rocky Mountain on the east side of Highland Park, then turning south it followed the base of the mountain, where, as the record says "nature has in some good measure formed a fence," to the Deerfield River opposite where the stone crusher now is and from there east of the meadows and west of the Street and Wapping to the river at Stillwater. March 26, 1719, it was voted that all the land on the west side of the river be fenced and improved as a Common Field, the

fence to run from the Deerfield River at Stillwater to connect with the fence on Green River. In 1767 the fence was measured and reported to be "Five miles and thirty-eight rods upon the west side and fourteen hundred and seventy rods upon the east side of s<sup>d</sup> River," a total of nine miles, 228 rods.

On a plan made by David Hoit, Jr., in 1793, the fence began some 40 or 50 rods west of the south end of the street on the Hatfield road at Eagle Brook gate and ran easterly along the south end of the village, crossing Eagle Brook about where the New York and New Haven Railroad crosses it now, then skirting the east side of the meadow to the brook "near y<sup>e</sup> Pot Ash so-called," near the north end of Wapping. Thence westerly circling Capt. Abner Mitchell's land (now Caleb Allen's), then southerly at the rear of Wapping home lots, and southwesterly and west to the Bars gate, and on south of Stebbins' meadow, northwesterly to the Deerfield River at Stillwater. Beginning on the opposite side about 40 rods west of Pisgah Brook it ran northeast on the brow of the hill, crossing Pisgah Brook, through Newfort to a spot marked "a Remarkable Hole in the Ground" at the bank of old river bed at the mouth of Amsden's Hill Brook. From there it ran north to about half a mile south of Sheldon's Brook where it turned northeasterly, running along the base of Petty's Plain to the Fulling mill near Wiley & Russell's dam on Green River. On the east side the Green River appears to have been sufficient fence till the Cheapside gate was reached, which was near the abutment of the abandoned Troy & Greenfield Railroad bridge, a short distance above a little brook that empties into the Green River just north of the lower bridge. From this gate it ran south and east, apparently along the present highway to the rocks at Cheapside on Deerfield River. Starting on the south side of the river near the stone crusher it ran southerly, east of the meadows to Tan House Brook; crossing this and Plain Swamp Brook a few rods south, it swung westerly across the north end of the town plot to the north end of South Broughton's pond. From the south end of the pond it ran east and south on the bank to the Ashley home lot, then south at the rear

of the west home lots to a “large cherry tree at the north-west corner of Col. Joseph Stebbins’ Home Lot.” Thence southerly and easterly on the Albany road to the Middle gate, where was located the town pound, thence 19½ rods westerly to the old burying ground, following its east line to its southeast corner. From this corner it followed the bluff east and south at the rear of the home lots to the place of beginning at Eagle Brook Gate.

In the early years of the Plantation the proceedings of the meetings relating to the governing of the Common Field were recorded on the town books, though it would seem that the Proprietors really directed its affairs. The first entry on the record book of the “Proprietors of Pocumtuck alias Deerfield” was August 31, 1697. In it, among other matters, are recorded their votes relating to the governing of the Common Field, a record of grants made by them, and several plans of lands granted. The last entry was in 1799 when it is to be presumed that all the interest of the proprietors of Pocumtuck in the seven mile square grant had been disposed of and the records ceased.

About 1734 the owners of the land in the Common Field formed a separate organization under the laws of the Province called the “Proprietors of the Common Field in Deerfield.” The first entry on their books of records is March 14, 1734, and hereafter the management of the Common Field was under control of that body. Under that section of the law governing the fencing of common fields, they had power to raise money by taxation, collect fines and enforce their mandates. Warrants containing the articles to be acted upon were posted for all meetings and the proceedings kept on the Proprietors’ book.

There was a vast amount of legislation over the fence. Every proprietor had a certain part of it laid to him called a “string” for which he was responsible, the length of his string being in ratio to the whole fence as his number of commons was to the total commons. This problem was carefully worked out and the length for which each man was assessed entered against his name. Lots having been drawn, the party drawing No. 1 started from a stake at the north

end of the east division and the length of his string was measured and a stake driven. No. 2 started from this stake and ran southerly the length of his string where a stake was driven, from which No. 3 must start. Thus each was given his assignment till the last man was located. Occasionally the order was reversed beginning at the south and running north. On the stake at the head of his string the Proprietor must place his initials and he was liable for all damages caused by any defect in his assignment. March 20, 1768, a committee was chosen to set up a bound stone at the north end of every string before the 30th of May next. At same meeting it was voted that any Proprietor shall have liberty to set his own bound stone "with the first letters of their Christian & Sirname upon the same s<sup>d</sup> stone to be not less than twelve Inches Above Ground" provided he does so before the first day of May, and eight pence was allowed for each stone. These stones were in use as early as 1718. I do not find that any particular form of fence was prescribed except that it be "made sufficient against orderlie cattle, so also against hoggs that be sufficiently ringed," but all fence material bought was four and five holed half posts, Virginia fence rails, and post rails. After 1829 no five-holed posts were bought.

In 1749 a committee chosen to reapportion the fence report it laid fourteen feet and nine inches to the acre, and list is given of length assessed to each Proprietor. To Thomas Wells, Esq., was laid 64 rods, 1 foot, 2 inches. To John Nims, Jr., 1 rod, 8 inches. To John Arms, 25 rods, 1 inch, and so on through the whole list. This getting down to inches in building a rail fence through this tangle of forest, thicket and ravine, must have required close calculation. At one apportionment the fence was laid by the rule of 15 feet, 2 inches and a quarter of an inch to the acre.

Gates were built on all highways leading into the Common Field. There was one at the northwest corner of the street, another on the Albany road, one at the south end of the street, one at each of the two Wapping roads, another at the Bars where bars were used for a while instead of a gate. Probably there was a set of bars on the Dublin road, and bars were

used also at Newfort in Wisdom till 1788 when they were replaced by a gate. There was a gate at Old Fort South and Old Fort North in Wisdom and one at the north end of Cheapside. These were maintained by persons living near them who were rebated a certain amount on their string to offset, a gate usually being considered equal to 12 rods of fence.

In some cases parties agreed to maintain a gate forever in consideration of certain grants made them.

The 15th of April, 1766, the fence viewers petitioned Thomas Williams, Esq., one of his Majesty's justices of the peace, stating that they have viewed the fence and "find it defective in many places notwithstanding we have warned the owners of S<sup>d</sup> Defective Fence forthwith to make up and repair the same more than six Days ago yet ye s<sup>d</sup> fence is not made up and repaired according to Law. We therefore now apply to you for a Warrant to enable us or any of us to impress Workmen, Teams and Material in order to have the S<sup>d</sup> Fence forthwith made up & repaired accordingly." The petition was allowed and in his Majesty's name the warrant was given.

The complicated method of maintaining the fence caused endless revisions of the layout. Property changed hands and values changed also. Occasionally the river took a hand at shifting real estate. Every few years the land must be appraised and the strings relaid. The records are full of changes made to fit individual cases and there was some litigation. The office of Fence Viewer was no sinecure. Careless or willful delinquents had to be admonished or "sewed" to keep them up to the mark. For convenience parties sometimes exchanged strings and this must be placed on record, and there were many petty and tedious details that required careful attention. The Wapping people chafed under the condition imposed by their grants of maintaining their own fences and openly rebelled, and suits against them were threatened. Tiring of this cumbersome machinery for governing their corporation the Proprietors cast about for a better method and in 1767 a vote was passed "that Maj. Williams, Mr. Joseph Barnard, Lt. Field, Doct. Williams,

and Mr. Daniel Arms be a committee desired to draw up an act & present the same to the Gen<sup>l</sup>. Court for the s<sup>d</sup> courts passing & enacting the same into a Law enabling the Proprietors of y<sup>e</sup> Common Field in Deerfield to enclose s<sup>d</sup> Gen<sup>l</sup>. Field with a Fence by a committee raised for that purpose & defraying the expense of the same by levying a Tax upon the Proprietors of y<sup>e</sup> Land in s<sup>d</sup> Gen<sup>l</sup>. Field according to their respective Interest in the same." The next year it was voted "that Maj. Williams, Lieut. Field and Maj. Barnard be a committee to look up the several Laws of the Province respecting the fencing of Common Fields and lay the same" before the next meeting.

No further action of this nature is recorded until at a Proprietors' meeting held the 13th day of April, 1786, the following votes were passed which brought about a radical change of method:

"The question being put whether, said proprietors will come into a different mode of fencing said Common Field for the year to come—voted in the affirmative.

"The Question being put Whether for the ensuing year said Field shall be fenced by a committee for that purpose the cost of said Fence to be apportioned to and paid by said proprietors according to their Interests respectively in said Field—voted in the affirmative.

"The question being put whether the present Fence as it now stands shall be considered the property of said proprietors—voted in the affirmative."

The fence was now divided into sections, and each section put in charge of a committee of three to five men chosen annually, who were paid by the treasurer from the general fund, and the "string" system was abandoned. In 1805 the sections were permanently laid as follows: No. 1 began at Loveridge's ferry at Stillwater and ran to Pot Ash Brook at Beaver dam; No. 2 from said brook to the gate at the north end of the street; No. 3 from this gate to the Deerfield River at Cheapside; No. 4 from the river to the east end of Petty's Plain swamp; No. 5 from there to Old Fort North gate; No. 6 from this gate to place of beginning at Stillwater.

In the earlier days meetings were held as occasion required

and at an hour that suited convenience. One meeting was called at "sun an hour high at night," and another in October at 6 o'clock in the morning. After 1786 two stated meetings were held annually. The spring meeting was held the first Monday in April. At that meeting there was chosen a moderator, and for the ensuing year a clerk, treasurer, board of assessors, the committees to care for the several sections of fence, a committee to buy posts and rails (the price of these and the price of labor being fixed by vote) and action taken on appropriations of money and on other articles in the warrant.

The assessors usually appointed the tax collector, but sometimes this office was put up at vendue. The fall meeting was held the first Monday in October, and at that time the day and hour was fixed when the Common Field should be opened and the number of days fed, and a committee chosen to view and apportion the feed.

From the beginning the fence served a double purpose. In the fall after the crops were harvested the cattle were rounded up from the ranges and turned into the Common Field. Here for a month or two they had abundant forage, putting them in excellent condition to begin the winter. The matter of apportioning the feeding was carefully regulated. Some of the votes passed at various meetings are as follows:

Voted: "that each Proprietor shall be allowed to put in no more creatures into the Common Field than they have Interest in s<sup>d</sup> Field to be determined by a committee to be chosen for that purpose."

Voted: "that no person shall turn into the Common Field any horses or cattle without first Entering them with the committee chose to Apprise said Field as also how many of s<sup>d</sup> sort (to wit) Horses, Oxen, Cows, Steers, Heifers and Calves, and the Field Drivers are directed to impound or in some other way clear the Field of any not properly entered."

Voted: "that horse kind shall not be Tethered to feed in y<sup>e</sup> Highway on y<sup>e</sup> Common Field or any Common Land in this town from sunrise to sunset & if so found are liable to be impounded by y<sup>e</sup> Hayward or any other person."

Voted: "that a committee of Vigilance be appointed to see that the rules and regulations respecting feeding said Field be attended to & every persons cattle (who does not give a list of his feed and cattle) shall be impounded."

Every proprietor was required to bring in a statement of the number of acres of land he had both in grass and stubble, one acre of mow land being usually considered equal to two acres of stubble. Before the stock was let in, men chosen for that purpose took a horseback tour through the meadows and judged the comparative worth of feed on each man's land. A fair adjustment was attempted and each proprietor was allowed so many "Rights," according to the amount of feed his land supplied. These rights were transferable and the proprietor with more land than cattle could sell his surplus rights to the man with more cattle than land or no land at all. Out of town parties frequently bought rights, thus securing prime fall feed to eke out their close cropped summer pastures. The unit for a right was an ox, and other animals were graded by that standard. The grading varied from season to season according to the whim or judgment prevailing at the meeting where values were fixed.

As a general rule a cow was considered equal to an ox and counted one right. Three three-year-olds equaled two rights, two two-year-olds one right, and three calves or five sheep one right. Horses appear to have been considered undesirable and their presence was not encouraged. Sometimes they were let in on one right but oftener were charged three and sometimes five rights. Some years they were ruled out entirely, and no horse was admitted on a right that was bought. Naturally in their exhilaration at freedom from the harness they cavorted over the fields, their iron-shod hoofs making havoc in the new seeded pieces and the lowlands, they doing much greater damage than their more docile split-hoofed companions. At one meeting some one, who may have had to make a lively and humiliating exit from the Field sometime, got a vote passed that bulls over six months old should equal 100 rights. A sort of protective tariff, sufficiently prohibitive.

The price paid for fence material varied from season to

season according to marked conditions; a common price was 10 to 12 cents for a four-hole half post and a cent more for posts with five holes. A "palisado" post, whatever that was, cost a cent or two less. Virginia fence rails averaged about six cents and post rails about five. Huge piles of these were collected at convenient points along the line of fence and served as depots of supplies. The price of labor at first was three shillings a day for a man and four shillings for a team of four oxen for spring and fall, and two shillings each for the rest of the year. It was a long time before men got a dollar a day and the highest price ever attained was 12 cents an hour.

In the good old days of the gate régime the comfort of the traveler was a secondary consideration. Crops and cattle came first. The gates must have been a decided nuisance and they provoked a mild lawlessness on the part of some travelers which necessitated appointing an agent to prosecute any person "leaving open, throwing down or in any way injuring a gate." Coming from the north the wayfarer would encounter a gate at Cheapside, one each at the north and south end of the street, finishing up with a pair of bars near the foot of Long Hill, all of which must be opened and closed. Three gates, a ferry, and a pair of bars in going four miles! It would have made an ideal automobile road.

It is not surprising if occasionally some gentleman who had tarried too long at the tavern should leave a gate ajar, or should not feel it his duty to replace the bars, or be unable to hit the post holes. The most patient traveler must at times have got somewhat weary in welldoing. One mitigation of this annoyance was the unemployed small boy of those times, and small he must have been to have been left unemployed. In his leisure moments with the thrift inbred in the New Englander, he would loiter singly or in groups about these gates, for the chance of coppers and small silver thrown him by the open-hearted traveler as a tip for his services in opening and closing the portals. He must have been a boon to the aged, rheumatic and weary.

The day and hour on which the gates to the meadows were opened for the fall feeding was in accordance with the

vote at the October meeting. It was lively times here on the street that day. Much of the wealth of the farmer was in his live stock, and the good wife and children turned out to see it come in. There was good-natured rivalry among the yeoman of those days as to who should get first place at the gate with his cattle and there were many quiet maneuvers for position.

As the hour for opening approached, droves great and small, under guard of men, boys and dogs, would be driven in from summer pasture or near-by corral and huddled about the gate. With cracking whip and strange shouts of command the long-horned half-wild steers and younger stock, bewildered and frightened by the unwonted tumult, would be kept under control. The trained working oxen and gentle milch cows were easier to manage but shared in the excitement. There shrewd observant masters in homespun frocks and cowhide boots, marked with the trained eye of an expert the good and bad points of each animal and mentally sized up their value. As the hour for opening struck, the gates swung open, and, urged by whoops and yells the great herds swept through and with clumsy gambols spread out over the plain. Some of the more crafty owners kept their cattle together after passing the gate and drove them to where was especially good feed before releasing them. The sight of these hundreds of bovines roaming at large over this vast tract must have been akin to that on the prairies of the West with their hordes of buffalo. At night the cows were driven home for the milking. It was while looking for their cows that young Zebediah Williams and John Nims were captured by the Indians near Broughton's pond in 1703 and carried to Canada.

The time for beginning to feed was usually the last week in October or the first week in November, and continued for a month or six weeks. At the expiration of the time set the meadows must be cleared, and the Haywards saw that this was done. The gates were then left open till the following March.

As settlements in the Connecticut valley increased, travel increased in proportion, and the meadow gates became

more and more objectionable. The town was growing and as more land was put under cultivation each year, and the cattle multiplied, the damage caused by this annual incursion of hoofs became more apparent. Different interests conflicted and gradually there developed among the Proprietors a strong opposition to feeding the meadows. The majority still clung to the ways of the fathers and the annual meetings were at times acrimonious. October 17, 1848, a warrant for a special meeting was posted to see if the Proprietors would reconsider the vote of the 9th inst., to feed the meadows that season. At this meeting they proceeded to choose a moderator by ballot, but before the ballots were received the clerk resigned his office and the meeting dissolved, leaving the victory with the conservative party.

At the next spring meeting in 1849 it was voted to dispense with the next October meeting. This prevented a vote to feed and was a victory for the antis. In 1851 when the vote was declared not to feed that season the moderator withdrew from the meeting. Horatio Hawks was chosen in his place and business proceeded in spite of the displeasure of moderator No. 1. Voting at this time was done by interest, and in 1853 the motion to feed was defeated by a stock vote of 58,046 dollars against, to 45,996 dollars in favor. The next four years the conservatives won and the meadows were fed, but in 1858 came the Waterloo of the conservatives and after that year no cattle were allowed in the meadows. The organization that for 125 years was known as "The Proprietors of the Common Field in Deerfield" passed away, its purpose accomplished.

The story of the last meeting, held in the town hall November 5, 1858, is gathered from the last entry in the Proprietors' book of records, George Sheldon, clerk. The test of strength came in balloting for a moderator. The question was raised whether those present should be allowed to vote their interest only or if voting by proxy should be allowed. It was claimed that the rule of voting by interest had not been fully established, and that the validity of the proxies could not be proved. It was also argued that the

corporation did not exist, having forfeited its charter years before by allowing open roads to be laid through the Common Field which could not be obstructed. A legal opinion to this effect was given by Daniel W. Alvord, Esq., of Greenfield. From year to year the radical party had been gaining adherents, and the conservatives evidently were losing courage. The following compromise resolution was finally introduced and passed: "Resolved that the proprietors of the lands heretofore known as the 'Common and General Field in the town of Deerfield' will open the said lands for pasturing thereon on Saturday, the 13th day of November, inst., at noon, and continue them so open for said pasture until and including Saturday, the 27th day of said November, but this is done with the understanding among ourselves that the corporation aforesaid has ceased to exist and that no one of us will hereafter attempt to revive said corporation under its present charter or take any steps calculated to induce or bring about legal proceedings for the re-establishment of said corporation under said charter."

Thus went out the life of the corporation and with it a picturesque feature of Deerfield farming. The common fence has disappeared and the only relic remaining to my knowledge, is part of a gate post and its hinge, now reposing in Memorial Hall, on which was hung the North Meadow gate. The working ox and the fat steer are almost extinct and with them has gone the old-fashioned farmer. The cumbersome ox yoke and wood axle hay cart with its long hickory neap are obsolete, and the blue woolen frock of the driver, reaching from neck to the tops of the high-legged boots, is a thing of the past. Gone forever are the crude implements and simple ways of the early decades; but the Common Field remains unchanged.

For nearly two centuries the herds of our forefathers ate of the herbage and drank of the waters that ages before the coming of the white man had been the pasturage only of God's wild creatures. This deep, rich bottom of an ancient lake has furnished blood and muscle for millions of animate beings, and will continue so to do while grass grows and water runs. No fear of its face being usurped by the

city street. The free, roving Pocumtuck valiantly patrols its limits and warns off all trespassers. For unnumbered centuries this stream has been bringing the tribute of the mountains and adding it to the soil, and by its shifting channels and ever recurring inundations, will hold what it has made from all but the agriculturist. Long after all our generation is dust, will these fair broad fields yield abundantly of their largeness for the feeding of the nation.

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#### PLYMOUTH ROCK.

BY GEORGE SHELDON.

Born in the throes of an earthquake shock,  
Torn from the brow of a beetling rock,  
Far in the sullen and sunless north  
Jagged and formless, a Boulder came forth.

Swaddled in folds of an icy sheet,  
Nourished on diet of snow and sleet,  
Heedless in youth; no purpose or aim,  
Hardship or ease; unwitting of fame.

Glacier seeking a milder zone,  
Sighted and claimed the waif for its own.  
Grasped in unpitying arms 'twas pressed  
Close to its rugged and frozen breast.

Cruelly battered and bruised and torn,  
Years unrecorded, 'twas onward borne.  
Time struck the hour! The race is now run,  
Glacier yields to conquering sun.

Rescued from thraldom, the captive lay  
Prone on the bleak shore of Cape Cod bay.  
Exiled and lone, on a foreign shore,  
Yearning for scenes 'twill see nevermore.

Never in sympathy tenderly touched,  
Always its heart by the Sea King clutched,  
Scourged by the sand blast, pelted by hail,  
Lashed by the waves of each angry gale.

Formless no longer; by stress and storm,  
Rounded and shapely its outward form.  
Centuries passed. On the Plymouth shore  
'Twas a Cold, Gray Stone, and nothing more.

Anchored the Mayflower, bringing the van,  
Followed by thousands under the ban,  
Outlawed by edict of Church and State,  
Fleeing the Heretic's pending fate.

Joyful and thankful the Pilgrims pressed,  
Eager their foot~~steps~~, the Cold Stone's breast.  
Exile greets Exile—respond in tone,  
Hardships of each were the other's own.

Thrill answers thrill, their hearts all aflame,  
Pilgrim and Rock are welded in fame,  
Lo! as if by an electric shock  
Gleams Arctic Boulder, *our Plymouth Rock.*

Stirred was its heart blood, its pulses beat,  
Glowed each artery with fervent heat,  
Flamed it forever a Beacon Light;  
Flashing its rays on the world's dark night—

Guiding each exile for conscience' sake,  
'Scaping from dungeon, scaffold or stake.  
Seeking afar what the Pilgrims sought,  
Freedom to worship and freedom of thought:—

Grandly it stands with uplifted arm  
Bearing aloft the sickle and palm;  
Calling to all from serfdom and war  
Here is the home of Liberty and Law.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF GEORGE WELLS.

BY HIS SON, GEORGE AUGUSTUS WELLS OF NEW YORK.

George Wells, the oldest son of Samuel and Esther Wells, was born in Deerfield, June 23, 1800, in the old house that stood next to the Indian house. From the time he was 14 years old, he was obliged to use a crutch, owing to his going in swimming when he was too warm. This brought on a fever sore which caused his leg to be drawn up. The doctor urged amputation but to this Mr. Wells' mother would not consent. Mr. Wells was six feet tall, straight as an arrow, and he handled his crutch most gracefully. He attended the Deerfield Academy, having hoped to go

to college, but owing to ill health had to give this up. He went to Chester Center to learn the tailor's trade of Warren Reed, and then renewed his acquaintance with Sophronia Reed whom he had met in the Deerfield Academy. January 28, 1828, she became his wife, and their early married life was spent in Pittsfield, where he opened a tailoring establishment. Here he took an active interest in the old Congregational Church, and assisted with his flute in the choir.

From Pittsfield he moved to Troy, N. Y., going into partnership with Seneca Arms, who had married his only sister. They did a fine wholesale business, until the panic of 1845, when they had to close business owing to the wild-cat banks of the West. Many other business houses of Troy failed at this time. Mr. Wells told his creditors if his life was spared, and the Lord prospered him, he would pay them 100 cents with interest, and this he was able to do. Surely a more noble, honorable man never lived.

After the failure in Troy in 1845 he moved to Northampton, working for James Reed, who afterward was his partner. Mr. Reed's health failing, the firm then became "Wells and Hibbard." Mr. Hibbard leaving Northampton, Mr. Wells took his oldest son, William, as his partner.

Mr. and Mrs. Wells had four children, William Sanford, two daughters who died in infancy, and George Augustus, the writer. William enlisted in 1862 in the Civil War as second lieutenant of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry. He died in 1863 at the Seminary Hospital, Georgetown, near Washington.

In 1865 Mr. Wells closed out his business, putting all that he had in the Northampton bank, which he lost when that bank was robbed. He spent a few years, after giving up his business, at Mrs. Atwater's seminary in West Haven, Conn., as instructor and lecturer in astronomy. He invented many instruments that gave a practical illustration of the planets' movements, one of which he presented to the Deerfield Academy. He was a warm friend of the president of Yale College, who often said Mr. Wells should have made astronomy his life study, for he surely would

have made his mark. Only two things would keep him up late at night; one was studying the stars with the telescope he made, and the other was playing chess. His last days were spent in Bernardston. Finding the town records in a decidedly chaotic state, he spent one or two years in straightening them out, and when finished presented them to the town.

On July 7, 1886, he passed away leaving a noble memory. He was the soul of honor and justice, always active in Christian work, daily practicing what he professed, being called by his friends and neighbors a Christian saint. When his son, George, went to see him after the bank robbery, "Hold on, my son," he said, "don't stain your lips with a murmur—it is all for the best—God never makes a mistake."

He was most appreciative of any kindness bestowed upon him, generous to a fault, and most active in trying to save the intemperate.

His wife, Mrs. Sophronia Reed Wells, died in Bernardston, October 4, 1886, at the age of 80.

[Note by George Sheldon.] While living in Bernardston, Mr. Wells found in a pile of rubbish the original Record Book of the Proprietors of Fall Town. He showed this about to his friends, and proclaimed that he was going to present it to Memorial Hall, as the most fitting place for its preservation. He awakened much interest in the matter, and opposition to his plan was developed. He then offered to make a verbatim copy and leave it in Bernardston. The copy was made, but his original plan was blocked by an act of the Legislature just as the copy was completed. Under this act, Mr. Wells was obliged to deposit the original record in the office of the town clerk. The copy was given to the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. It is believed that this legislation was initiated by those interested in this very case. So Mr. Wells was instrumental in starting the movement which grew into the establishment of the Massachusetts Record Commission which, under Mr. Swan, has accomplished so much good work in preserving original records.

## DEXTER MARSH.

BY HIS SON, GEORGE E. MARSH OF GEORGETOWN, COLO.

Dexter Marsh was born in Montague, Mass., August 22, 1806, and died at Greenfield, April 2, 1853. He was the youngest of seven children of Joshua and Mindwell Marsh, and was a direct descendant of the John Marsh, who came to the Massachusetts Colony in 1635.

The Marsh family was well represented in the war of the Revolution, Enos Marsh, the grandfather of Dexter, being one of the many soldiers of that name, and he was described in the records of that time as "in appearance, tall, dignified and venerable."

The following sketch by the Rev. L. L. Langstroth, contains some facts concerning the boyhood days of the subject of this paper.

## PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF DEXTER MARSH.

By Rev. L. L. Langstroth, December, 1894.

In the spring of 1839 I became principal of the high school for ladies in Greenfield, Mass.

Living a few rods from the premises was a common, or rather a very uncommon laboring man named Dexter Marsh. Finding him to be an expert gardener, I employed him in that capacity and soon became acquainted with all the circumstances connected with his discovery of the footprints or tracks in the new red sandstone. By frequent conversations with him, I found that he was a man of great force and originality, one of the strongest thinkers and closest reasoners with whom I ever became conversant.

He gave me the full particulars of his discovery, but before I narrate these, I wish to give the account that came from his lips, of his early training. His father, although he was not in affluent circumstances, if he had only appreciated the rare mental gifts of this son, would have undoubtedly given him at least what we call a fair common-school education.

The knowledge that he derived from schools was meager indeed; it was only in the winter months that he had any schooling at all, and before he started for the schoolhouse he was obliged to attend to the "chores," rising very early to get through with his task. He was not furnished with those books which are essential even to the very humblest kind of common education.

Dictionaries and geographies were believed to be unnecessary. I have heard him say, that until he was of age, Fourth of July was the only real holiday that he ever knew. He received not a cent of spending money, and to supply some of a boy's necessities, he made wooden traps for catching rabbits, which he sold to the teamsters who then carried the produce of the country to the Boston market. These traps were fastened together by wooden pegs, as he had not the pittance to buy nails. As an illustration of his energy and ambition, he yoked the oxen when he was so small that he had to stand upon a block to do it. [In 1830, he was living in Deerfield.] When he came to Greenfield the house in which he lived with his wife was built mainly by his own hands on land purchased by the savings of his daily labor. After the usual day's work he could always be secured of an evening for nailing down carpets, or anything by which he could earn an honest penny.

In the year 1835 he was employed to lay a flagstone sidewalk from the courthouse down the hill near his own premises. The stones were quarried by him and his attention was struck by what seemed to him to be, evidently tracks or footprints of birds in these stones. Some of the best specimens he propped up against the side of his fence, calling to them the attention of citizens, who he thought would take an interest in such things. At first he called them turkey tracks, as in size they resembled the footprints of this bird, more than any other. When laughed at for his ideas, he defended their correctness by pointing out the right and left tracks made in some of the stones; the wrinkles in the skin of the foot, and indeed, the peculiarities which are those the scientists now rely on to show that they are the footprints of once living animals.

A person who took great interest in these was Dr. James Deane. Dr. Deane was of a scientific turn of mind and he was not long in appreciating the discovery that the unlettered man had made. He communicated with Professor Silliman of Yale College and Prof. Edward Hitchcock of Amherst College.

The facts were so new and so entirely unexpected by the scientific world, they both replied to him in substance; that the resemblance of these impressions to footprints made by once living creatures was entirely fortuitous, as nothing of the kind could be expected in the new red sandstone formation. Not at all rebuffed by such high authority, Dr. Deane took plaster casts of these impressions and sent them to Professor Hitchcock. Seeing, with the professor was believing, and he came at once to Greenfield to make examinations for himself. The results of these examinations were soon given to the scientific world and the chief glory of them was given to Professor Hitchcock.

I had, from frequent conversations, the amplest opportunity to know that the humble man to whom the merit of the first discovery so clearly belonged, felt, as every man of originality and force always feels under similar circumstances, that very brief and unsatisfactory notice had been given to the world of his share in the discovery, and I have always intended at the proper time to leave on permanent record the facts which I learned from Mr. Marsh.

That his discovery was not what some would call mere accident, or one which anyone might have made who noticed the stones, will be quite obvious from the fact that after these tracks had excited public attention, he obtained a number from the flagging around the eaves of the Congregational church, some of which had been in plain sight for many years, as one side of this church faced on the premises of the high school for young ladies and the other upon a lane. After these footprints claimed his attention, he spent as much time as he could command in obtaining specimens; especially did he prosecute his researches during the hot season when he had fewer calls for employment and when the stage of water of the Connecticut River allowed

him to do so most advantageously. Being skillful in the use of quarrying tools he was able, at a comparatively trifling expense, to make large additions to his collection.

He used repeatedly to speak to me of his intense delight in prosecuting these researches; having a boat of his own construction, his expenses were small, and after his severe labors in the hot sun he would sleep under the cover of his upturned boat, full of happiness and anticipation of the next day's labor. While thus employing the time which he thought he could safely devote to such pursuits, it was not without strong remonstrances from friends and relatives who thought him almost insane on the subject of these tracks, and in a fair way of utterly impoverishing his family. While engaged in such pursuits and still laboring with extraordinary energy in doing whatever as a gardener, wood-sawyer, quarryman or anything by which money could be earned, he was constantly reading and studying on the subject of geology and acquiring those rudiments of a good education, of which the short-sightedness of his father had denied him.

At last, with his own hands he built as an addition to his house, a room of considerable size, which he called his cabinet, and which contained not only the large collection of footprints which he had made but specimens and curiosities which he obtained by way of exchange from almost every quarter of the scientific world.

Had his health continued good, even with all the disabilities under which he labored, he would have made himself recognized as one of the great thinkers in the line of investigation to which he devoted himself.

Intimately acquainted myself with prominent intellectual men, I do not hesitate to say, that I have scarcely known one of more native force as a rare observer and an able reasoner on the results of his own observations and those of others. It was his earnest desire in his last illness that his cabinet should not be divided, but if possible be sold for a moderate sum to be a nucleus of a permanent cabinet in the town of Greenfield. I was with him frequently in his last

illness, which he bore with the resignation and fortitude of a Christian martyr.

In speaking of a visit to his cabinet by a near relative who had been for years absent from his native home, he said, a remark which he made gave me more pain than any word ever spoken to me. After showing him my collection and speaking of the various specimens with all my usual enthusiasm, he said to me, "Dexter, I wouldn't give you a penny for all your old stones." After his death his collection having been suitably advertised, was sold at public sale for the benefit of his family.

Scientific bodies in Europe and America were represented at this sale and quite a large sum of money was realized. Speaking then to this same friend, who could see only "old stones" in his relative's cabinet, I took uncommon satisfaction in reminding him, that Dexter Marsh, in consequence of his devotion to those pursuits, had left his family better provided for, than he could possibly have done, if he had, to use this relative's words, stuck to his own calling and business, while, at the same time, he had left his family a name, which would always be mentioned with profound admiration, honor and respect by the scientific world, to be associated with that of Hugh Miller, as the Hugh Miller of America.

Appleton's "American Cyclopædia," Vol. II, page 196, says: "Dexter Marsh: An American palæontologist, born in 1806, died in Greenfield, Mass., April 2, 1853.

"Without education, and by occupation a day laborer, his attention was first attracted to the subject of fossils by observing in 1835 the footprints in the slabs designed for flagging stones. He was early engaged in the search for specimens, sometimes in the employ of others, and in later years chiefly on his own account, traversing the valley of the Connecticut from the northern line of Massachusetts, to Wethersfield, and visiting the states of New Jersey and New Hampshire.

"At the time of his death, notwithstanding his frequent supplies to others, his cabinet contained, as the results of

his own personal exertions, perhaps the choicest collection of fossil footprints and fishes then in existence. One slab ten feet in length by six in width, contained at least 70 distinct footprints; and another, seven feet by four was literally covered with perfect impressions. There were in all about 500 slabs with tracks and rain drops impressed upon them and 200 specimens of fossil fishes.

"After his death the whole collection was sold for about \$2,700."

The article, "Fossil Footprints," in the same cyclopædia, written by Prof. T. Sterry Hunt, LL. D., professor of geology in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a disinterested and eminently qualified authority, says: "In the mesozoic period the footprints of the trias or new red sandstone are remarkable for their number and variety, and also for the interest which attaches to the history of their discovery in the valley of the Connecticut river, where they are very abundant.

"Attention was first called to these so-called bird tracks by Mr. Dexter Marsh. . . ."

In the biographical notice in the American reprint of "Chambers Encyclopædia" there is this:

"Dexter Marsh: 1806-53: Although possessed of little education, and occupying the humble position of a day-laborer, was a keen observer and interested in natural history. While engaged in his work he often came across many fossil foot-prints on the large stone slabs which he quarried for paving stones. Of these he made an extensive collection from many parts of the Connecticut valley, New Hampshire and New Jersey.

"Many of his specimens were sold during his life and are now distributed among various colleges and museums; but among those retained by him and sold for over \$2,500 after his death, were more than 500 slabs covered with foot-prints and marks of rain, and about 200 fossil fishes."

Prof. James F. W. Johnston, M. A., F. R. S., etc., the eminent chemist of the University of Durham, England, in

volume two of his "Notes on North America," has this to say concerning his visit to this locality, March 27, 1850:

"Greenfield is a small town, new, straggling and unfinished, as all these country towns are. It is the county town and the seat of the courts of the county of Franklin. One of the persons of whom we were in search, Mr. Marsh, was in attendance as door keeper at one of the courts then sitting. He is, besides, only a common mason and gardener, but he has, nevertheless, spent more time and money in searching for and digging up the bird-tracks of this region, and possesses a larger and finer collection of them than any other person or institution in the United States. Whoever takes the trouble to ascend the valley to Amherst to see the very interesting collection contained in the museum of that college, will find himself not unrewarded for the additional journey to Greenfield, by the inspection of the collection of Mr. Marsh.

"This collection is richer than that of Amherst, in more beautiful and perfect slabs of species of somewhat lesser size, and in many as yet unfigured impressions, both of reptiles and of birds.

"In looking at this collection made by a working man, dug up either with his own hands, or by men working along with him, at his expense, under his direction and in spots which his own sagacity indicated as likely to reward research, I could not refrain from admiring the enthusiasm and perseverance of their owner, and regretting that, even in this intellectual state, science was too poor, not only to engage such a man wholly in its service, and to add to its treasures by employing him unremittingly in his favorite pursuit, but that it was unable even to purchase the fruits of his past labors, and add them to the public collections already accumulated in so many localities. Should American patrons of science, and the owners of university and state collections continue unwilling to purchase the large slabs of Mr. Marsh, those of European countries—I hope of Great Britain—may secure the best he possesses for a little more than a thousand dollars, or two hundred pounds; I must add, however, what all collectors will well understand, that

Mr. Marsh looks upon these slabs of stone as so many children, and that he professes—as I am sure he feels—a great unwillingness to part with them. But Mr. Marsh has living feet gathering now in plenty around his daily table; and his friends may prevail upon him to consent that, for their sake, these great stones should be converted into bread. I owe Mr. Marsh this acknowledgment for the civility he showed to Prof. Henry Rogers and myself, not only in exhibiting his collections, but in accompanying us to Turners Falls and spending half a day in pointing out the localities in which his more successful explorations had been made."

## A GEOLOGIST AMONG THE PEOPLE—DEXTER MARSH.

By Prof. Oliver Marcy.

(From the "National Magazine," 1855.)

Geology is the history of the world written by God's own hand. It is a history, not of man, but of the races that precede man, not of an age or of a nation, or of the whole period of six thousand years that man has held sway on the earth; but of the millions of years whose receding waves break noiselessly on the shores of the chaotic past.

It is not written in characters of human invention, subject to variable use, misapplication, and therefore misinterpretation; but as the botanist turns the leaves of his herbarium and presents to view individuals, species, genera, and orders of plants that have flourished and blossomed under genial sun and shower, so the geologist unfolds the rocky book of the past, exposing to our view, in beautiful order and in wonderful perfection, plants of the minutest and most delicate, and plants of the most gigantic character—animals of which millions are required to compose a cubic inch, and monsters three times larger than the elephant.

In these rocky characters we read of flowing seas and floating icebergs where now the mountain rears his lofty summits. We read of a lurid sun and a murky, sultry atmosphere, and tree ferns, and huge sauroid reptiles, and sluggish bayous with no life on land.

No sound of foot or flap of wing where now the cool zephyr kisses the cheek of man, and the feathered tribes make the forests resound with merry carols, and hills re-echo the low grazing herds.

He who turns a leaf of this great rocky book, and reads to us a chapter from its historic page, whether learned or ignorant, peer or plebeian, is worthy of a niche in heaven's temple.

Such a man we introduce to the reader. Previous to the year 1853 the traveler on leaving the cars at the depot, in the pleasant village of Greenfield, Mass., and ascending the hill toward the main street, would observe, on the right side of the way, a cottage, simple, rustic and unique, hidden among the trees. The piazza is covered with vines, and the dooryard is densely filled with shrubs and flowers, while leaning against the side of the cottage, and in every noticeable position, are slabs of stone, with curious configurations upon their surfaces, and specimens of abnormal vegetable growth and Indian antiquities. This was the home of the man whom we honor. Let the traveler pass into the yard, and enter the door from beneath the piazza, into a sort of hall, on the north of the cottage, and he is in the best cabinet of fossil footprints in the world. Here he sees, on tablets of stone, the record of an age which was never known or read till the scrutinizing eye of Dexter Marsh rested upon it.

Dexter Marsh, the Hugh Miller of the New Red Sandstone, was the son of Joshua Marsh of Montague, Mass. The circumstances of his parents compelled him to labor at an early age and deprived him of a good common school education; but with a manly heart and a strong constitution, he seems to have accepted the necessity of his situation, and rejoiced "to eat his bread by the sweat of his brow." Says one who saw him then: "Well do we remember the first winter that we knew him; that he seemed almost to go without sleep, to defy the severest wintry blasts, and to do the work of two men." And labor brought its reward. It brought to him a competence, and it won for him honor which men of noble blood might covet. We

apprehend that it is no accident that the discoverers in the Old and the New Red Sandstone were both, in their younger days, inured to labor. The objects of their research were where the silk-gloved son of opulence delights not to tarry; where physical toil, directed by intelligence, is absolutely essential to success.

At an early age Mr. Marsh possessed a love of truth and virtue and an equal hatred of vice. These characteristics matured with his manhood, and in later years ripened into active religious life. While he supported his family by daily labor, and was taking every rainy day and other time which he contrived to spare from his necessitous toil, for his scientific investigations, he forgot not the duties he owed to his Creator; but the daily offering of prayer and praise went up from the altar of his cottage home. He did not throw away his Bible when his discoveries forced upon him the conviction that birds of gigantic size, and quadrupeds of curious forms, had sported on the banks of our streams, ages ere man had been created; but when, after days of toil, he lifted a slab of stone, covered with evidences of the fact, he, like his Scottish prototype, said in his heart, "Behold the footprints of the Creator." But though to be a hard working man, and to be a good Christian man, are valuable characteristics, challenging the esteem of a community, yet we have many such men in New England, and it was not for these characteristics that the name of Dexter Marsh escaped beyond the borders of the village of his residence, and became familiar to the learned in every land.

Most of the mature life of Mr. Marsh was spent in the village of Greenfield. There, about the year 1835 or 1836, while laying some flagging stone into a sidewalk near his house, he discovered in one the footprints of a bird. This was an hour of perplexity, but soon to be followed by triumph and honor. To that time he was wholly ignorant of geology, and possessed only the common notion of the formation of the earth; but being a man of accurate observation and logical order of thought, he was convinced that the print before him was a print of a bird's foot. But the

print was in a solid rock, quarried from several feet beneath the surface. How it came there he could not decide. "In this perplexity," says Mr. Ingersoll, "he called to it (the discovery) the attention of a friend, whose reading was extensive, and received from him the first seeds of what afterward grew into a stately tree."

With eagerness he grasped the truths of geology, and was thus suddenly introduced into a new world of thought. The subject proved to be peculiarly fitted to his ardent temperament, and he, by his habit of logical reasoning, was as fitted to the subject. He was soon able to present irrefutable reasons for believing the prints to be the footprints of birds, and his reasons and his arguments are those still relied upon by geologists to prove the same position. In this department of fossil geology he soon stood without a compeer. Drs. Deane and Hitchcock brought the results of his labors into public notice; described, named and classified the animals which made the prints; and the latter especially reaped merited honors the world over. Sir Roderick Murchison, in an address before the London Geological Society, complimented the great moral courage exhibited by him, "in throwing down his opinion before an incredulous public." Mr. Marsh had no reputation to lose; but though he has no claim for valor when tried by the standard of others, yet much praise is due to him that, in his circumstances, he comprehended the nature and importance of the discovery, and acted with a zeal in reference to it, which not one in a million would have shown.

To the uncommonly accurate and extensive observations of Mr. Marsh, and to his forcibly stated arguments, other gentlemen owe something at least of the honor of their laurels. He at first set them right and corrected them when they fell into error. Dr. H—— was once lecturing in Boston, and Mr. Marsh was in attendance. The doctor announced that he had discovered the track of a lame bird, one whose leg had been broken, and the foot turned part of the way round, the toe inward. Mr. Marsh saw his error; but awaiting a time when the doctor visited his cabinet, he set him right by showing him that any two

tracks of the bird taken alone would present the same appearance as the two from which the doctor had inferred the lameness of the bird; but when more tracks were considered (and Mr. Marsh had slabs containing several), the error of the inference was apparent. The fact of the case was that the bird, in walking, directed the middle toe of one foot to the heel of the next, and the doctor had taken the line of one foot for the course of the bird, while a line from heel to toe of the other foot made a large angle with it; whereas, both toes inclining inward, and each making a small angle with the course of the bird, there was no necessity of breaking either leg.

After the discovery of the track in the flagstone near his house, others were discovered already laid into sidewalks in the same village; and these, which before were thought only imperfect flags, were taken up as valuable. The quarry from which they came was visited, and others found.

Mr. Marsh built him a boat, which he could carry around the rapids of the river, and taking with him powder and drills, and provision, he would row from place to place, sometimes 30 miles a day, searching along the river bank for fossil footprints. When night came he would turn his boat bottom side up upon the flat rock, and beneath it sleep secure from the dews of heaven. At early dawn, without the jarring of gongs, or vexatious delays of servants and hotel breakfasts, he would set out again upon his search. Thus he surveyed the whole Red Sandstone deposit in the valley of the Connecticut River. He visited also the deposits in New Jersey.

He was soon enabled to detect the fossil tracks with a facility that resembled instinct. In the river bed, and in the river bank, under the cliff, or on the side of Mt. Tom, and beneath the soil of Wethersfield, his uncommon ken traced them out.

A friend in Gill invited his attention to a footprint in that town. On examining it he found the impression to have been made in sand or gravel, which did not give a well-defined outline; but he concluded that beneath a cliff near by the case would be otherwise, and that there he

might obtain good tracks. So at the cliff he went to work. His leisure hours for the whole summer, some money, and much powder were consumed. At length he reached the stratum; he lifted a slab containing 50 as beautiful tracks as had ever been found. They were of various sizes, and crossed the stone in every direction. Four of these tracks were 12 inches long. The dimensions of the slab were ten by six feet. It was split in two, giving the relief prints on one side, and the intaglio on the other. We think this is the same that was sold, after his death, to Mr. Alger, of Boston, for \$375.

He could not only tell the direction of a bird, but its comparative speed, the condition of the mud, whether the weather was rainy or not, whether the bird making the track was walking on shore or in the water, and when the bird passed from shore into the water. He came at very definite conclusions concerning the weight and height of the birds. Indeed, he lived in the era of the New Red Sandstone, as the historian lives in the age of Xenophon or Herodotus. "I have," he says, "one slab containing two footprints of a large bird, the surface being very rough and uneven; but the great weight of the bird (probably a thousand pounds or more) pressed the sand so hard that it is perfectly smooth, showing distinctly the structure of the bottom of the foot." Again he says, "I have many specimens from Wethersfield, Conn., which show plainly that they are the tracks of birds; still I consider them imperfect, because they do not show where the bottom of the foot rested. The deposit seems to have been a fine reddish clay, so soft that the bird settled down a number of inches, the mud closing up again when the foot was withdrawn, leaving no impression on the surface; the tracks are seen only by splitting the strata through which the foot passed."

Mr. Marsh collected a valuable cabinet. He made exchanges with many scientific men in this and foreign countries. In 1851 his cabinet contained from 400 to 500 slabs of stone upon which were 1,000 tracks of birds and quadrupeds, some of these slabs weighing less than an ounce,

and others two tons and containing from one to 50 tracks each, from one-half inch to 19 inches in length; also, 200 fossil fishes, 3,000 sea shells, 2,600 rock crystals, and 200 specimens of Indian antiquities, besides specimens in zoology and botany, minerals and fossils from foreign countries.

Uneducated though he was, Mr. Marsh could not remain in obscurity. In 1846 he was elected a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; in 1852 he was elected a member of the Lyceum of Natural History in New York, and, in August of the same year, a corresponding member of the Academy of Natural Science in Philadelphia. The notice of this last-mentioned honor was received while he was at Acworth, N. H.

In reply, he gave the society a very full account of the celebrated beryl quarry in that place. Very large crystals had formerly been obtained with ease at that place; but the bed which at first cropped out of the ground had been worked till there were 20 feet of solid quartz above it, and then abandoned. But Mr. Marsh stopped not where other men are accustomed to stop. He obtained a lease of the quarry and went to work. He spent 100 days' labor and burned 400 pounds of powder, digging through the 20 feet of solid quartz. He did not succeed in obtaining what he hoped for, the best crystal in the world; yet he was amply rewarded. He obtained a crystal, one foot in length and 13 inches in diameter, standing in a block of quartz, its original matrix, very fine. He brought home with him nearly three tons of crystals, most of which were very good specimens. This was in the autumn of 1852. For some time it had been evident that incessant toil had made inroads upon the vigor of his constitution, his daily labor was interrupted, and as this resource was cut off, it became necessary for him to negotiate for the sale of his cabinet.

In March, 1851, he writes to Prof. H. D. Rogers:

"My health is still poor, and if I am not able to labor I must sell it. I do not suppose it will bring the money it would if owned by some learned society or by some rich man. I hardly know what to say. It has been estimated

at all prices, from four thousand to ten thousand dollars; but I will sell it in this country for a sum not exceeding five thousand, nor less than three."

He conferred also with Professor Dana, of Yale College, concerning the sale of it to that institution. He offered to deduct \$500 from its value if the town of Greenfield would purchase it and erect for it a suitable building; but he did not dispose of it. His last scientific labor was at Acworth. April 2, 1853, at the age of 47, he left this earth as the Christian leaves it—not to study the footprints of the Creator by toil, but with angel vision—to view God in his true character, through the eyes of the distant past, molding this plastic earth for fish, reptiles, birds, mammals and man.

His cabinet was sold at auction for \$3,000. Mr. Alger, of Boston, and Amherst College, were the principal purchasers. Mr. Marsh was not able to do as Professor Shepard has done, locate his cabinet at a popular institution—a permanent monument to his memory. His family needed its value. But though his may mingle with the collections of others, we hope his friends who have received it, will not obliterate his name from their catalogues, but delight to honor the man who has done so much for science and the honor of his country. In concluding, we remind the reader of the results of a man's working with his eyes open. Before Mr. Marsh observed the footprint in the flagging-stone, it was not known that air-breathing animals existed previous to the oölite period. But since that time there have been discovered, in the New Red Sandstone of the Connecticut River valley, the tracks of 50 species of animals, all described and named by Dr. Hitchcock. Of these, four were lizards; two, tortoises; six, batrachians; 22 were birds, all waders. One of the bipeds, the Otozoum Moodie, was a huge monster, a sort of biped toad, as large as an elephant. His tracks were near together, from which is inferred the shortness of his legs, and were 20 inches long and 12 inches broad. The tracks of the largest species of bird, the Brontozoum Giganteum (discovered by Mr. Marsh), are from 14 to 20 inches long, the stride from four to six feet. The large ones were probably 20 feet high, weighing nearly a thousand

pounds. Many of these tracks are very distinct, even the papillæ on the sole of the foot are distinctly seen. Everything in that age is distinct from what precedes or follows it. Thus a new age has been peopled; a new chapter added to the history of the world; another star set in the crown of triumphant science. If the reader will now strive to comprehend the labor necessary to accomplish such a survey as we have referred to, the collection, single-handed and without money, of so extensive and valuable a cabinet, and at the same time remember that Mr. Marsh, as a day laborer, supported his family in competence, he cannot fail to recognize in him the soul of a true, and even of a great man—of one who lays his hand on the mane of restive and hostile circumstances, and compels them to bear him to usefulness and honor.

Mr. Marsh, in a letter to "Silliman's Journal of Science," dated May 20, 1848, writes:

"I have for a long time thought of sending you some account of my explorations in the rocks of this valley, and my success in obtaining fossils, but have hesitated from reasons unnecessary for me to state, knowing as you do, that I am an unlearned, laboring man.

"You will recollect that the first specimen of fossil footprints of birds ever brought into public notice in this country, was the slab I discovered among the flagging stone, while laying the sidewalk near my house, which Dr. Deane first described to President Hitchcock as the footprints of birds. Since that time I have felt an increasing interest in the subject and have spent much time each year in searching for these interesting fossils, and you will be able to judge of my success when I tell you that I have in my collection more than 800 footprints of birds and quadrupeds, besides having furnished specimens to many individuals and institutions in this and other countries. I have some very perfect tracks of a quadruped so small that a five cent piece will more than cover the entire impression of the foot, and the tracks of a bird that measures more than half a yard from the heel to the point of the

longest toe, with the foot very thick and heavy in proportion to the length.

"The most perfect specimens I have been able to obtain are from Turners Falls or its immediate neighborhood; they not only show the joints of the toes, but in some specimens perfectly exhibit the impression of the skin. I have obtained also valuable specimens at other places; for instance, a very interesting slab at South Hadley found in the highway leading to Amherst, a mile and half north of the seminary. It is in a coarse gray sandstone, cut and used for building purposes; the quarry was opened for that purpose and a few tracks discovered before my attention was called to it; the beds containing the tracks lie some three feet deep and are nearly horizontal. I quarried a small section and turned up a slab seven or eight feet in length by one and a half in breadth, having on its under surface 15 or 20 beautiful footprints of a number of different birds in relief. I then thought by taking up a large section, I should obtain all the tracks I desired; but to my disappointment, after several days' labor in getting down to the same layer, not the slightest appearance of a footprint was to be seen. I then examined the location more particularly, and to my mind it was easily explained; the material of which this rock is composed, was deposited by running water, which accounts for its being so coarse, all the finer particles being carried away; but after the water had subsided, there seemed to be a depression, or small basin, but a few feet in diameter, where the water was left to evaporate, depositing a thin layer of fine light colored clay, over which the birds walked.

"The impressions in this layer were very beautiful, but they could not be preserved, as the matter did not harden into rock but was easily removed with the shovel. This is precisely like what we often see by the roadside after a heavy rain, where the water is left in small ponds to settle and evaporate, leaving a fine deposit, on which we often find the footprints of birds.

"I have obtained at the south part of Montague some hundreds of footprints of birds, and some species that I

have not seen at any other location, but have met with no quadrupeds. This location is more than half a mile from the river, and nearly two hundred feet above it; the tracks at this place are not as perfect as those I have obtained at the Falls, in consequence of the surface over which the birds walked being destitute of that smooth polished appearance that is necessary to receive fine impressions, though I have some specimens that are good. But some of the largest (and most perfect for large ones) I have ever seen, I obtained on the eastern declivity of Mount Tom, near South Hadley Falls. If the height of these birds was in proportion to the length of their feet, when compared to some existing birds, they must have stood some twenty feet high. But the rocks of this place are too coarse to have retained fine impressions of small birds or quadrupeds, for when the matter was deposited, the water was in continual motion, so as not to leave smooth surfaces to the strata.

"I have one slab containing two footprints of a large bird, the surface being very rough and uneven; but the great weight of the bird (probably a thousand pounds or more), pressed the sand so hard that it is perfectly smooth, showing distinctly the structure of the foot.

"I have many specimens from Wethersfield, Conn., which show very plainly that they are tracks of birds; still I consider them imperfect because they do not show where the bottom of the foot rested. The deposit seems to have been a fine reddish clay, so soft that the bird settled down a number of inches, the mud closing up again when the foot was withdrawn, leaving no depression on the surface; the tracks are seen only by splitting the strata, through which the foot passed.

"I have at some localities traced the tracks of a single bird thirty or forty feet, when the bird went into the water; this I know from the fact, that the first tracks would be very slight indeed, being pressed on hard sand or clay, and each successive step would be deeper and deeper, until the mud closed over the impression; and when he got into the water, though he settled deep in the mud, the motion of

the water entirely obliterated all appearance of the track on the strata, over which the bird had walked.

"But by removing a thin layer we find the impression. This has oftentimes enabled me to ascertain how high the water was at the time, or how much of the layer was out when the impressions were made.

"I have one slab four or five inches thick, containing two footprints of a bird, which I split into five layers, the impression being distinct in each layer, although on the upper surface, it only shows a straight mark three or four inches long over each impression, the mud having been so soft as to close up, leaving no depression, while the lower slab shows where the foot rested. I have spent many days the past season searching for these interesting relics of olden time. I have traversed the valley from the north line of this state (Massachusetts) to Wethersfield in Connecticut and had almost despaired of finding anything new, but in January I spent a few days more in my favorite amusement of quarrying the rocks. I opened a new quarry on the bank of Connecticut River, near the mouth of Fall River, and after seven or eight days' labor, I succeeded in obtaining two or three hundred footprints of various birds and quadrupeds, many of them are entirely new.

"I only forward you a sketch of the footprints of one of the quadrupeds; you will see that this is a walking, and not a leaping, animal, the fore feet are very small in proportion to the hind ones, the toes are very slim and tapering, terminating in a point, with a sharp claw which is very distinct, the toes are wide spread and curve outward very much, which is not the case with any of those I have heretofore obtained; the fore foot shows only the impression of the toes, while the hind foot shows the impression of a very long heel (or it may be part of the leg); though it is not as deep as the toes, it is the deepest at the part near them, and extends back an inch or inch and a half, showing no joint back of the connection of the toes with the heel."

Concerning the discovery of the two world-famous slabs, the largest of which is illustrated in Dana's "Geology," and is now owned by the Boston Natural History Society, and

the other is in the Amherst College collection, the following letter of Mr. Marsh to Professor Silliman, of September 6, 1848, descriptive of the circumstances, is interesting:

"Since I last wrote you, I have made some valuable and interesting discoveries among the sandstone rocks. The location is in the south part of Gill, some three-fourths of a mile from the Connecticut River, where, in my rambles my attention was arrested by what appeared to me, the footprint of a bird; this was in a farmer's orchard; the whole orchard stands on a sandstone ledge, covered with one or two feet of earth. A small stream of water passes through the orchard some parts of the year, washing the rocks quite clean, and as the rocks have a dip of some thirty degrees, I could see a little of the surface of each layer. The showing induced me to open the quarry, but I worked two or three weeks with a number of quarrymen with little success, finding only now and then a straggling track. As I opened the rock a number of rods in length on the strike, I saw by the direction of the different tracks that they centered towards a certain point. I was determined to pursue them, though some persons pitied me for my foolishness; others sneered, and one man asked if there was another so big a fool in Greenfield; but I had got on the track and was set upon having the game.

"I had to blast some ten feet deep to get to the point I wished; the upper layers were in many pieces, there being many joints and fractures. The slab directly above the track (showing them in relief) is about one inch thick, which I removed safely without breaking; the one containing the impression is three inches thick, ten feet long by six or seven feet broad, remarkably fine and truly wonderful, containing more than sixty beautiful footprints of different birds, from three to four inches long to ten or twelve inches, and the whole surface covered with beautiful rain-drops.

"Two large birds passed over this slab in the same direction; the largest has a foot measuring eleven inches and a stride of three and one-half feet, the impressions showing every joint in the foot; the smallest having a foot

measuring four inches in length with a stride of two and a half feet, and there is not a track on the slab that does not show plainly the impression of the claws.

“When I had loosened up this splendid slab, the neighbors kindly turned out and gave a helping hand to raise it from the pit. I regret that I am not able, for lack of time, to send you a sketch of this slab. For anyone to have an idea of its beauty, they should see it standing up in my cabinet, with the slab that came off from it (showing the tracks in relief) standing by its side. Besides these slabs, I obtained many others of less magnitude and some new species, and among them, one small one that shows ten successive steps within the space of eight inches.”

In 1847 Mr. Marsh desired to send to the Emperor of Russia representative specimens of the fossil footprints of the Connecticut valley, and Professor Shepard, consenting to assist in getting the presentation to its destination, accordingly wrote the following letter to Charles Cramer, member of the Imperial Mineralogical Society of St. Petersburg:

YALE COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

April 21, 1847.

DEAR SIR:

Mr. Dexter Marsh of Greenfield, Massachusetts, has determined upon presenting to his majesty, the Emperor of Russia, a complete collection of the remarkable footprints (chiefly bird tracks) of the New Sandstone formation of the Connecticut valley; as Mr. Marsh is unacquainted with any individual in St. Petersburg of whose friendly assistance he may avail in offering his donation to the Emperor, I have taken the liberty to bespeak your kindness in the promotion of this business, presuming that your devotion to geology, would lead you to perform the required office, as it would be the means also of securing to your National Museum rare representations of what is unequalled in this country, one of our most peculiar scientific curiosities. Having inspected the specimens about to be sent, I can assure you that they are unsurpassed for size, distinctness and beauty of form by any hitherto obtained. Indeed, two or three of them are altogether unique, and have their value enhanced by its being now no longer possible to procure repetitions of them.

It may not be improper to add that Mr. Marsh is a plain, self instructed man, by occupation, a quarry-man, but at the same time of indefatigable perseverance and scientific curiosity; one who has advanced himself to a position among us very similar to that held by the distinguished Hugh Miller of England, author of “New Walks in Old Fields.”

As Mr. Marsh was led in the way of his employment to work the quarries containing the footprints, he gradually became the possessor of a magnificent collection of these productions, which with a noble generosity, he has formed

into a public museum (which also contains other objects of Natural History) in his native town, for the inspection of the public free of charge.

Mr. Marsh will forward to you along with this note a general description of the collection. The packages containing the slabs will be shipped by a vessel of my friends, the Messrs. Ropes of Boston and St. Petersburg; I trust they reach their destination in good order and be considered worthy of their august destination.

Mr. Marsh's letter accompanying the donation:

GREENFIELD, MASS.

May 5th, 1847.

MR. CHARLES CRAMER:

Dear Sir:—Accompanying this is a letter of introduction from my friend, Prof. C. U. Shepard, who has politely put me in correspondence with you. My object, as you will perceive, is to solicit you to become the medium of communication with the Emperor of Russia, who, I understand and believe is the ardent patron of science. I herewith send by one of Messrs. Ropes' ships from Boston, three cases containing slabs of New Red Sandstone from the valley of the Connecticut river, upon which are impressed beautiful footprints of various birds. These remarkable fossils have been the object of my particular attention for several years, and by laborious explorations among the rocks in place, I have collected many interesting examples of these beautiful mementos. Their perfection, the extraordinary magnitude of some of the animals indicated by them, and above all, their important bearing upon geological science, induces me to believe that they may not prove an unacceptable offering to your sovereign, to whom, through you I respectfully dedicate them.

The truths revealed by these inscriptions of nature, teach us, that animals whose organization was perfect, that is, air-breathing, warm-blooded animals, existed in a period of our earth's history which was, geologically speaking, immensely remote. They carry backward the period by an immense stride, through many successive formations of the earth's rock crust, throughout which it has been hitherto supposed that no living creature higher in the scale of organization than the reptile, existed. But these relics prove that birds, beyond the lapse of countless eras walked over the earth, and silently inscribed their history upon it, and the imperishable record has not until our own time been unsealed.

The discovery was made by me in the village where I live, twelve years ago, and its announcement was received with singular interest, both in this country and in Europe, and with singular caution too, as it removed the limits assigned to fossil birds to a point so vastly remote. But objection finally gave way to the force of truth and it is now admitted by all whose opportunities render them competent to judge, that the impressions are authentic vestiges of birds who flourished during the era of sandstone deposition. They existed in vast numbers and were included in many families and species. It is impossible to settle the specific differences of the footprints exactly, but they are extremely diversified.

In point of dimensions they range through a scale of magnitude from one inch to seventeen inches in length, with a corresponding stride of four inches

to forty-eight inches; some of the birds were therefore diminutive and others were of stupendous size.

You will perceive that by severe analogy, these fossil footprints are identical with those of living birds; the feet are planted and succeed each other in the same manner, the short toe innermost and the long one outermost and the toes bear the same number of respective joints and are terminated with similar nails.

The examples which I transmit are tridactylous, but others occur with additional toes. In all things in fact, analogy is complete, and no phenomenon has yet occurred to disturb the surprising harmony between the extinct and existing varieties; the footprints invariably occur upon the superior surface of the stratum, while the cast or relief impression as invariably is upon its lower face. The explanation of the phenomena of these footprints involves no difficulty. The ancient birds frequented such places as were alternately dry and submerged, and in the intervals left their impressions to be closed up by the succeeding overflow. Rain also fell abundantly, suggesting the agent that caused the variations of level in the waters.

One of the cases contains a beautiful and rare example of the footprints of colossal birds, impressed doubtless by the monarch of his race.

It is the largest and most perfect specimen of the gigantic imprints I ever beheld. The example contains two consecutive imprints.

Another case contains a large slab which indicates facts of the highest interest; its superior face is traversed with several lines of various birds, and the inferior face is also diversified with several lines in relief, or is an exact cast of the stratum beneath. To bring both surfaces into view, I have mounted the specimen so as to give it a revolving movement. [Description of the other slabs and specimens follow, nine in all.]

I trust these remarkable relics, remarkable for their origin and remarkable for their excellence, will be useful in conveying to the votaries of science, some adequate idea of the inhabitants of our earth who ruled it long, long ere it came under the dominion of man.

The subject is one of intense interest to the paleontologist, and as these members only exist upon a very limited region, I believe they will be acceptable, where access to them is impracticable. They cannot fail to promote accurate views of this most interesting subject and it affords me sincere pleasure to be the humble instrument of diffusing these eloquent remains.

The efforts of the kindly gentleman to whom was intrusted the achievement of getting the Emperor to accept this harmless gift for his National Museum, were intensely amusing and diplomatically tedious and laborious.

Neither the Academy of Sciences, the Mineralogical Society, Mining Corps, universities nor similar institutions had a right to interfere. Count "This" and Duke "That" were buttonholed for their influence. The minister of finance, the minister of foreign affairs, and numerous other officials were designated as the proper persons to consult.

They were consulted, but, of course, always with a closed hand. The son-in-law of the Emperor, even, was begged to intercede. It was hoped that the American minister to St. Petersburg might, for the honor of his country, be the medium of accomplishment, but he was afraid, and declined to use his friendly offices to get these American geological specimens before the scientific people of Russia, and inferentially, advised dumping the rocks into the Baltic Sea.

Court rules and royal etiquette could not be overcome, and wearied of the delay, and realizing the futility of the successful achievement of his cherished object, Mr. Marsh ordered the collection to be returned to the United States. Thus, after a sojourn of more than two years in a foreign land, the three cases were safely landed at Mr. Marsh's cabinet, November, 1849.

Fortunate, indeed, and eminently appropriate is it, that these unparalleled mementos of prehistoric times, should find a final resting place near where they were brought to the light of the present day, to remain a memorial for this and future generations to the labors of the one who had the knowledge and energy to first find them.

On receiving notice that he had been elected a life member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, Mr. Marsh responded in the following letter:

GREENFIELD, MASS., Nov. 23, 1852.

MR. CASSIN:

Dear Sir: It is with a grateful heart that I acknowledge the receipt of your letter informing me that I have been made a member of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia.

To say I thank you and the members of the society is not enough, but if I am able to visit Philadelphia the coming winter and examine your collections in natural history, I shall then be able to judge whether I can contribute anything that will add interest to either branch of it, which I hope to be able to do.

When your letter arrived, I was at the Beryl quarry in Acworth, N. H., where the Acworth beryls are obtained, so well known to mineralogists for their large size. It is situated on a hill, 12 miles east of Bellows Falls, half a mile south of Cold river, which empties into the Connecticut one mile south of the falls. The hill, some 400 feet above the river and 200 feet above the tableland around it, is mostly composed of a very hard coarse granite, resting on hornblende slate.

The quartz vein (or rather bed, for it is not walled in by the granite on the

right or left) commences on the northeast part, about 100 feet below the top of the hill and occupies a space, some four or five rods wide extending up the slope to the top. Near the top it is precipitous, some cliffs of 10 or 15 feet. This quarry was opened some 20 years ago, about 50 feet from the top, on the slope, where the crystals showed themselves on the surface. It has been visited and worked by many people from abroad, from time to time, until they had worked so far up that the quartz was some 12 or 15 feet thick above the crystals. At this point a cliff rose 10 or 12 feet higher, and it was abandoned. Such was the situation when I went there.

I commenced on the top and blasted down 25 feet through the solid quartz, (there were no crystals nearer the surface than 20 feet), so hard that it cost a dollar a foot to drill it, and when I got down to the beryl, unfortunately, the rock was seamy and bad, therefore the crystals were more or less jointed and imperfect; still I obtained some very interesting specimens, one about a foot in diameter and a foot long, standing in a block of quartz (its original bed). Getting through the quartz, I came upon a vein of feldspar that was very rich with crystals, some as small as a knitting needle, but generally from half an inch to two inches in diameter. I obtained many blocks of the feldspar with these crystals running through them.

The echo of our blasts was delightful; it would come back from the surrounding mountains as if they were blasting in every part, first in one direction and then in another and another, until it would seem to die away in a northwest direction, a long time after the discharge of our blast. I suppose this is owing to the peculiar locality of the hill; when seen from the valley below it looks like a high peak and from the top we have a view in every direction, but there is but one point we can see more than two or three miles, and that is down the valley of the river, across the Connecticut into Vermont their own view being cut off by one of the high peaks of the Green mountains.

The personal relations between Mr. Marsh and President Hitchcock were extremely pleasant and cordial, continuing during the life of Mr. Marsh. Existing correspondence shows this, but more particularly from the fact of the very frequent excursions of President Hitchcock to the cabinet of Mr. Marsh, to examine and discuss the latest fossil acquisition, the result of Mr. Marsh's toil. On the return of President Hitchcock to Amherst, he would write a description of the newly found treasure, give it a Greek or Latin name and publish the same in the scientific journals. Occasionally, Mr. Marsh would get, in these publications, some recognition of his part of the work.

In 1847, President Hitchcock writes:

"I have taken the liberty, as a compliment to you, to attach your name to the track (or to the animal that made it), which you discovered and let me have. I call it, *Herpestozoum Marshi*—that is, Marsh's creeping animal, or

the creeping animal discovered by Marsh. I am making out a list of the tracks for my elementary geology (new edition)."

That some of the men of science were cognizant of the relations existing between these two persons, I will note: that, Dr. Charles T. Jackson of Boston, under date of May 17, 1845, wrote to Mr. Marsh:

"I received your two specimens of bird tracks and a cast of the Giganteum, discovered by you."

This Giganteum was the largest footprint ever found, and is mentioned in various works on geology. The original was in Mr. Marsh's cabinet, and plaster casts of it are to be found in many colleges and scientific collections in the United States and Europe.

Francis Alger, Esq., of Boston, writes to a friend, July 8, 1850:

"Mr. Marsh is the person who has obtained so many of the impressions of bird tracks along the valley of the Connecticut river. His own collection in that department is the best in the country, and many of the finest specimens described by President Hitchcock were obtained by him."

Specimens of the fossil impressions of birds, quadrupeds and fishes of the Connecticut valley, the product of Mr. Marsh's personal labors, were contributed or donated by him to Harvard College, Yale College, Amherst College, Boston Society of Natural History, Boston Society for Medical Improvement, Smithsonian Institution, Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia; New York Natural History Society, and to numerous other scientific collections and colleges in the United States and Europe.

The correspondence of Mr. Marsh with the men eminent in their professions included, Professors Silliman and Dana of Yale; Prof. C. U. Shepard of Amherst; W. C. Redfield, Esq., New York; Prof. James Hall, state geologist of New York; Prof. H. D. Rogers; Dr. C. T. Jackson; Dr. J. B. S. Jackson; Francis Alger, Esq., and Prof. J. W. Webster of Boston; Prof. Spencer F. Baird, Washington; and Dr. A. L. Elwin, Philadelphia.

Mr. Marsh, in recognition of his discoveries and their value to science, was a member of the following societies: The American Association for the Advancement of Science; Association of American Geologists and Naturalists; Natural History Society, New York; Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia.

From the foregoing the conclusion of all thinking persons—whose minds are divested of bigotry, prejudice and family associations—will be, that the man, who by his indomitable perseverance accomplished so much for geological science, will have the recognition which his labors deserve, and share the honors with those who knew more Greek and Latin.

## ANNUAL MEETING—1909.

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### REPORT.

Tuesday was a day of retrospect and study of old life at Deerfield, as the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association gathered for their annual excursion into the past of history and reminiscence. The names of some distinguished men were added to the society's books, by voting in the following as corresponding members: Hon. Samuel Abbott Green, Dr. Edwin A. Grosvenor, Rev. Dr. Edward E. Hale, Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, Hon. John D. Long, Prof. Frederick W. Putnam, and Caleb B. Tillinghast, State Librarian.

The president was directed to appoint a committee for a Field Day at Deerfield the coming summer. It is expected that the meeting will be held somewhere near the old burying ground, near the end of the Mohawk trail, at which Chief Justice John A. Aiken will be a leading speaker.

The report of the treasurer showed the balance on hand to be \$6,182. Expenses for the year were \$892.

The report of George Sheldon as curator, showed that more men of science than usual had visited the famous museum. The number of visitors registered was 7,014. Accretions had come in steadily. The Association seems to have become the legatee on the break-up of many of the old families. People are realizing the safety and permanence of Memorial Hall. Reference is made to the completion of the new catalogue and guide. One pleasing incident of the year was a call from George A. Plimpton of New York, a descendant of Sergeant John Plympton, who was carried to Canada and burned at the stake. This descendant has offered to place a tablet to the memory

of this old martyr, and when it is erected a Plimpton family gathering may be held at Deerfield.

Mr. Sheldon refers to some recent gift of "Cup Stones," which relics with the "Pitted Stones" have been long under discussion. Mr. Sheldon has taken the position that these are in no way connected with the Indians. These stones are found in the Ohio mounds, not placed as if they were tools, but as if they were regarded as mere rubbish and building material. This looks as if they had long been unused when the mounds were built, and indicates that they served some previous unknown people for an unknown purpose.

There was some interesting informal talk at the afternoon business meeting. George E. Taylor of Shelburne spoke of the wonderful work the forefathers did in the interest of their descendants, and queried whether the present generation was doing as much for the future.

Obituary notices of deceased members were read. The paper on Seth B. Crafts was by John Sheldon, who referred to him as an unmixed descendant of the Puritan Englishman, speaking of his friendly temperament and good citizenship. A paper on Edward J. Everett was read by Rev. R. E. Birks, who spoke of Mr. Everett's love for the old town of Deerfield and his interest in improvements. A paper on Mrs. Laurinda C. Whitney of Brookline, was written by C. H. Stearns. She was the oldest member of the Association, being in her ninety-eighth year. Spencer Fuller spoke of the traditions of the Maine coast. An interesting relic was passed around in the form of a sermon written in microscopic hand by Rev. John Williams in 1728. A letter was read from Frederic C. Nims, of Painesville, O., who has become a life member.

These officers were elected:

President: George Sheldon, Deerfield.

Vice-Presidents: Francis M. Thompson, John A. Aiken, Greenfield.

Recording Secretary: Richard E. Birks, Deerfield.

Corresponding Secretary: Mrs. M. Elizabeth Stebbins, Deerfield.

Treasurer: John Sheldon, Greenfield.

Members of Council: Miss C. Alice Baker, Miss P. A. Williams, Miss Julia D. Whiting, William L. Harris, Edward A. Hawks, G. Spencer Fuller, Asahel W. Root, all of Deerfield; Franklin G. Fessenden, Herbert C. Parsons, George A. Sheldon, Mrs. Frances B. Nims, Eugene A. Newcomb, Albert L. Wing, all of Greenfield; Henry B. Barton of Gill, Miss Annie C. Putnam of Boston.

The venerable president of the Association, George Sheldon, while not able to be present in person, contributed a valuable paper on one of the so-called ancient forts, or mounds in Ohio, in which he boldly attacked the common belief that the mounds were built for purposes of defense in a paper that was clear and cogent in its statements and well sustained throughout. The other long paper was by Frederick G. Howes of Ashfield on the early Shaker settlements in Massachusetts. It was the product of much careful and patient investigation. The evening session was devoted to the reading of these papers and a tribute to the memory of Samuel O. Lamb of Greenfield, a former vice-president of the Association, who died last March.

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#### REPORT OF CURATOR.

In some respects the year just closed has been one of special interests. The Museum has attracted, perhaps, more men of science than usual, while the casual visitors from a wide circle, who have derived profit and entertainment from our rare collection, have also increased. The number that have registered is 7,014.

The accretions have become a steady stream, and we appear to be the residuary legatee in the occasional break-up of families. People realize more and more the safety and permanence of our Memorial Hall.

The total number of contributions to be found on our Accession Book is 295. To the Library has been added 55 books, 111 pamphlets, maps, broadsides, etc. Much rich

and rare MS. matter has come to our collection: deeds, letters, journals and genealogies.

The most notable paper is a MS. sermon of Rev. John Williams, bearing the dates of June 18 and July 16, 1728, less than a year before his death.

Other manuscripts are a large packet of family letters, written by Rev. Josiah U. Canning of Gill (1806–1846) and his family, with journals of cruising in boats of Uncle Sam, by one of his sons. Also a package of 25 Wright family deeds, 1765–1839.

We have received documents relating to laying the corner stone of the Lothrop monument in 1835, preserved by our lamented associate, Samuel O. Lamb. Among these, are autograph letters of Daniel Webster, Caleb Cushing, Joseph Story and others. Again, unforgotten things about the old families in Leverett, by one of our members, now living near to the setting sun.

To the Deerfield alcove there have been pleasing additions. "The Story of the Old Willard House," by Mrs. Catherine B. Yale; "The Passage of High Bridge," by Rev. Henry H. Barber; "Government by the People," by Robert H. Fuller, a Deerfield boy, now secretary of Governor Hughes of New York; "In April," a story by Jane Pratt; and two stories by Lucy Pratt, of wide growing fame in her line.

We have now a complete set of the "Mass. Soldiers and Sailors in the Revolutionary War." This is a reference book of untold value to members of patriotic societies.

I herewith present the new *Catalogue*. It will be seen by the introduction that this work had become an absolute necessity. The *Guide* seemed to be called for and has proved a success. The literary work of both, and the illustrations were contributed, and the expense to the Association has been only the printer's bill.

To the Memorial Room have been added framed photographs of Asa Frary, 1789–1866, of Whately, and of his wife, Lydia Sanderson.

One pleasing incident of the year was a call from a stranger, who introduced himself as George A. Plimpton of New

York. After a hearty hand shake, he said, "I am a descendant of Sergt. John Plympton. I want to honor his memory. What do you want me to do here?" "Put up a tablet in Memorial Hall," I responded. "That is just what I would be glad to do; you put it up, and draw on me for the bill." \*

Sergt. John Plympton was captured here in 1677, carried to Canada, and burned at the stake. It has long been my desire and hope to see a tablet in our Memorial Room, in just recognition of the worth and the sufferings of this brave pioneer.

As Mr. Plimpton rose to leave after a few moments' conversation, I quietly suggested, "Perhaps you would like to be one of the guardians of this tablet, as a member." "I certainly would," he replied, "what are the terms?" In a few days came a check for a life membership. As soon as the inscription is decided upon, the tablet will be placed, and Mr. Plimpton will arrange for a Plimpton family gathering here for its dedication.

An interesting gift to the Indian Room is a photograph of an artistic painting of the "Old Indian House." It was painted many years ago by an unknown hand. The canvas is 3 feet 10 by 2 feet 10. The men and women represented are in the Revolutionary costume, and this fact may perhaps give a clew to the age. The painting was bought in New York during the fifties, by Julian S. Rumsey of Chicago. At the Great Fire in 1871, Mr. Rumsey offered \$25.00 to a passing stranger to save the picture. It was saved, but it was some two months before the stranger found Mr. Rumsey. This photograph was given by his daughter, Miss Eliza Voluntine Rumsey, who, on a visit to this Hall, a few months ago, learned for the first time, what house was represented by this painting, so long a household companion. The original is, doubtless, a fixture, but we have a lively interest in the counterpart.

The Indian Room has also received some rare and valuable stone contributions. We already had in our collection one of the finest specimens of the rare "Bicaves" of

\* Exactly this has since been done.—EDITOR.

which the well-known archæologist, Dr. J. P. Snyder, says, "To me they are the most incomprehensible of all prehistoric stone relics." Three more Bicaves, as well as several Cup Stones have been added to our stock. Cup Stones have been the subject of much speculation; the original use is still unknown. Some have placed Cup Stones and Pitted Stones in the same class. The scientists are now studying the latter as a distinct class. After much correspondence in our own and foreign countries, some facts have been gathered which are not yet systematized. We believe that no connection has been established between these Pitted Stones, and the people we call Indians. In a recent letter from Prof. W. C. Mills of Columbus, O., Curator of the Ohio State Historical and Archæological Society, he says that he has found these pitted stones when opening Ohio mounds, but never as articles to be treasured, only as material used in building the structure. From this fact it would seem that the use of Pitted Stones had been discontinued before the days of the mound builders, when they were considered as rubbish by the builders. Thus it is seen that instead of being made by the Indians for "nut crackers or what not," they were in use untold centuries before the days of the historic Indian. I, therefore, repeat with more confidence, what I have before said, that "They are the work of an unknown people for an unknown use." I suppose we have the largest collection ever made of these mysterious relics.

Other articles useful for comparison are a war club from Africa, and a curious oddity with a notched edge, called by some a digging weight, from the Pacific slope.

Generous contributions, more local in character, have been given by interested parties.

Respectfully submitted,

GEORGE SHELDON,  
*Curator.*

Deerfield, February 23, 1909.

## NECROLOGY.

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### MRS. LAURINDA C. WHITNEY.

BY CHARLES H. STEARNS OF BROOKLINE.

Laurinda Collins Whitney, born July 6, 1810; died May 20, 1908. This in brief tells the passing away of a long life. But what a story it could tell of joys and griefs, of struggles and successes, of births and deaths in the domestic circle, of the wonderful changes and inventions of the past century.

Mrs. Whitney was born in the town of Smyrna, New York. November 23, 1836, she married James S. Whitney of Deerfield. She was the mother of seven children, one of whom died in infancy. The first child was born in Deerfield, September 10, 1837. Mr. Whitney removed to Conway in January, 1838. He was a man who impressed all who knew him as one of more than usual ability and worth. Although living in a small country town, he made his mark as a leading citizen: a Democrat in politics, he was recognized during the presidency of James Buchanan, and was appointed by him Superintendent of the Springfield Armory; later he was appointed collector of the port of Boston, and moved his family to Cambridge: in 1861 or 1862 he moved to Brookline, and since that time Mrs. Whitney has lived in the house on the corner of Beacon and Pleasant Streets. The mother of a large family, four daughters and two surviving sons, her time was naturally absorbed in her family; she was domestic in her home life, and though not wanting in this world's goods, she was habitually economical and practical in her household.

Her sons and two of her daughters married, and are or have been prominent in society, and in the affairs of state and nation, but Mrs. Whitney was always the simple, quiet

woman, apparently unaffected by the good fortune of her children. She outlived her husband thirty years, and until the past few years went about among her friends, and attended church regularly.

When upwards of eighty years of age she fell, and injured her hip, which kept her indoors most of the time since, but her mind kept bright, and, except for a partial deafness, all her senses and faculties continued active. She has outlived all her generation, but to the comparatively few who knew and remember her, she was always the modest, unassuming, true woman. She became a member of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, January, 1872, and was at her death the oldest person in the Association.

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### SETH B. CRAFTS.

BY JOHN SHELDON.

On the 17th day of January last, at his residence in Whately, died an honored citizen, Seth Brockway Crafts. He became a member of this Association several years ago, frequently attended the meetings, and was always in sympathy with the sentiment the Association represented. He served on committees at various times and prepared a paper which he read at our 1904 Annual Meeting.

Mr. Crafts was born at Whately, August 28, 1840, the son of Noah and Nancy Crafts. His American ancestry began with Griffin and Alice Crafts who came from England and settled in Roxbury in 1630. Thomas, the fourth in descent from Griffin and the great-grandfather of Seth, was born in Hatfield, August 16, 1717, and had five sons four of whom were in the Revolutionary army. He came to Whately in 1751, and built a house on Chestnut Plain Street—now Main—that was handed down in direct line to Seth.

Mr. Crafts' business was farming; and to it he applied the energy and good business sagacity that marked all his undertakings. With the exception of fifteen years that he lived in the bordering town of Conway, he was a lifelong

resident of Whately and closely identified with its affairs, giving to that town generously of his wisdom and experience. His repeated re-election to the office of selectman showed the confidence of his townsmen in his ability and integrity, and his position as chairman of the board was a recognition of his leadership. He was active in forming the men's club, a social organization in which he was keenly interested, and was a director in the Conway National Bank and trustee of the savings bank. He was elected to represent his district in the State Legislature of 1872 where he made a creditable record. During his residence in Conway he was active in that town's affairs and served on the board of selectmen and school committee.

Mr. Crafts represented a type still common in New England of the unmixed descendant of the Puritan Englishman. He retained a large measure of the characteristics of his forefathers, tempered and modified in later generations by contact with a larger and more liberal environment and a broader education than the earlier centuries afforded. He was a warm-hearted, likeable man. Hearty in voice and manner, straightforward and strong, he carried an atmosphere that was a tonic and met people with a grasp of the hand and a square look in the eye that made and held friends. With the faults and weaknesses no doubt, common to all men in greater or less degree, he stood withal for good citizenship and the better things of life.

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**SAMUEL O. LAMB.**

BY HERBERT C. PARSONS.

There could be no more fitting benediction for an annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association than the turning of the thought of its members to the life and character of Samuel O. Lamb. His presence at the meetings of the Association both here and afield has been long familiar and a precious possession. His wealth of reminiscence, linking the present generation with the middle of the last century, was often drawn upon to our delight

and instruction and his interest in the Association was constant and strong.

Greenfield has lost its most interesting figure. Survey with whatever care you will the men who have made up the life of the shire town of the county in recent years and you cannot fail of this conclusion. To have witnessed, as only the early riser was privileged to do, Mr. Lamb's punctual and vigorous walk down the main street of the town, on his way to the office where he long practiced law, was to recognize that there was at least something unusual in the man, not alone whose dress but whose manner and visage suggested his continuance from a period of vigorous and sturdy public men. To have known him better, to have sat in the quaint office and been favored with his discussion of either current or long ago political events, was to have gathered both instruction and inspiration. For his knowledge was wide, his reasoning was clear and his conscience was true.

Mr. Lamb was born in the rugged town of Guilford, Vermont, in 1821, the son of a Baptist minister, and he seemed to carry through life characteristics that such a birth might have been expected to impart,—a rugged character and a vigorous moral purpose. His early life was spent in the solidifying contact of the country towns; he gathered the education that the sort of school he always held to be the best the world could ever know gave him, and this was rounded out by a course at Grove Seminary in Charlemont, one of the old-time New England academies, where instruction was strong and learning honest. Choosing the law for his occupation, he came to Greenfield, studied in the office of Whiting Griswold, Esq., and when he was 29 years old was admitted to the bar, well prepared, we must believe, for the work that lay before him. He maintained throughout the following fifty years a place of the highest respect at the bar. His worth as a citizen was almost ideal and his influence upon the affairs of the town extended to all its concerns. Politically a Democrat and a follower of Jackson and Jefferson, he came to a leading place in the councils of the party in the state, while his personal worth led to

political honors that could not have come through a simply partisan support, including two terms in the legislature, at widely separated years. His business judgment was sound and his personal probity flawless, and he was intrusted with many affairs, professional and public, where clear sight and unquestioned honor were essential.

The characteristics which most impressed those fortunately in contact with Mr. Lamb were his love of books, his marvelous capacity for appropriation of their substance, his clearness in reasoning, and his conservatism. Mr. Lamb was a true conservative. On a question of the comparative merit of old institutions with new, of old methods with new, he could be counted upon to decide for the old. But saying this is not saying that he was unprogressive. He was indeed keenly observant of the world's progress and alert to the movements for social betterment. But he applied to every modern problem the test of comparison with what it was sought to replace or modify, and it hardly need to be said as a tribute to such a service that not all new movements or notions can successfully stand that test. In all the relations of life he was cheery and stimulating to the best effort of those who came within the happy range of his influence.

Mr. Lamb came into the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association early in its life, his name first appearing on its rôle of officers in 1873 when he became a vice-president and he continued to fill and honor that office for 35 years to the great gain of the Association and the great satisfaction of its members. Here and everywhere that he was known he is deeply missed and his memory is a precious possession.

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### EDWARD JAMES EVERETT.

BY REV. RICHARD E. BIRKS.

Every year we are called to record the death of some of our members, and, as they pass away one by one, it is fitting that we recall their names and pay our tribute of respect to their memory.

Edward James Everett was a man who had been so active in life, was so well and widely known, had made such a host of friends, and was so willing to lend a helping hand in any good work that was going on, and being in the prime of life, his loss has been severely felt in town and county.

He was born in Albany, N. Y., December 27, 1845, and was the son of Elbridge G. Everett, a conductor on the Fitchburg road for 26 years. Early in the Civil War he enlisted in the Rhode Island Cavalry, and later in the 2d Massachusetts Cavalry, seeing much hard service.

After leaving the army he made his home in Deerfield, and married Susan, daughter of Francis and Mary (Nims) Hawks, who, with two sons and one daughter, survives him.

Here he became engaged in tobacco raising on a large scale. His interest in horses as an ex-cavalry man, led to his wide employment as a judge and starter at horse races in different parts of New England, and he owned, at one time, several good trotters.

For a time he kept the Mansion House at Easthampton, and afterwards built and carried on the Pocumtuck House at Deerfield until it was burnt down.

He was interested in town affairs, worked hard for street lights, and was a ready supporter of every improvement.

He was an elector under the will of Oliver Smith, and served two years as a trustee of the Fund, was a member of Republican Lodge of Masons, and the E. E. Day Post of the Grand Army.

He was much interested in the work of our Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association and regularly attended and helped at its meetings. He appreciated the work it was doing in collecting valuable relics and memorials of the past, and in securing and publishing original essays on the early history of our town and country.

We hereby record our sense of his loss, and pay our tribute of respect and esteem for one, who, by his faithful record in the Civil War, and by his love for our old town, and the interest he manifested, as a citizen for a third of a century, in its improvement and welfare, has well merited a place in the history of Deerfield and the records of our Association.

## FORT ANCIENT, OHIO—WAS IT A FORTRESS?

BY GEORGE SHELDON.

In a paper read from this platform a few years ago, I said, "All roads lead to Rome, but, as you know, all roads that I travel lead naturally to Memorial Hall." To-night, however, the reverse is true. The spirit of inquiry which set me delving among the prehistoric relics in the Indian Room, has sent me scurrying away to the realm of the Mound Builders, and there stranded me on the summit of Fort Ancient.

Fort Ancient, located on the Little Miami River in Warren County, Ohio, is called "the Masterpiece of the Mound Builders," "easily the first among the prehistoric fortifications." It is now owned by the Ohio State Historical Society, and it is, thereby, assured of a new lease of life.

Much has been written upon Fort Ancient, and my knowledge of it is derived wholly from books. These I shall quote freely. The writers, in every case, accept the Fort theory. To be sure, they differ widely in their application of minor facts, as we shall see. This is one point in favor of my contention.

My quotations will be literal, and their meaning clear. As my information is drawn from books my findings must be based entirely on the facts they have recorded. To save pages of space in references, the word Book will be used for the writers collectively.

The Book gives a clear, minute description of Fort Ancient which I accept without doubt or reservation as true to the letter. The Book goes further, and gives conclusions; further still, and presents the evidence on which these conclusions are based. Thus the whole case is before the Court.

Now I have a deal of faith in my power of analyzing evidence, and reaching results, and I venture to question some of the findings of the Book.

After a full and studious examination of the whole case, the verdict I render in advance, and shall defend, is, that

the misnamed Fort Ancient was never built or occupied as a fortification.

My position is a militant negative; my aim to incite inquiry from a new view point, to the end that light be let into the mist enshrouding this strangest of earthworks.

The word of experts, who have earned the title, should have great weight, but "experts" are not all of one metal. Some rely on "what grandfather always said." Others dig to find on what sort of foundation "grandfather" built. In fairness all must have a hearing, and all must be tried by the test of judicial criticism.

All agree that a defensive wall is made to keep out unwelcome visitors. If it cannot do this, or tend to do it, there must be some other reason for its existence.

The wall at Fort Ancient as all call it,—more properly an embankment,—is simply a pile of loose earth "more than three and a half miles long," encircling the top of a bold, irregular promontory, nearly 300 feet above the river valley, and inclosing an area of about 125 acres, which is connected with the level plain by only a narrow neck across which the wall runs. The wall is described in the Book as "a massive piece of defensive construction. Its width, height and contents vary, as the requirements of the hill-top, and the proposed formidableness of the defense demands. The base breadth is from 30 to 50 feet, in some places as much as 70, the height from 10 to 22 feet, measuring from the level of the Fort interior. The wall's surface has an outward slope of from 35 degrees to 42 degrees." Notice this gentle outward slope of the wall which is to bar out the enemy. Is it treason to doubt the efficiency of such a defense, or that it was ever intended for defense? This doubt will be further backed on learning that, at irregular intervals of from 57 to 510 feet, there is an opening, which the Book calls gateway, 10 feet wide, cut through the wall from top to bottom. There are 74 of these open gates with no sign of defense. Is not this rather a unique feature in a fortress wall?

Many detailed descriptions of Fort Ancient with maps and plans have been studied in a search to find a bit of

satisfactory evidence that it was intended or ever occupied as a Fort. At no point in its wide range, is discovered any defensive quality to avail against any kind of assault by man or beast. The Book gives a plan whereby the garrison could defend the walls, but none whereby the walls could defend the garrison.

Nowhere on this promontory are seen any remnant or any sign of the most natural and primitive, as well as the most effective means of defense. In place of these useless piles of earth why do we not find some evidence of stores of ammunition in piles or mounds of boulders weighing from 50 to 100 pounds? With this stock at hand, a corporal's guard could defend any steep ravine, or rocky pass against the assault of the bravest army that ever marched. A simple platoon fire of these boulders would prove a besom of destruction to the invaders, be they squads or battalions. No living thing could stand before this simple and available defense. This is negative evidence, but will it not outweigh, in the thoughtful mind, all declarations of belief in the old theory of defense with open gateways?

It may be that these authors, accepting the common view, do not raise at all the question at issue. The name "Fort" is always with them. The word "wall" presupposes defense. The care and study they bestow upon this strange inclosure seem to be quite largely spent in trying to explain away the un-fort-like features of the baffling and mystifying structure. Many theories, alike untenable, and alike in nothing else, are advanced by the writers. Not all, however, take the trouble to do this. Indeed, since the above was written, a distinguished Oriental scholar and archæologist, well known to the nations of the east and the west, and who has written up Fort Ancient as a work of defense against an unknown people, himself told me he had taken it for granted that the work was a fortress. He had never raised the question. Although he discovered some religious symbols in the wall of the citadel he gave little thought to the fact. The military idea seems to have veiled his eyes, and he gave these symbols little or no ethnographical significance. So, we have lost the light he might have thrown

upon the vital question dominating the mystery of Fort Ancient. In a free discussion of the earthen wall and open gate theory of defense, he offered a misty, indeterminate idea of a blockhouse method, and dwelt upon the importance of the gateway to the sentinels in certain situations. He said, as a commonplace remark, "The walls of earth were no defense." To this observation ready assent was given.

In confident phrase one writer opens a chapter on this wonderful relic, thus:—"For imposing grandeur in size, ingenuity in design, and perfection in construction, it is easily the first among prehistoric fortifications, and is regarded as representing the highest point attained in earth-work structures by the lost race." Perhaps this declaration should be classed with those of which it is said, "Here science weakens before sentiment, and poetry gets the better of archaeology." To make history, fancy must be separated from fact. Another writer pays high tribute to "the wonderful works of a vanished race."

The wonder in the case is, the amount of labor bestowed upon such useless walls. Was this race active, virile, self-asserting, uniting willingly in this enormous undertaking for common purposes? Or was it a low and slavish horde, under a lordly taskmaster, or under priestly domination? Will man ever know what was the motive power behind this stupendous enterprise?

Let us now take a stroll along the top of this so-called "formidable" wall, and observe its construction. We must be sure of our foothold for through this matchless buffer against assaults, we shall find gaps, cut down to the base, and wide open. We will start at the northwest corner, "climb" the ten-foot wall, which runs due east for half a mile. What do we note? "The wall is strong," says the Book, "and well preserved." Why not? No enemy has ever disturbed it, for, the Book continues, "it was along the summit edge of a deep ravine . . . impossible of ascent. The south side of this ravine which the wall faces is very steep, the ascent being quite impassable." Looking down some 200 feet to Randall's Run, I concur. No dog could do it, let alone a Mound Builder. What need then of wall

or palisade! Why this vast and useless waste of energy and earth! We note, however, that this wall is not continuous. At intervals are the gateways, already described—these invitations for the enemy to walk in. In no other place than Ohio, I believe, can this peculiar feature in a defensive wall be found.

Continuing east with Randall's Run on the left, after passing several gateways some of them opening out over the sheer cliff, we observe, "below the wall some 30 feet down the declivity, the steep hillside is checked and presents a 'terrace' or level landing, perhaps a thousand feet long, and one hundred broad. These hillside terraces occur at many other places in the hillsides leading up to the fort."

These wayside "landings" do not appear to be very fit adjuncts to a fortress on the top, but at one point we find three of them one above the other.

If this hill was to be fortified would not the first work of the engineers be to break down these terraces. They would be excellent vantage ground for besiegers. Raising this question, we found by the Book that these terraces—many think them artificial—had been used as burying places, and were covered with graves. Is there any other record of a graveyard on the outer ramparts of a great fortress, a spot certain to be desecrated at the first onset of the invader,—the spot held to be the most sacred by all people in all times!

Going east the next gateway in our path opens out just above this terrace, and we here find a probable use for one of the 74 gateways. Here, doubtless, was a roadway to the cemetery on the terrace below. A little south of this gateway within the inclosure "is a crescent-shaped mound, originally 270 feet in length, its convex side facing the wall; it is now but a few feet high, having been badly defaced." No object or use has ever been assigned for this mound. Possibly it may have had a part in the funeral ceremonies. But there is nothing defensible here.

For some unguessable reason if this be a Fort, a little farther along, the wall jumps off the edge of the cliff, and runs "below the summit level; the fort interior rising above

it. This occurs at only a few other places in the construction of the Fort." Few or many, would they not be excellent shelters or breathing places before the final rush of an assault? The weakest link in a chain is the measure of its strength. So of a Fort. Then why these jumping-off places?

Proceeding to the northeast corner of the Fort we reach the point where the promontory joins the level plateau. Here the wall of earth, says the Book, "is carried to an unusual height" as it runs across the neck, "the most exposed part" of the Fort. Let us see what extra care was bestowed here. We find the wall some ten or a dozen feet above the average height. This really seems to mean business, a genuine effort to keep out intruders. If the enemy elected to walk over the wall it would require only two or three seconds more. But why go over it? There was an easier way.

This reach of high wall if continuous, would be 1185 feet; but it was not continuous. The wall was cut by gateways into seven sections. These openings aggregate, measuring on the contour line, 390 feet, where there is no wall at all, or shadow of defensive obstruction. Thirty-three per cent of the entire neck is left open. What sort of a fortress is this! Those outside are not only invited to walk in, but special provision is made, that they may do so dry shod.

The Book has much to say about the ditch outside this high wall as an important addition to the means of defense. "Moat" the writers like to call it, but they fail to comment on the significant fact that so careful were the builders to furnish a dry entrance for their "friends the enemy," that the "Moat" was left undug in front of every single gateway. This defensive moat and the defensive opening must certainly be twin brothers. Various theories are advanced to account for the gateway. One of these, which, at first blush, seems to have something in it, will now be considered. The Book says, and I agree with the first remark, "The earthen ramparts would afford little protection in case an assault were made upon them. The

inside slopes are as steep as the outside, and afford no suitable standpoint, so the defender's body would be protected, and yet give him an opportunity to see over the rampart. If he stood upon the top, he would be even a better target for the assailants than they would be for him." So far there is no disagreement; for the rest, the last word has not been said. The presence of the gateways must be accounted for, and the Book continues with no doubt on the question of its being a Fort: "I consider it necessary to conclude that each of these gaps was occupied with a blockhouse reaching out beyond the walls forming a bastion from which the defenders could enfilade the outside of the ramparts most effectually. The distance of these gaps apart is in no case too great to serve this purpose, and if we consider it in this way, the whole of the outside of the walls could be defended with very little expense on the part of the defenders." The writer's zeal appears to have run away with his figures, if not with his judgment.

Taking a practical look at these 74 blockhouses one would expect to find them at an equal distance apart. Those seven across the neck which we have been describing, vary from 97 feet to 314 feet. I do not know the capacity of the "long bow"; it may have covered that distance, but if the distances were equal there was no need to run the risk. And there is another consideration. These blockhouses could be only about ten feet wide; the part "projecting beyond the wall" must have portholes in front and on both sides. Is it supposable that such a little cubby could contain archers enough to have any appreciable effect in checking an assault in force? If this were possible a file of the enemy could, in forty seconds, form a barricade up the slope with their shields, which would stop every arrow from the blockhouse; and another line behind these could check with their bows any sortie from the feeble garrison. This system of blockhouses, larger and nearer together, with no piles of dirt between them to bother, has proved successful when used by the white frontiersman in later days.

Another genius with a scheme, ignores the moat theory,

and says they were all filled up solid opposite the gateways: "Leaving the interior surface continuous through the gateway; and . . . outside the wall before the opening, is built a little platform, a continuation of the level walk which passes through the opening. These walkways through and beyond the gateways are very distinct in places. This platform might be used as a lookout or sentinel stand. These external platforms occur most frequently along the east wall of the fort suggesting the idea that attack was most feared on that side." Shades of Vauban! Was there ever anything more convincing! Mark the ease and simplicity of this delectable scheme of defense. The encircling wall is cut away to the level about ten feet wide at the bottom, and sixty at the top. The ditch is filled to make a "walkway" for the sentinel to go out upon, and watch for an approaching enemy. No sentinel, before or since, was ever heard of who had life and duty made so easy for him. Not content with one such "walkway and platform" there are seven on this narrow, exposed peninsula. When this formidable barrier was thus completed, what would it be? Nothing else but a row of mounds, in length from 97 to 314 feet, with one of these walkways at the end of each, for the use of the sentinels—and also of the invaders, who would make the most of it.

But supposing the openings were all filled up solid, and the wall continuous. A wall as before described and undefended, would hardly be thought of by an enemy as an obstruction. It might retard its progress from ten to fifteen seconds. There would be no difficulty in marching over it with unbroken ranks, or an unranked mob. If the wall be manned, the defenders have only the slight advantage of a downward, as against an upward blow, provided the parties meet in a hand-to-hand conflict on the outward slope. As to the archers there would be no advantage whatever; arrows would fly upward as easily as downward, and both parties would be equally exposed. Practically, as the Book has well said, these walls would be no obstruction to the march of an enemy, on the supposition that both parties are armed with primitive weapons, axes, clubs, bows

and spears. All blows must be delivered on that part of the slope where they may chance to meet; neither party could be under cover while attacking or being attacked with these weapons.

Had the builders a defensive wall in view a much easier way was open. If the edge of the plateau had been the line of defense, the conditions would have been entirely different. The defenders being on firm level ground, could meet the invaders while scaling the cliff, and the axe or club would find easy access to the head of an enemy with such an uncertain foothold.

A well-laid stone wall, three or four feet high (higher on the neck) following the sinuosities of the plateau edge, instead of 25 or so feet away, would have made this an impregnable fortress. As we shall see, the material for this wall was close at hand. Has anyone attempted to explain why it was not used? Here is an opportunity for any believer in the Fort theory.

He may as well, at the same time, consider the next count. A peculiar feature of Fort Ancient is the many steep ravines which cut the edge of the plateau making deep gullies. The older books say the wall followed the ravine around the point without a break. This is an error as shown by Moorehead's recent survey by compass and chain. As a rule, but with exceptions, the wall ran right across the ravines in its course. Speaking of one which was 78 feet down and 102 feet up, the Book says, "The wall is built down the slope of this depression, and up on the opposite side." With this arrangement the garrison on the inside of the wall would be in plain sight of the enemy on the other side of the ravine, and a clear mark for their arrows or spears. Is not this one feature enough to blight the whole Fort theory?

The Book suggests another scheme under which the gateways might be utilized. This may be called the spider and the fly theory. It is based on the fact that "barbarous people regard the capture of their enemies as of more importance than killing them in battle." The game was to entice the enemy inside, and then pounce upon them. How the trick

was to be played must be guessed. We can imagine the scouts of the enemy creeping warily towards the Fort, then running back to notify the invaders that not a gate was guarded, not a sentinel on the rampart. The enemy move up cautiously, and rush through the gateway. Here the imagination halts. The rest is too difficult for it. There are scores of gateways alike open to the enemy. Which will they elect to attack? An overpowering force must be constantly at each gate. The front ranks of the enemy are now within the walls. While these are being secured, what will their fellows be doing? Will they wait their turn, or swarm over the walls for a flank and rear attack? So, the trappers might find themselves trapped.

The same game may be carried on at the next gate, and the next, clear across the neck. To the common mind the fortress seems to have been taken by the enemy.

The same story with a variation, is this: "These gateways may have served as places where the besieged could make sallies and retreats, in order to decoy the enemy within the enclosure to be captured."

No doubt the enemy would follow in, that is what they are there for. The matter of their being captured would be settled later.

I have seen somewhere a quatrain which seems pertinent here. It puts the case in a nutshell, and bears its own reply. I may not quote correctly, but here is the essence:

I hear a lion in the lobby roar,  
Mr. Speaker, shall I lock the door  
And keep him out,—or let him in,  
And try to drive him out again?

The Book has a great deal to say about "moats," and how far they have been a factor in the defense of Fort Ancient. One says in relation to the wall across the neck, the place we have been considering, "It is outside these walls that the wide and deep moat existed. Water stood therein continuously until a very recent date. This ditch must have been an intentional moat to protect the walls which here defend the most exposed approach to the fort." Speaking about this same reach of wall, another says,

"Some of these openings, however, offer peculiar construction. The moat, in these cases, stops at the base of the opening, or is filled in, leaving the interior surface continuous through the gateway—as a level walk." What could an outsider say more derogatory to the Fort theory? Let the believers explain the little enigma about the "wide and deep defensive moat," and the level paved causeway across it, or at least devise another theory. Well, here it is, and it refers to the same reach of wall.

"It has been suggested that these moats, or some of them, where especially wide and deep, may have been utilized as reservoirs or artificial ponds in which to store water." Are we to suppose these stagnant pools of rain water, reeking, as they must be, with malaria and fever, are to be utilized as a water supply for the garrison and its camp followers? Does the author mean anything else? A negative argument against the establishment of reservoirs can be found in the following extract: "Just beyond this deep gully is a place where the wall is built across the head of a ravine; there is such a depression above, that if this wall was built to the height of ten feet, it would make a pond of nearly or quite half an acre."

Here then was an opportunity; a trifling outlay and a bountiful supply. The wall was not raised. The inevitable conclusion is, that there was no call for a store of water in the Fort. No water, no garrison, no fort.

A final word about "moats." The books have much to say about the many holes or ditches inside the wall. They disagree as to whether they were really "moats," or "part of the defensive wall," or "reservoirs," or "dugouts," or "depressions left where earth was removed to place on the wall." To my mind, there is no room for doubt. All the evidence I can discover, direct or inferential, points to the conclusion of casual excavations for material. These holes "from two to seven feet deep," pitfalls, traps for the unwary, would hardly be left lying round loose in the parade ground of an occupied fortress. Nor, on the contrary, would an "elevated way 70 feet wide" be left across the new Fort from the northwest gateway.

Another ardent writer, struggling with the Fort problem, asserts that "water is an absolute necessity to the fort," and forthwith proceeds to make an elaborate and cogent argument to prove the impossibility of a suitable supply. In the face of this, does he give up the Fort? By no means. He only says the question of a water supply "has never been solved." I agree to this. The same is true of the gateways and the sprawling piles of dirt.

A map of Fort Ancient in its outline bears a close resemblance to the map of the western hemisphere. The "New Fort" is North America; the "Middle Fort" is the Isthmus; the "Old Fort" is South America. So far we have been skirmishing along from Alaska across Canada, Nova Scotia, and down the New England coast where the neck of the Fort joins it to the main plateau, where that wonderful openwork wall bids defiance to a hostile world.

We will now move southward towards the Middle Fort or Isthmus. This is long and narrow with earth walls on either side. The books agree that the enemy will first capture the New Fort, and then make for the Old Fort, the citadel, by way of the isthmus. Here we may expect strong works erected to block the onset of the enemy. This is a sample of what is found. A low crescent-shaped mound sprang from each of the main side walls towards the center where they met to close the pass. No, they did not meet. There was the inevitable opening between their middle ends. This gap was called the "Crescent Gateway." The Book gives no explanation for this peculiar arrangement at this strategic point. The defensive office of the opening has not yet been explained. The victorious enemy could swarm down the isthmus, on the top of the side walls and the space between. The crescent cross walls would offer no more resistance than a row of deserted ant-hills. What call, then, for the inviting gateway? Here, then, is the Middle Fort.

Below this formidable obstruction, the side walls gradually disappear; but before we reach the Great Gateway they rise, and curve inward until there is only a narrow passage between them. Here is another wide open gate-

way. Shall we find here a spider and fly device? Wait a bit.

To give the Book's idea of defensive works at this point, I quote, "The passage path between these mounds is elevated, so as to give an incline, inside and out, thus adding to the facility with which ingress could be prevented." That is, as if the door was taken off, and the door still raised to keep out the foe. No figures are given, but from the tenor of the context, one might guess the elevation to be from thirty to forty inches. The Book goes on to say, "This citadel of the fort is the acme of the engineering plan; it is literally the *pièce de résistance* that awakens admiration for the military genius of the Mound Builders. Here science weakens before sentiment, and poetry gets the better of archæology, for just inside the Old Fort, on the west, as you emerge from the Great Gateway, is"—what great bulwark may we expect to see? We have now reached the very heart of the whole matter, where the value of all this labor and expense must be tested. Exactly here is the vital turning-point. It is literally the "last ditch" of the defenders. This lost, all is lost as a fortress. Behind them in the Citadel is the treasure chest of the garrison, the storehouse of their munitions, here the altars of their gods, and the graves of their fathers, and, above all, here are crowded together their trembling wives and helpless little ones. What, then, is the subtle device, what resistless barrier, has this "Military Genius of the Mound Builders," this great Vauban of the West, provided the defenders in this supreme moment? Is there anything to avail, but their own brave hearts, and their strong right hands? What lofty towers and beetling battlements are here raised to check the victorious foe, and defiantly proclaim, Thus far you have won your way, but no farther shall you go! Listen, the Book says, "Just inside the Old Fort, on the right, as you emerge from the Great Gateway, is a conical mound, ten feet high with a base diameter of forty feet." The crest is twenty feet across. This, then, is the acme of the engineering plan, it is literally the "*pièce de résistance*" that awakens admiration for the military genius of

the Mound Builders. And this is the whole of it! A round pile of earth, whose frowning walls tower to the height of ten feet, and support a circular crest twenty feet in diameter upon which matchless bulwark could be crowded, perhaps, forty or fifty archers or spearsmen who are to crush the invading army. This formidable barrier is not, however, reared in front of the gateway, but discreetly placed on the right, so that the two score archers can make a flank attack, and do their dreadful work.

To be sure the doomed army need not pass within the range of their arrows. There is no other interior defense, and nothing to prevent it from marching by the left flank, and steering clear of the fateful ten-foot mound.

Forty centuries are looking down from the Pyramids! When Napoleon uttered these memorable words, he was not only rounding a period, but embalming in stone the history of Ancient Egypt. The builders of the Pyramids, who were they? The Sphinx testifies that long centuries ago, the question of the builders was then a riddle.

It may be that the story of Fort Ancient has also been writ in stone, and who can tell which is the older record? Every printed volume of history is crowded with tales of horrid war and inhuman slaughter. The sheets are fairly clotted with blood. The stone pages of Egypt and Fort Ancient may have been written before there was "need of arsenal or fort," for in neither is there any taint of war. The stone wall which may have surrounded Fort Ancient was doubtless builded before the so much talked of earthen wall was even dreamed of. We reckon time by years and centuries, but when the centuries grow old and weaken, the clock of Time runs down. So, there is no recorded imprint on the stone pages of Egypt or Fort Ancient.

The evidence of this ancient stone wall has been gradually brought to light by the persistent antiquaries, who have been devoted to the task of uncovering the hidden. Scores of pages bear incidental witness, and others testify directly. The Book says: "At one point the wall seems to have been built in two horizontal sections, with time intervening; built half way up, covered with a layer of stones,

and then left till it was grown over with grass and small sprouts, and covered with vegetable matter. Upon this beginning a subsequent layer of earth and stones was placed to complete the wall. But the fortifications seem, in the main to have been erected by one continuous labor." All will note that an unfinished, partly built wall can be no defense at all. An enemy on hostile intent will find the weakest places.

Another writer in summing up his observations, says: "The amount of stone and its position indicates that the builders constructed a stone backbone entirely around the enclosure. This varied, but usually it lay near the centre of the embankment." The writer does not assemble and emphasize the evidence on which his conclusions concerning the stone backbone are based, but it crops out in every direction. At the northeast gates stones of the old wall may still be seen in place.

Speaking of an accidental washout, one says: "However, the damage is not without its recompense, for the exposed sections show clearly the composition of Fort Ancient's embankments. . . . In the centre the stones assume the shape of a rough layer. There is a travertine coating on the stones, a natural formation. It is quite likely that the wall, at least here, was built at two periods, separated by an unknown length of time. Vegetable matter accumulated between these layers, and when the wall was completed, this material lay between the first and second sections. The line of division is half an inch thick, is dark, clearly marked, and precisely such as is found in mounds denoting different periods of construction."

In the many descriptive narratives, there is constant reference to the stones found where there have been breaks in the embankment; cuttings through the walls, slides at the gateways, or washouts, in short, generally, when the interior of the embankment is exposed. One says, the stones can be seen cropping out at the base of the slopes in every gateway. In all this is found evidence of the original wall.

"There has been frequent reference to limestone slabs,

so numerous about the Great Gateway, in the ends of embankments, and on the outside of the walls. By thrusting an iron rod into the earth at almost any part in the wall, these stones can be felt. Over most of them is a coating caused by carbonated water flowing over them, and dissolving a portion of the stone. In places where the stones are heaped up they seem to have been held together by a cement." Let scientists decide the age thus indicated. The stone wall was covered by the earth at some period, in all its windings. At one place, at least, it ran so near the edge of the cliff as to make trouble for those, who untold years later, added the earthen cover. The Book says, "the earth at this point has been dumped on the edge of the hill, and allowed to fall down upon the outside, which has made the outside slope very steep," with a great loss of labor and material. Obviously in an original layout of the earth wall this would not have been allowed.

An ardent student records his belief that "fully one-third of Fort Ancient is stone." Probably this is a larger proportion of stone than those who have chiefly concerned themselves with the wall of earth would concede. For he says, "No one has appreciated the amount of stone made use of by the builders."

There is another word to be said about the people who may have had part in building the successive walls of Fort Ancient. The writer last quoted made extensive and repeated excavations on the village sites located near the foot of the west wall of the Fort, as well as on the three terraces on its face. A large number of graves were discovered and a minute record made of the findings. In summing up the whole, he found positive evidence that, in the limitless past, there had been three distinct races or peoples occupying successively this very spot, the second building and burying on the ruins of the first; the third above the second. The latest of these had followed the first and second into the eternal silence. Thick and unmistakable layers of earth had accumulated between the eras of occupation. In view of these discoveries how little and puerile seem our boasted and hoarded relics of antiquity. They are but the things

of yesterday afternoon. Time only has them in charge, and Time has apparently lost the place. Can there be any doubt that those peoples were the successive builders of the walls of Fort Ancient?

In one view of the case, it may be worth while to note, that these village graves were almost wholly those of women and children.

That impressive hymn "Nearer, my God, to thee, E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me," sounds no new note. The same theme, and the same tone dominates the threnody which is heard through all the ages since the dawn of humanity. Worship was born of fear, and emphasized by sacrifice,—the foundations of all the religions of the world. The primitive man recognized a spirit above him which was power and caprice. Its angry voice was heard in the thunder, the hurricane, and the earthquake, seen in the lightning, the tempest and the eclipse. Man's first and natural impulse was to seek means by which this anger could be averted or mollified. The Great Spirit was conceived to be above the earth, and man sought the high places for communion, as being nearer the source of power; or it may be, that his own voice might be distinguished from those on the plain below. Men will differ, as to how much the superstitious idea of the primitive man, concerning the bodily presence of the Great Spirit on the high places, still remains. I suppose no one will question, however, that in the process of evolution the substance of this idea is not wanting to-day. Witness the lofty temples, mountain shrines, cathedral towers and village spires. It was undoubtedly on the "high places" that were witnessed the first prayer, the first praises and the first sacrifices. Men will always associate the lone mountain and the fervent prayer.

A few hundred feet east of the wall, already described as forming the supposed barrier across the neck, is a remarkable work of immense labor, not found anywhere in all the annals of fortifications. No one has ventured even a guess as to its object or use as an adjunct of a fortress. Why then its presence here?

The Book gives long and minute description of this unique

combination. Two mounds stand side by side, "ten feet high and forty feet in diameter, and sixty feet apart. . . . From each mound extending east there was built a low earthen roadway elevation, a foot or more in height, twelve feet wide, and a little more than one-quarter of a mile in length. At the eastern end these elevations come together in a circular curve, within the centre of which curve was a little mound." What they were, "Nobody knows." These "road ways" are known in the Book, as the "Parallel Walls." The most curious part of the work is yet to be described. "Between these parallel walls extending from the west end more than two hundred feet was unearthed a stone pavement in 1868. . . . This pavement lay from one to three feet under the present soil surface, and was built of limestone slabs, averaging about one foot in length, six inches in width, and two and a half inches in thickness. Its width is the space between the parallel walls." Another authority says, "Its area approximately is 130 by 500 feet; large enough to accommodate hundreds of people. . . . Of course these stones once lay upon the surface, there would be no object in covering them up. They must, therefore have been covered by time alone," originally they must have been from three to five feet below the wall. One who visited the place some six years after the discovery, says, "Digging a foot or more in depth at this place found the pavement, and lifted up some of the thin, badly weather-worn stones, which had evidently been placed where found . . . by the King of the Mound Builders, anywhere from ten to five hundred thousand years ago as best suits the imagination."

This strange enigma was doubtless a part of the works crowning the lofty eminence of Fort Ancient. What part could it play in a defense? Decidedly none. What, then, moved the mind of the vanished race by whom it was constructed? Was it a great civic parade for state occasions; the election or inauguration of their rulers? National festivals or games or athletic sports? The Parallel Walls would afford room for pit, floor and gallery seats for onlookers.

Probably this elaborate and costly work stands for much more than this. There is one element which never halts at labor or expense—the religious element. This may have been a Sacred Court where the feet must not touch the ground in the performance of some mystical ceremonies, priestly processions, or solemn obsequies. In this connection, it may be said, the graves on Fort Ancient are innumerable.

At Marietta, Ohio, I have seen works which in form and area, closely resemble this, barring the stone pavement. To this day, this is called "Via Sacra" or Sacred Way. It was built near other works, but there, no more than here, is there any hint of defense. The Book says, in reference to the Marietta Parade, it "may have been the grand avenue leading to the sacred plain above, through which assemblies and processions passed in the solemn observances of a mysterious worship."

It is not easy to understand why the writers on Fort Ancient dwell so much on the scenic attractions of the spot. This is a notably disproportionate feature of the many descriptions. The authors are apt to rhapsodize upon the fine sense of the artistic and beautiful shown by the Mound Builders in selecting for their fortress a spot of such rare scenic beauty. But considerations of this kind do not usually control the military mind in locating forts. They might have had sway if selected by the priesthood for sacred uses. Here, at least, is a suggestion.

If any adopt the theory suggested above they will escape most of the trouble imposed upon those holding the fort theory. If they claim that Fort Ancient was a sacred mount devoted to religious purposes, they will find little or nothing which runs counter to this view. They cannot give details of rites and ceremonies, but they will have no hard facts to stumble over or explain away.

It can hardly be expected that anyone will be found to explain all the mysteries of Fort Ancient. The backbone of loose stone; the successive superimposed layers of earth, the scores of open gateways; the enormous piles of stone over one class of graves, and the large number of other

graves with scarcely a decent covering of earth, “one foot below the surface” is the record. The seven small mounds in the New Fort where ashes and burnt bones are found, suggesting altars, but of no possible use in defense.

It seems rational to suppose that no fort would be extensively used as a burial place, but here, scattered over the inclosure, and crowding the terraces on its sides, to the very top, we find unnumbered graves, single and in groups; —these with two or three tons of stone upon them, and those with a hundred tons. There is some evidence to support the supposition that the inclosure may have been used for burial only for men of high estate. So far as the reports go, no grave of woman or child has been found within the inclosure. In the village graves both are common. However these facts be interpreted must they not all tell against the fortification theory? If this be a sacred mountain what more rational than the wish to be borne up, and left to rest for aye in that consecrated ground far above the moil and toil of the village life below.

It may be well, in this connection, to say a few words upon the strange combination of moat and gateway already described. The Book declares that several graded roads “with moats on either side” lead from the interior of the fort to as many gateways. Not a suggestion or even a hint is given as to the object or use of these moat-guarded turnpikes within a walled fortress. If this be a sacred hill, instead of a fortress, a possible clew may have been found. After a careful examination of books and plans, it appears that in one case the road led out through the wall to a “large stone grave”; in another it led to “a large quantity of rocks, and an unexplored knoll or mound.” Another gateway, as we have seen, opened out to a terrace burial place. Whether or not these facts point to a ceremonial use of these moated ways may be determined by a special investigation.

In the days of the more rank religious superstitions, dragons, witches and devils were in constant warfare with man, on earth or in the air. A row of loose stones, a mound or a wall of earth, if dedicated by the priests with the proper

magical rites, would be a barrier against the malignant spirits, as surely as walls of massive masonry. Protected by the wand of the enchanter, the solemn procession of devotees, led by their priest, bearing offerings of sacrifice or thanksgiving, could wind in and out the selected opening,—the now perplexing gateway. The great, puzzling, paved Court with the Parallel Walls may have been but a vestibule where pilgrims could be prepared by fitting ceremonials for entrance to the shrines and the altars of the Holy of Holies, miscalled Fort Ancient.

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## LIFE OF THE SHAKERS.

BY FREDERICK G. HOWES OF ASHFIELD.

In Rev. Dr. Shepard's historical sketch of Ashfield is found the following: "During the year 1781 the north part of this town was infested with a company of vagrant religious fanatics called Tremblers. Such extravagance, disorder and indecency were exhibited by them in their intercourse with the inhabitants, and especially in the acts of worship that the people living in the vicinity where they located themselves, became very seriously annoyed and presented them to the authorities of the town as a public nuisance. Whereupon it was voted in legal town meeting that the selectmen be requested to warn said straggling Tremblers now in town, and those that shall come in hereafter to depart in twenty-four hours or expect trouble."

The records of the town show that this vote was not passed in 1781, but at a meeting held February 7, 1782. At an adjourned meeting, March 17, Timothy Lewis, Benjamin Rogers, Dr. Phineas Bartlett, Warren Green, Jr., and David Cobb were chosen a committee of safety; then it was "voted to instruct the above selected committee to warn the Straglin Quaquars to depart the town immediately."

But few of the people now living have ever heard of the Tremblers or Shakers living in Ashfield. Mr. Erastus Elmer who died several years since aged over ninety years said he had heard his mother speak of the Shakers living

in a house on the old road, about seventy rods east of the house where Mrs. Samuel Hale lived, and she said they were presided over by a woman called the “Eleck” (elect) lady. Some people thought she was a witch. Mrs. Abram Shippey and others say that the Shakers occupied a house on the knoll now covered with locusts at the south end of the Shippey mowing, now occupied by Samuel Hale. An old well is there which has always been called the Shaker well. Mrs. Samuel Hale confirms the account of Mr. Elmer and says that her grandfather, Nathan Lyon, became infatuated at the meetings and wanted to join the Shakers, but getting into a scrimmage with them at one of the meetings, he had his nose knocked out of joint which cured his infatuation, much to the joy of his wife.

Nelson Drake had heard of the Shakers holding meetings at houses of individuals—sometimes at “Hog Hollow” now Happy Valley in Buckland. The Gray Brothers remember hearing of people in the south part of the town who used to go six or seven miles to attend the Shaker meetings.

Mr. Marcus Parker said that his father, Elisha Parker, and Abner Kelley, went from Cape Street some six miles to Baptist Corner to a Shaker meeting, and that “most everybody shook when the meeting got well agoing,—uncle Abner shook, but Father didn’t shake.”

Dr. Theophilus Packard’s historical address at Shelburne and an old history of the towns of Massachusetts, both speak of the Shakers being at Shelburne Falls about this time, under Mother Ann Lee. Uncle Jarvis Bardwell said the Shakers used to hold meetings in an old house which stood near where Frost’s livery stable now is. He thought that by the accounts, some of the meetings were really indecent.

If we had no further information concerning the sojourn of the Shakers in Ashfield than what we get from the records and recollections of the older inhabitants, our conceptions of their life here would be very vague. But books concerning the Shakers have been published which throw some light on their work and the length of time spent in this section.

In 1770 “Mother” Ann Lee became the head of the Shaking Quakers in England. In 1774 with a number of

her leading followers, she emigrated to the United States. In 1776 they settled in Watervliet, N. Y. She was charged with high treason and witchcraft and imprisoned for a time at Albany and Poughkeepsie. From the "Shakers Compendium" by Elder F. W. Evans, page 144, we learn that "In May 1781, Mother Ann and the Elders left Watervliet on a missionary journey to Harvard, Mass., and other places in the eastern states and did not return until 1783, having been absent two years and four months. During this journey many persons received the gospel and became joined to them." In a book "Testimonies Concerning the Life and Ministry of Ann Lee," are a number of allusions to Ashfield. This book assumes to give the "testimonies" of a large number of the followers of Ann Lee, and the substance of them may be there but the language and style are similar, through the book, being that of the Elder who was evidently the compiler. In these testimonies Hannah Cogswell says: "In my eighteenth year in Jan. 1781, I went to Watervliet to visit Mother and the Elders. While Mother was with us she visited many places particularly Harvard and Ashfield." Aaron Wood speaks of going from Shelburne to Albany to visit these people. (Watervliet was near Albany.)

Peter Dodge of Shelburne in 1780 heard of a remarkable family living near Albany, but soon after went into the army. On returning home the next fall he found a great moral and spiritual change in Jonathan Woods' family where he had been living, caused by a visit to Mother Ann's family. The next summer he went to Harvard, confessed his sins, and "When I had got through I was taken by the mighty power of God and prostrated on the floor at her feet. After this I had many opportunities of seeing Mother at different places. She was twice at Ashfield which was within three miles of Shelburne, where I lived.

"The first time she staid there about two months and the next time she tarried through the winter and several times visited the family where I lived and was there for days and nights at a time." In giving an account of a visit to one of the Ashfield meetings he says, "I arrived on Saturday

and all the lower part of the house being thronged with people, I crept in and seated myself on a flight of stairs in a dark corner of the kitchen, for I felt such a sense of my loss from God that I was glad to conceal myself from the sight of every living mortal; and I had no knowledge that Mother or any one else knew that I was within the house. I had been there but a short time, when Mother came through the multitude directly to the place where I was, and taking me by one of my fingers she led me through the crowd into the meeting room. The moment she took hold of my finger I felt the power of God from her hand run through my whole body and all my tribulation was gone so that I felt perfectly released and my mind was filled with comfort and peace."

Anna Mathewson testifies that she joined the Baptist Church in Ashfield, in 1780, as she then lived in that neighborhood. She was not satisfied—heard of Mother Ann Lee and the Elders at Harvard, in February, 1782. I quote: "Some time in March following, Mother and the Elders visited Ashfield, and took up their residence at Asa Bacon's, not far from my father's where they tarried about two months. While they were there I was with them most of the time. When they left Ashfield in May to return to Harvard I returned to my father's. The next fall they came to Ashfield again and tarried until the spring following. Here again I spent most of my time with them."

The old Baptist Church records in Ashfield say that Anna Mathewson was "rejected by the church, March 27, 1782." Also Stephen Lyon and Sarah Perkins Lyon, his wife, with others were rejected about this time. A number of people from Ashfield afterwards joined the Shakers at New Lebanon.

Several years ago a prominent Shaker in the West Pittsfield Family died and left by will quite a quantity of Shaker literature to the "Pittsfield Athenæum," among this was a book entitled "Testimonies of the Life, Character, Revelations and Doctrines of Mother Ann Lee and the Elders with her." The book has recently been republished by Elder Henry C. Blinn of the Shaker settlement at East Canter-

bury, N. H., but is considerably toned down from the first edition. From this book and from other sources we get a very full and vivid account of this missionary tour to Massachusetts in 1782-83.

We learn that on the 4th of May, 1781, Mother Ann Lee, accompanied by three Elders and two female friends left Watervliet for their journey.

They entered Massachusetts at Sheffield, tarried a short time with a Brother at Mt. Washington, then passed over the mountain to Enfield, Conn., where they stopped with Daniel Meacham a week, teaching and preaching, and though threatened with violence by the "ungodly," they proceeded on their journey unmolested. They made short stops at Grafton and Upton, then proceeded to Harvard. Here and in the neighboring town of Shirley they tarried through the summer where in this and in other places by their report "They spared no pains day or night in teaching and instructing the people and in ministering the power of resurrection to lost souls."

The historian of the town of Harvard relates that when Mother Ann entered the little valley in the northeast corner of the town, she declared that she recognized the place and people as having been shown her in a vision in England. He says that the Square House fraternity at first resisted her influence but she soon won over the whole neighborhood to faith in her divine mission. This, from a woman who it was said was unable to read or write shows the remarkable magnetic power she exercised over the minds of the multitude.

Quite a company of Believers were gathered in the face of much opposition. In December, Mother and the Elders made a journey to Petersham, where some interest had been kindled. They were gladly welcomed at the house of Thomas Hammond where they began to hold meetings. In a short time large numbers attended, but much opposition was shown. Finally one night, by the account, a mob of about thirty, styling themselves "The Black Guard," broke into the house, knocked down and beat some of the men, seized Mother Ann, dragged her into a sleigh and

drove with her three miles to Peckham's tavern on a cold December night. After an interview with some of the principal men she was carried back. Sanders, the deacon of the Presbyterian Church, and Peckham, the sheriff of the county, are named as leaders of the opposition. This opposition continuing, the company returned to Harvard.

It may be well here to quote the opinion of the Petersham people in this matter. In an address by Edmund B. Wilson, delivered in Petersham, July 4, 1854, at the hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town, he says: "About the year 1783, the singular sect called Shakers made their appearance here. Some persons of substance joined them and large numbers attended their meetings, some from curiosity, some from better motives than that, others from worse. . . . If we may credit the affidavits and various testimony of some who were with them, but who afterwards left them, their orgies were scarcely better than the orgies of Pandemonium." The mob is spoken of, where Mother Lee is said to have fought in self-defense.

After remaining in Harvard and Shirley several weeks, in January they received orders from the leading men of the town to leave the place, and such was the state of feeling manifested by a majority of the people they decided to leave at once. They departed for the town of Enfield, but soon after arriving, a mob of two hundred men and boys headed by a militia captain appeared before the house where they were holding meetings and ordered them to leave within one hour. They departed towards the west, crossed the river, went up the river to West Springfield, recrossed the river, briefly visited believers in Granby and Montague, staid one night in Sunderland, then passed on to Ashfield and tarried at the house of Asa Bacon.

We quote from one of the Shaker records: "This was a place of retirement. They were away from the claims of riotous mobs, and the retreat seemed like a great blessing of God. For two months they enjoyed this quiet, having requested the believers not to disturb them by frequent visits lest it should create a disturbance among the people and bring on a persecution."

There is some confusion in the dates in the Shaker accounts, some of them claiming that they arrived in Ashfield, in March, but as they were driven from Harvard in January and made only a short stop in Enfield, it is likely that they were in Ashfield in February. The records of the town meeting in February of that year warning the "Straglin Quaquars" out of town proved fully that the Shaker date in this case is not reliable.

In spite of the two votes of the town against them, according to their records, they did not leave until the 20th of May, when they departed for Harvard. During the time they were in Ashfield they made visits to Shelburne and held meetings at the house of Mr. Wood. These meetings were probably those alluded to by Uncle Jarvis Bardwell. It was a three-story unpainted house and stood where Whitney Hall now is in the rear of the present Shelburne Falls House. Mrs. Lydia Miles, now living in Ashfield, at the age of 92, relates that when attending school at Shelburne Falls, she boarded at this house with Mr. Fisk—that it was called the old Shaker House. Mr. George Crittenden says it was called the Abbey, and was torn down in 1854, by the citizens, being old and dilapidated. It is intimated in Butler's "History of Massachusetts," also in the "History of the Connecticut Valley" that this house was built by the Shakers, for a place of worship. This may be true, but it is very doubtful. Jonathan Wood about this time, was quite a business man here, owning considerable land in Shelburne Falls, a sawmill and gristmill, and he very likely built the house for his own use. In 1788, the registry records say he sold to Richard Ellis for 385 pounds current money "all his right and title to 25 acres bounded north by Ebenezer Ellis, east by Martin Severance, south and west by land I bought of the 'Publick' with house and barn. Also land north and east of Deerfield river with two thirds of two grist mills and one saw mill all under one roof, also another tract on the river of five acres." Report says that the Woods afterwards joined the Shakers at New Lebanon.

In the latter part of May, 1782, the company evidently proceeded directly to Harvard and zealously continued

their work among the believers in that town and vicinity with continued and increasing persecution, until a meeting of the citizens from different towns was called and held on Harvard Common. The Shaker account says: "Deacon Fairbanks of the Presbyterian Church, accounted the best church member and the greatest Christian in the town of Harvard, sent two barrels of cider that the mob might have something to stimulate their zeal." This is verified by the Harvard historian who gives the name as Deacon Phineas Fairbanks. The town of Harvard had already voted to prosecute the Shakers, and in the neighboring town of Shirley, where many of the meetings had been held, it was "voted that the town disapprove of the conduct of that people called Shaking Quakers, and of their meeting in this town. Then voted to choose a committee of five to wait upon and consult said people at Elijah Wild's and discourse with them respecting their conduct. Obadiah Sawtell, Capt. Francis Harris, Lieut. John Kelsey, Deacon John Ivory and Capt. Joshua Longley were chosen said committee. Then voted to add two to the committee, Col. Henry Haskell and Deacon John Longley were chosen in addition to said committee. Then voted to leave the matter discretionary with the committee, and that they make a report at the next town meeting." No report from this formidable committee was ever recorded.

In September, the excitement became so great that the company was forcibly driven from the vicinity, several of the brethren were severely whipped and one had his arm broken. The reports of the Shakers are probably exaggerated, but the fact that they were badly abused is not now denied.

From Harvard they visited various towns in Connecticut, finally bringing up with their old Brother, David Meacham of Enfield. As before they were soon visited by a large mob, some of the brethren and sisters dragged out, the house broken into, and damage done to the building. The town authorities, however, here disapproved of violence and a constable soon appeared with a force sufficient to restore order. After a brief tarry here, the company went on their

journey, visited several places, and on the first of November arrived at Ashfield "where by invitation they accepted a home at the house of Asa Bacon and remained until the following spring."

Here it seems they were allowed to hold their meetings through the winter without much interruption. Mention is made of Mother and the Elders going to Shelburne on foot to hold meetings with Brother Wood, the distance being only five miles. Judging from the Shaker accounts the meetings in Ashfield were largely attended. In the book "*Testimonies*" as already alluded to, a chapter of eight pages is devoted to this Ashfield visit. Chapter 16 is headed thus: "At Ashfield Mother Ann is visited by great numbers of people—Great manifestations of the Power of God and great purging among the people—A mob incited by Daniel Bacon."

In the chapter we are told that "at one meeting at Asa Bacon's there were sixty sleighs and six hundred people—counted by John Farrington by Mother's order." And of the meetings "Here Michael and his angels fought against the dragon and his angels and so mighty was the noise of the battle that many coming from abroad were often seized with fear and trembling at a great distance"; a footnote says, "the sound was said to have been heard at a distance of seven miles, for the sound thereof was like the sound of many waters driven by mighty winds, and so great and powerful were the operations that it seemed as though Heaven and Hell had each engaged their forces for the mastery."

The "*Testimonies*" say that the people of the town were not generally unfriendly, but that "a few lewd fellows of the baser sort" spread slanderous reports, and in March, a mob of sixty men headed by Col. David Wells, came over from Shelburne and vicinity. They were met by Capt. Thomas Stocking and two other influential citizens, a committee from Ashfield, and all proceeded to Smith's tavern to hold a conference.

By the Ashfield records Capt. Thomas Stocking was one of the constables that year, and the tavern was located on

the site of the old Smith fort about half a mile west from Asa Bacon's house, and was kept by Chileab Smith, second son of the Chileab who so persistently resisted the oppression of the Baptists.

As many stories had been circulated, that the Elders were British spies, that Mother Ann was a man dressed in women's clothes and a refugee from English prisons, with other accusations, the assembly after due consideration of the matter, probably over mugs of hot flip which it was said Chileab was skillful in dispensing, concluded to choose a committee to interview Mother Ann and the Elders. A committee of the leading men was accordingly chosen with Mrs. Smith and another woman added to the committee. This committee proceeded to the house of Asa Bacon and interviewed the Mother and Elders. Quite a full report of the conversation is given in the "Testimonies" from which it would appear that the committee came off second best. There were evidently no riotous proceedings and the company was allowed to live in peace through the winter. The last of April they left the town for Harvard. They kept up the meetings there until July, when they were again driven from the town, several of the Elders flogged, and the Mother forced to hide in a closet for fear of violence. They tarried at Petersham a short time, but were greatly disturbed at their meetings.

They then proceeded to Berkshire County, had trouble in Cheshire and Richmond until while holding meetings at New Lebanon just over the line into New York, Mother Ann and a few leaders were imprisoned for a time.

Mother Ann died at Watervliet the next year on September 8, 1784, aged 49.

The meetings held on this tour could not fail to attract attention and criticism. An account of their meetings in Shirley says: "Their dances and marches are accompanied with violent twitchings and stamping, with shaking and whirling and oftentimes individuals dropped into a swoon in which they would lie for hours and sometimes for days."

F. B. Sanborn in the "New England Magazine" of March, 1900, quotes from William Plumer, afterwards Governor of

New Hampshire, who evidently was much interested in the Shakers and visited them at different places. He thus describes one of their meetings: "An Elder preached twice that day. They all fell on their knees several times and prayed; their groanings and sighings resembled the murmurings of many waters. At last several of them prayed aloud one by one, then they spoke in their unknown language, danced, whirled, sung, shouted, clapped hands and stamped on the floor with great vehemence, several ran from one room to another with great violence striking against the wall as if they would break it down. One young man so running struck his nose against the side of the room and caused it to bleed freely, after which the poor fellow scarcely moved. Some of them shook and trembled most astonishingly." In February, 1783, Mr. Plumer speaks of the Shaker church being at Ashfield, where it really was, but Mr. Sanborn puts an interrogation point after the name and suggests Enfield, Conn., he evidently being ignorant of their sojourn in Ashfield.

Some of the parting words of Mother Ann to the Ashfield people are thus recorded:

"It is now spring of the year and you have all had the privilege of being taught the way of God; and now you may all go home and be faithful with your hands. Every faithful man will go forth and put up his fences in season and will plow his ground in season and put his crops into the ground in season, and such a man may with confidence look for a blessing."

The result of this missionary tour was the planting of three strong Shaker settlements in New Lebanon, Harvard and Shirley, and Enfield, Conn. It is a noteworthy fact that these settlements were planted where they met with the greatest opposition, verifying the ancient saying, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

These communities have proved a valuable acquisition to the towns where they were located and the members, by their sobriety, industry and honesty have always been held in high respect. W. D. Howells, who spent a summer near them in Shirley, greatly admired them and wrote of

their thoroughness and honesty: "They are known to the world by their garden seeds so punctual in coming up and by their brooms so well made that they sweep clean long after the ordinary new broom has retired upon its reputation."

The Harvard historian says of them: "The Society is a model of order, industry, sobriety and rectitude."

If, "By their fruits ye shall know them" we must have some respect for the teachings of Mother Ann Lee, and it is to the credit of this county that the good people of Ashfield and Shelburne abstained from violence toward them.

This sect is now fast fading out. In the fifties, the number in the different Shaker communities was estimated at 9,000. It has now dwindled to probably less than 1,000.

On a bright day in June, I visited the Shaker community in Enfield, Conn. The aged Elder related the history of the little colony there. In its prosperous days, there had been from 250 to 300 active members—now only about 30. They still had their land—about 3,000 acres—but few members to work it. The world was too busy, too much absorbed in the rush, to bear the crosses of their life. There was a note of discouragement in his story, but his faith in his belief did not waver one jot or tittle.

We must indeed contemplate with a degree of sadness the passing of this peculiar people who practiced in their lives so many of those civic virtues which adorn and make for the well-being of the Commonwealth.

## FIELD MEETING—1909.

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### A FIELD MEETING

OF THE

POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

HELD NEAR THE LITTLE BROWN HOUSE ON THE OLD ALBANY  
ROAD, DEERFIELD, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1909,  
AT 9.30 A. M.

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### ORDER OF EXERCISES.

President of the Day, JUDGE FRANCIS M. THOMPSON.

1. MUSIC.
  2. PRAYER. Rev. Richard E. Birks.
  3. HISTORICAL ADDRESS—"The Mohawk Trail,"  
Chief Justice JOHN A. AIKEN, Greenfield.
  4. ORIGINAL POEM. Miss H. Isabelle Williams.
  5. MUSIC.
  6. TRIBUTE to Miss C. Alice Baker, Mrs. George Sheldon.
  7. MUSIC.
- Intermission of one hour for basket lunch. Coffee provided for all.
8. ADDRESSES interspersed with music.

The following speakers are expected:

George A. Plimpton, Esq., of New York.

Hon. Alfred S. Roe, Worcester.

Hon. George D. Crittenden, Buckland.

Dr. Royal W. Amidon, Chaumont, N. Y.

Hon. Herbert C. Parsons, Greenfield.

Rev. Richard E. Birks,

Rev. P. F. Doyle,

Mr. Frank L. Boyden of Deerfield, and others.

MUSIC BY THE POCUMTUCK BAND.

## REPORT.

The Old Albany Road, leading from the Deerfield common, westerly to the historic ford of the Deerfield River, was to-day a fit setting for one of the most interesting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association Field Days. All the more fitting was it that the theme of Chief Justice John A. Aiken, was the Mohawk Trail of which this road was the Deerfield end; and the meeting was well held in Deerfield, not far from Frary House, the home of the late C. Alice Baker, to whom the tribute of Mrs. Sheldon was the other prominent feature of the proceedings.

The exercises were held in front of the "Little Brown House on the Albany Road," the story of which has been very entertainingly written by George Sheldon. This house, now the studio of Miss Putnam and Mrs. Wynne, has a history full of interest, for it was the home of Gen. Epaphras Hoyt, a man of note. President Hitchcock of Amherst College was born near by, and his brother Charles spent his married life here.

Mr. Sheldon opened the meeting and remained through the morning exercises, keenly enjoying the feast of reminiscence and history, and occasionally interspersing the proceedings with remarks in the vein of original humor which has always made his personality so interesting. Mr. Sheldon presented the Association with a gavel—the counterpart of the one he gave the town of Hadley on the occasion of its last great celebration,—of which he said: "It was turned from a block, which was sawn from a stick, which was hewn from a tree, and had served as a beam, 200 years in a barn, which was built on the spot, where tree sprouted and grew, on the very land that Jack bought. This land was a home lot on Deerfield Street owned in 1679 by Rev. John Russell, first minister of Hadley, and by the Sheldon family since 1708." Mr. Sheldon introduced the presiding officer, Judge Francis M. Thompson, and Rev. R. E. Birks offered prayer.

Judge Thompson in introducing Justice Aiken, referred

to being in the Rocky Mountains 50 years ago, when men traveled by trails worn deep into the earth in places by buffalo, deer and elk that then abounded.

Justice Aiken, in his address on "The Mohawk Trail," told of his interest being aroused in the search for the historic pathway over Hoosac Mountain, from the valley of the Connecticut to that of the Hudson through the challenge of Deacon Phinehas Field at various meetings of the Society for men to join him in locating it; also through the "Origins in Williamstown," by Professor Perry, and the revival of a youthful interest in Indian things. He told of the fruitless search in two excursions he made to find the missing link in the trail down the easterly line of the mountain and then of its being exactly defined.

The Mohawk Trail ran from Deerfield to Fort Massachusetts at Williamstown, and from there to the Mohawk country. Over the trail came the Mohawks before the advent of the white man in Deerfield, and wiped out the Pocumtucks so thoroughly that when the white settlers appeared there were few Indians in Deerfield. In the French and Indian wars, and in the war for Independence, military expeditions passed over the trail, which was lined with forts for the protection of the settlers. Benedict Arnold traversed the route, stopping at Deerfield on his way to the West. Deerfield was then a center of trade for a large region roundabout, and many workers in the arts and crafts had shops on the Albany road.

Following this address, Miss Isabelle Williams read a poem, in which she made good use of the historic suggestion of the judge's theme and included a graceful reference to Miss Baker.

Mrs. Sheldon gave a penetrating and sympathetic picture of Miss C. Alice Baker's career. She was a woman of rare qualities of mind and a strong character. On the side of her grandmother, Charlotte Stebbins, for whom she was named, she was descended from Joseph Stebbins, who served as a captain under Colonel Brewer at Bunker Hill. On the side of her great-grandfather, Seth Catlin, she belonged to a family loyal to the motherland and to the

traditions of Old England. She was a pupil at the Deerfield Academy about 1845. In 1853 Susan M. Lane of Cambridge came to the Academy as a teacher, and the two became lifelong friends. In 1854, they opened a school in Chicago. There they met Dr. Robert Collyer with whom intimate personal relations were established. In 1865 they left Chicago and opened a school in Boston.

Miss Baker was a good historical scholar and contributed many papers to the proceedings of the Association. She paid particular attention to the captives carried to Canada, and by painstaking research gathered materials for a most interesting volume. Since 1890 she has had a summer home in Deerfield, Frary House, the oldest in town, and her ancestral home.

The Pocumtuck band, which provided the music, played the Canadian "Boat Song" before Mrs. Sheldon's tribute, and at its close "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," both favorites of Miss Baker.

Lunch was served to guests on the academy lawn, and others had a basket picnic. In the afternoon there were short addresses by several speakers. Judge Thompson read a letter from Dr. Edward Hitchcock, Dean of Amherst college, a native of Deerfield, who by reason of advanced age was unable to be present. Hon. Alfred S. Roe of Worcester also sent a letter of regret.

Dr. Royal W. Amidon of Chaumont, N. Y., a native of Rowe, who was educated in part at Deerfield, was the first speaker in the afternoon. He described a trail along the St. Lawrence River in Ontario used by the Six Nations. He told of the Indian relics found in Jefferson and Lewis Counties, New York, which have been uncovered and are doubtless of great antiquity. Speaking of the Albany road, Dr. Amidon said in his boyhood it was known as Hitchcock Lane.

Mr. Birks referred to the presence in the morning of Mr. Sheldon, which alone made this a memorable occasion. He alluded to his stay in the country near Montreal and of the interest awakened in him by the papers of Miss Baker on the Deerfield captives carried there.

George D. Crittenden of Shelburne Falls was introduced as one who, had he lived in the age of chivalry, would have been known as the "man who dares." Many interesting experiences of men who took part in Arnold's expedition to capture Quebec were related, his granduncle being one. He read a short paper on "The Man Who Silenced Lee's Last Gun" in the Civil War. This was Dr. Thomas M. Harris, who was authorized by General Rosecrans to form a loyal regiment in Virginia.

Frank L. Boyden, principal of the academy, spoke briefly to the effect that to get hold of young people, especially boys, you must find out what interests them. He referred to the copying of inscriptions done by the young people under the direction of Miss Baker, and to various expeditions with Mr. Sheldon searching for Indian relics and the finding of some 90 specimens as means whereby interest had been aroused.

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## THE MOHAWK TRAIL.

BY JOHN ADAMS AIKEN.

On a visit to the site of Fort Shirley in Heath, as we were on the highlands overlooking the Deerfield Valley, Lewis W. Sears, one of the party, pointing towards Cold River said: "Over there is an old Indian trail, and they say it can be followed to-day." I wonder if boys now read "The Leather-Stocking Tales" of Cooper; if they do, they would appreciate the thrill Mr. Sears' remark aroused. A real Indian trail here in Massachusetts and as near-by as Charlemont—! At some time in life every one aspires to be an explorer or discoverer, to have reached the Pole or found the sources of the Nile, or to have pried through the Northwest passage, or to have dug up Troy, or to have had a new planet swim into his ken.

Such ambitions diminish as youth departs, but in some shape, attenuated it may be, they remain. Opportunity was at our door; there came, however, a snowstorm and Cold River and Hoosac Mountain took on their winter covering, so opportunity had to wait until spring. Mean-

while we turned to the books and first to the "Proceedings" of this society; there is something of everything there, and, sure enough, there it was. Deacon Phinehas Field in 1871, at the request of the society's president, contributed to the Field Meeting in Charlemont some recollections on divers topics, one of which was the Indian trail up Cold River. Deacon Field was then 75 years old. They of the mountains live long, because being nearer heaven they need not start so soon.

Seven years later Deacon Field was again a voice crying in the wilderness, here in Deerfield at the society's winter meeting, and fresh from climbing the Hoosacs by way of the Indian trail, the December before, this sprightly old man of 82 summers rather than winters gave out this invitation or rather this challenge: "It will afford me pleasure to accompany in the coming spring some of the fathers who are skilled in Indian explorations in making a more extended examination of the old path of the red man." Such was the call of the wild and no man responded.

It was, however, from Professor Perry's "Origins in Williamstown," that matchless compendium of New England history, the information came that this Indian trail was the immemorial pathway of the Mohawks to the land of the Pocumtucks. Between these two nations there had been friendship, but a few years before the prospectors from Dedham saw this valley the hatchet had been dug up, and swarming over the Hoosac by this mountain path the Mohawks had annihilated the Pocumtucks so completely that the first records of visits here disclose a region unpeopled.

To find this path is the task before us. Deacon Field had departed this life twenty years. The oldest inhabitant, or if not the oldest, an elderly one, is found. Yes, he recalled the trail; as a boy he had been over it many times. Deacon Field in his two contributions to the society's publications had mentioned monuments readily found. There was the flat at the confluence of Cold River with the Deerfield, a place of many Indian encampments. Here spoons with round bowls like small soup ladles had been dug up years ago, loot from some foray down the valley. The cellar

hole over which had stood in days gone by the house of Chillingsworth Crosby was another landmark well known.

Indian spring was sending forth its waters in a quiet way, and about its margin were fittingly the prints of deer feet. Not far away we knew the trail began to climb the precipitous mountain side, but where was the conundrum. The elderly inhabitant wandered hither and yon to no purpose, however. The trail should be here or it should be there, but it was not. Up the mountain side we climb, using hands and feet, seeking aid from sapling or bush or root or crevice in the rock. It was a long, hard, well-nigh vertical ascent.

The Rocky mountain goat, or the nimble chamois of the Alps, pictured in school geographies, might scale it, but no horse or ox, and we knew that over the path we sought trains of pack horses had passed, cattle had been driven and soldiers accoutered for war had marched.

While up the mountain side the trail was lost, once on top it was readily found. From the easterly flank of the Hoosac extends a spur between the Cold River and the Deerfield, and along the crest of this spur passes the trail, having a course east and west in general direction, with inconsiderable yet continuous windings among oaks, hemlocks, beeches and birches, through laurel in abundance, and over and around prominences of rock. The occasional glimpses one gets through the thick foliage into and across the valleys on either side are impressive. There is abruptness in the immediate geography, without harshness, however. "As you like it" could be harmoniously staged in places, and in places a train of Spanish mules laden with panniers full of smuggled silks and wines could have a setting such as you see in old lithographs. The crest of the mountain for a mile and a half is narrow, so narrow that without changing one's position the eye can take in either river. Over this mile and a half you may walk in absolute assurance that your feet are on the identical path trod by Indians, soldiers and scouts. This first attempt at exploration, which was in April, 1907, ended at the Gillet place to which we will return later.

The portion of the trail up the mountain side from Indian spring was undiscovered. To find this missing portion another attempt was made in October of the same year, with the assistance of Judge Clarence Smith of Williams-town, whose acquaintance with the topography of the Hoosacs and with the history of Northern Berkshire is unsurpassed. The judge would have found the missing link had he been allowed his head and been unvexed by interpolated and untimely suggestion based upon crude notions of where the path ought to be. Thus ended the second attempt, the riddle unanswered and winter again settled upon the Hoosacs.

The returning spring Mr. Sears is drafted into the investigation, and with him an axeman. We would find the way or make one. Mr. Sears contended that the previous searches had been too far eastward, and he was right. Farther west and running west in gradual ascent was the lost path, so obvious that a wayfaring man though blind could not err, for though buried in accumulated leaves it could be felt under the feet. It led past the base of a tall cliff over which, tradition tells, fell an ox destined for beef for the soldiers at Fort Massachusetts. A third of the way up the mountain, where the zigzags of the path became more frequent, it passes a dead hemlock, a giant in size, which you cannot fail to notice as you come up the banks of the Cold River, before reaching the base of the mountain. Where it goes over an outcropping ledge the shoes of horses had chipped away the corners and edges of rock, and where there is a turn, as is often, the earth has been cast out by travel and a considerable embankment formed. Now return to the dead hemlock; it is the tallest tree in the landscape and the most noticeable. Months after this third expedition, I reread Deacon Field's words, "From the summit downward," says the deacon, "the trail is easily traced for about two-thirds the distance, its course that far being nearly S. by W. Here stands a scraggy hemlock." Yes, there it stood in all our gropings, lonesomely beckoning. "Here is the Mohawk trail," but we saw not.

It is the purpose of this article to take you over that

portion of the Mohawk trail which was between Williamstown and Deerfield, 40 miles. You will have in mind that from the former place the trail proceeded westward to the lands of the Mohawk on the river which bears their name. Let our march be from west to east and let our starting point locally be Williamstown, and temporarily about 1744. In the northwestern portion of the province of Massachusetts, Deerfield was the chief town on the frontier. North there were small settlements at Bernardston and Colrain. West the forests extended unbroken to the villages on the upper Hudson. Every generation has its wars. With the struggle comes exhaustion, and peace in varying degrees prevails till strength returns, a process of about 30 years, when the parties are up and at it again. The god of war has been belated on his rounds; it is 40 years since Hertel de Rouville, with his French and Indians sacked Deerfield. Their Christian majesties of Europe are again by the ears, and again every village and cabin in New England must perforce take part in the dispute for it is war and war is not concerned with individual preferences. The enemy will come by way of Champlain and then by river courses to the Connecticut and thus downward from the north; or if from the west, by way of the Hoosac River, over the mountain to the Deerfield and then down that river. The Connecticut route, already guarded by Fort Dummer, near the present town of Brattleboro, was further protected by a fort at No. 4, now Charlestown, N. H. Westward and beginning at Northfield was a line of forts about five miles apart, Fort Sheldon in Bernardston, Morrison in Colrain, Shirley in the present town of Heath, Pelham in what is now Rowe, and Massachusetts at East Hoosac, now Williamstown. Between these posts after the fashion of sentries on their beats, scouting parties passed at intervals more or less frequent, until the fall of Quebec in 1759.

It was the building of Fort Massachusetts, the outpost to the west, that awakened activity on the Mohawk trail. After the conquest of the Pocumtucks its use by the Mohawks did not wholly cease. Small parties of that nation appeared from time to time in the towns below, and the

name of Mohawk never ceased to inspire terror in the native Indians of this region. We know, by inference, that King Philip, with four or five hundred of his fighting men, passed over the trail and wintered at Schaghticoke, 20 miles northeast of Albany, where they obtained arms and ammunition, and endeavored unsuccessfully to enlist the Mohawks against the English in the Massachusetts wars. One of the strange incidents of this Indian rendezvous was the presence of Robert Pepper of Roxbury, who was made captive in the ambush of Beers and his men at Northfield. Early in the eighteenth century the trail began to fall into disuse as an Indian pathway. An occasional red man on the farther side of the mountain packed his peltries onto his squaw's back and together they tramped over the trail to Fort Dummer where they found a market better than Albany.

To the south by way of Westfield and the present towns of Blandford, Otis, Sandisfield, North Egremont, and thence to Albany was another ancient pathway over which went Benjamin Wait and Stephen Jennings in their memorable expedition to Canada to rescue their wives and children. This southern route was less mountainous, and as early as 1740 was passable for vehicles; while the Mohawk trail, in a considerable part of its course over the Hoosac, never advanced beyond a bridle path.

In 1735, Deerfield had a real pageant, not a simulation nor an attempt at facsimile. Governor Belcher, under a marquee 100 feet in length, powwowed with 80 Indians of the Cagnawaga, Schaghticoke, and Housatonic tribes for almost a week. There was wampum and presents and feasting and toastings of King George. The chief of the Cagnawagas enthusiastically stated he had been so handsomely treated he almost fancied himself in heaven. Ambitious in claiming travel for the Mohawk trail, I am disappointed to tell you that these plumed warriors, in the bravery of their Deerfield outfit presented by Governor Belcher, went home, as they came, by way of Westfield.

A tall elm in a meadow to-day marks the site of Fort Massachusetts; it was a structure of logs hewn and doweled

together, with barracks for 50 men. Within this rude defense, on August 20, 1746, were 3 women, 5 children, and 20 soldiers, half of them sick, under command of Sergeant John Hawks of Deerfield. Without, was an army of seven or eight hundred, Frenchmen, and Indians from Canada and Detroit and Mackinaw. In their midst their commander, Vaudreuil, had set up the lilyed standard of France. For a day and a night and part of the day following Sergeant John Hawks stood off this army and surrendered only because his ammunition was exhausted. You may search the annals of history and you will find no more heroic contest against overwhelming numbers, 40 to 1 says Hoyt, 30 to 1 says Sheldon. When the sun set, on the evening of the surrender, East Hoosac, by right of conquest, was under the dominion of Louis XV, king of the French.

The chaplain of the garrison at the time of the attack has laconically told the story of the siege: "Thursday, August 14, 1746," narrates the chaplain, "I left Fort Shirley in company with Dr. Williams and about 14 of the soldiers; we went to Pelham Fort and from thence to Captain Rice's, where we lodged that night. Friday, the 15th, we went from thence to Fort Massachusetts, where I designed to have tarried about a month.

"Saturday, 16th. The doctor, with 14 men went off to Deerfield and left in the fort, Sergeant John Hawks with 20 soldiers, about half of them sick. Mr. Hawks sent a letter by the doctor to the captain, supposing he was then at Deerfield, desiring that he would speedily send up some stores to the fort, being very short on it for ammunition and having discovered some signs of the enemy, but the letter did not get to the captain seasonably." The captain mentioned was Captain Ephraim Williams and the doctor was the captain's brother, Thomas Williams. The path, taken by Doctor Thomas and the 14 soldiers, was the Mohawk trail, and we are to-day tracing, as best we may, their steps. We go from the site of the fort by the principal line of public travel to and along the chief business street of North Adams, then up the western slope of the Hoosac Mountain by the old stage road to a line of many

wired telephone poles which crosses the road, and marks the course of the trail to the mountain's summit where the trail and the road come together. Here pause and look back westward. Seven miles away, in the valley before and beneath, can be seen the elm that indicates where stood the fort. News traveled slow in 1746. It was 10 days before tidings of the surrender reached Deerfield and Captain Partridge's party from Hatfield gazed from this summit and saw no fort; it was in ashes and the clearing where it stood was mysteriously white as with new fallen snow. The Indians, in search of plunder, had ripped open the feather beds of the garrison and scattered the contents over the ground. Continue on the old stage road eastward, past the town bound stone that marks the line between North Adams and Florida, to the first road on the right, and follow this road to the central shaft of the Hoosac tunnel, which is here crossed by the trail. What contrasts in modes of transit are here manifest. You are on an ancient foot-path; overhead the speeding message of the telephone; 1,200 feet beneath you in the solid rock of the mountain the railway train. Out of the shaft, as from a chimney, the locomotive smoke issues in black clouds.

Florida took its name from the land of that name; from contrast rather than resemblances we must assume. It is a beautiful region of few inhabitants, rarely visited since the railroad under it led to the discontinuance of the stage line over it. The original forests that once covered the country have disappeared, but large areas of subsequent growth have succeeded them. On the steeps of the Cold River valley are woods the axe has never touched, where spruces that square a foot 60 feet from the butt may be found. It is a land flowing with honey, for which in early fall the golden-rod furnishes abundant free raw material. A native bee hunter told me that in a single season he had found in the woods 17 wild swarms hived in hollow trees from which he harvested 400 pounds of sweetness, and that for years there had never been a time when there was not honey in the house. When mention is made of the Florida products the potato must not be omitted. A variety is

grown there which is infrequent elsewhere. The tubers, when freshly dug from the moist soil, are of a deep purple color, well-nigh royal. The variety is known as the "nigger toe." In Florida there is a saying, how worthy of acceptance we know not, that the man who lives on cider apple sauce and "nigger toe" potatoes can be breaking colts at 90. Ponce de Leon, in his search for the fountain of youth, mistook the true Florida. After the Burgoyne campaign a detachment of American troops passed over the mountain in midwinter and came near starving in the journey which, tradition says, occupied three weeks. I asked an old inhabitant if he believed it took a body of soldiers three weeks in the winter time to cross the mountain. "Well, Squire," he replied, "if you should go down to North Adams in the winter with a few eggs and a little butter and after haggling with your grocer you should try to cross the mountain, the wind northwest and a foot of loose snow on the ground, you'd think you'd never get over."

At the central shaft the trail departs from the present line of the public way and crosses the fields to the covered bridge over Cold River. Above the bridge there was once a ford. Onward from the bridge, keep in the middle of the road; a branch road on the left leads to the Baptist church, but the lead is so quiet and unobtrusive that there is little likelihood of straying, and in the locality called Drury there is a branch road to the right; the true path is straight ahead. Two miles and a half from the covered bridge there is a road on the left to Hoosac Tunnel station. Pass it by and continue to Billette's, avoiding before you get there a path to the left which is the remains of an old public way known when in use as "The Shunpike," because constructed to avoid a turnpike over which toll was required. Billette and his household talk French only, excepting the dog which barks and sniffs at you in English. At Billette's is a spring covered by a structure of antique timbers that my companion insisted was of early Mohawk architecture. Drink deep of Billette's spring for it is your last draught until Indian spring is reached. You will get over or under or through, as best you may, the barbed wire fence on the

east side of Billette's mowing at the nearest point from the spring and you come into an old wood road that follows the trail to the Gillet place to which, you will recall, we have already been. It is half a century since the Gillets lived here. All signs of human occupancy are gone except a cellar hole in which stands a mature butternut and the foundation of a huge chimney. Near by are also a few apple trees and luxuriant clumps of snow berries. A tinge of sentiment is imparted to the abandoned homestead by the snow berries. No doubt the berries were the delight of the Gillet children, just as they used to be the wonder and delight of other children, when ornamental shrubs were infrequent. And no doubt the original plant was brought from Charlemont or Deerfield to the mountain home by gentle hands—a daughter, may be, for there were many and their names are rhythmical, Mariette, Mary Ann, Alvira, Philomela, Sophronia, Salome, Salina, Sabrina, Sufficient, Sybil and Jane.

We have now connected with that part of the trail first described; this portion, were Dr. Thomas Williams to go over it again to-day, would appear to him as it did in August, 1746, when he with the 14 soldiers marched over it for supplies and to deliver to his brother, Captain Ephraim Williams in Deerfield, Sergeant Hawks' letter telling that signs of the enemy had been discovered. To-day, as then, the hills of Savoy and Hawley to the south are covered with forests. To the north the soft haze of a September sun would obscure the remote and occasional farmstead in Rowe and Heath, so he would see only forests there. Beneath his feet the path buried in dead leaves is untrodden by soldiers and horses, but he would see the footprints of the deer as numerous now as then, and now as then making of the trail a runway; and he would see to-day, as then, where bears had clawed off from the bushes the dead ripe blackberries of early autumn. But the screech of the locomotive along the Deerfield River, what sound like that had Dr. Thomas Williams ever heard!

At the junction of Cold River and the Deerfield the trail crossed the latter stream by a ford, and its course through

Charlemont is to-day followed by the public road, bordered with maples, which you see on the north side of the Deerfield. Captain Moses Rice, first settler in Charlemont, in 1743 built a house upon the trail, near the north end of the covered bridge which joins the two sides of the Deerfield near the railroad station. The buttonwood near by under which Captain Rice made his first camp still stands. His was the most westerly habitation in the northwest quarter of the province. His nearest neighbor was in Colrain and to grind his corn he had to go over the trail to Deerfield, 22 miles away. The house was of logs, of course, of one or two rooms with a stone chimney at the center or end and overhead a loft reached by a ladder. The location was midway between Deerfield and Fort Massachusetts. Setting out in the morning from either end of the line travelers reached the Captain's at nightfall. He recites in a petition to the General Court in 1752, "That his living was of great service, as he humbly apprehends, to the Publick, as being the only House where People could be supplied, and as soldiers were often Travailing that way as well as small Partys on Scouts, it was very Expensive to your Petitioner, who often supplied them at his own cost." You will recall that Chaplain Norton describing his journey from Fort Shirley says, "We went to Pelham Fort and from thence to Captain Rice's, where we lodged for the night. Friday we went from thence to Fort Massachusetts." The surrender of that fort yielded small returns in plunder and captives, when distribution was made among the horde of invading Indians. So 60 of them, to repair the deficit, came over the trail, stopping at Captain Rice's, where they burned his buildings and the harvested hay and grain, and slaughtered his cattle and hogs; and then proceeded to Deerfield, where, near Stillwater, they secured one captive and five scalps. This sanguinary visit, five days after the surrender of Fort Massachusetts, is known as the "Bars Fight." Captain Rice and his family escaped, as providentially they had learned from Dr. Williams, nine days before, that there were signs of trouble at the fort and they had taken refuge in Deerfield.

The trail crossed North River by a ford near its entrance to the Deerfield whence it proceeded on the east bank of the latter stream to Salmon Falls, now Shelburne Falls, where in early day the red man with his spear and the white man with his scoop net captured shad and salmon in their run up stream. Through Shelburne, as in Charlemont, the course of the trail is marked to-day by the public roads which have followed it: From Shelburne Falls to Shelburne Center, hence by the Solomon Fisk place, by Brimstone Hill, by Dr. Bull's, by Ballou's, down the hill to Amasa Jones', then to the ford of the Deerfield at the foot of this lane, up the lane to Ensign Sheldon's tavern, or Ebenezer Sheldon's tavern, or David Hoyt's tavern in the old Indian house, or Salah Barnard's tavern in Frary House, or to Sexton's, according to the year of arrival in Deerfield. For the traveler on the Mohawk trail, be he soldier, scout or husbandman, there was joy as from the Wisdom hills he saw before him in the meadows the long Deerfield street with midway the pitched roof of the meetinghouse of 1729 surmounted by the gilded weathercock ball and diamond proclaiming then as to-day peace and good will. Here was safety from the perils of the wilderness, together with entertainment for self and beast, society as good as could be found in the Connecticut valley, craftsmen in the principal trades, and merchandise and stores for the times varied and sufficient.

The war with France that began in 1744 was officially ended in 1748 by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. The cessation of hostilities awoke the thirst for new lands to the west. The Taylors, the Severances, the Fisks, the Wellses and the Wilsons are looking towards the country which became Shelburne. Moses Rice returns to Charlemont and rebuilds. Othniel and Jonathan Taylor settle on the trail at East Charlemont, and their two houses, joined by a stockade and surrounded by pickets, become Fort Taylor. Three Hawkses, Gershom, Joshua and Seth, settle two miles up the Deerfield from Rice's and their houses likewise develop later into Hawks' Fort. Fort Massachusetts had been rebuilt of double its first dimensions and on its walls were

cannon. Though there have been six years of comparative repose, it has been a period of disquietude and anxiety. In 1754, the dogs of war are again loose. On the border the Indian resumes his burnings and pillagings, his killing and scalping. Captain Rice, while plowing his fields, was slain and his grandson taken captive. Such was the end of the sturdy pioneer who for eight years, at his halfway house on the Mohawk trail, had furnished food and shelter to the traveler.

It had become manifest from repeated wars with France that there could be no permanent peace so long as the French held dominion in Canada. Crown Point was the center of immediate menace along the upper Hudson and the western quarter of Massachusetts. The British government determined that Crown Point should be taken from the French and General William Johnson was, in September, 1755, at the head of Lake George in command of the army charged with the undertaking. In his force was Colonel Ephraim with his Hampshire regiment.

To-day is a memorable anniversary. September 8, 1755, 154 years ago, a French army, under Dieskau, was on the march towards Lake George. Colonel Williams was sent out to find the enemy. He fell in the front of the fight that followed, which was so disastrous in numbers slain, that the reconnoissance is known as the "Bloody Morning Scout." The day, disastrously begun, ended in the defeat of Dieskau but mingled with rejoicings for the victory was mourning for the fallen.

Colonel Williams was of a gentler type than John Stark, but he had, like Stark, qualities that awakened in his soldiers loyalty and devotion. His military service, until he joined Johnson's command, consisted in guarding our western frontier, his headquarters at first being at Fort Shirley and later at Fort Massachusetts. Between these two posts his duties as commandant required him to pass frequently. Knowing that his old soldiers would, many of them, when peace was declared, settle on the fertile intervaleas of the Hoosac valley and resolving in his long journeys over the old mountain pathway that his comrades in arms

should be remembered by a benefaction in which all might share, he provided in his will for the establishment and maintenance of a school near Fort Massachusetts. This school became Williams College. The inspiration that founded Williams College had its origin on the Mohawk trail.

During the successive campaigns against Ticonderoga and Crown Point the trail was an active thoroughfare. Deerfield and Fort Massachusetts were centers of rendezvous between which troops were going and coming on the way to and from the front. The shortest line of communication between the army and Boston was by the trail, hence it became the path followed by couriers with dispatches and letters.

Two journals, kept by soldiers in compliance with military regulations of the time, have come to my notice, and they furnish an insight into local occurrences associated with the war and with the trail. The first is the journal of Captain Nathaniel Dwight of Belchertown. Here in Deerfield, September 25, 1755, his company and that of Captain William Lyman of Northampton came together on the march to join General Johnson's army at Lake George. The soldiers of the two companies, in all 124 men, were billeted on the street. Supplies were issued to them from the Old Corner Store, powder, lead, flints, blankets, knapsacks, bullet bags, worms and wires, camp kettles and hatchets. Captain Dwight's former pastor in Belchertown, the Rev. Edward Billing, then settled in Greenfield, came over to Deerfield. Captain Dwight records: "After prayer to Almighty God for preservation in our journeyings through the wilderness and success and victory over the enemies and a safe return, performed by Mr. Billing, I marched out of Deerfield." Sheldon gives a thrilling description of the scene: "Captain Dwight calls, 'Attention.' The resounding drum beat stirs the air; the piercing note of the fife stirs the blood. 'March' and the two companies file past the Old Corner Store, down the Albany road and wade the Pocumtuck river at the 'Old Ford.' The measured throb of the drum grows fainter and more faint and is lost on the listening ear as the soldiers climb the hill and disappear

on the heights beyond 'Little Hope.' With these ominous words on their hearts those who had followed to the river for a very last word joined those who had lingered at the corner store, and all soon scattered to attend as best they could the imperative call of duty to labor and to wait."

The day's march from Deerfield ended with nightfall at Hawks' fort in Charlemont. The day following the river nearby is again forded and in single file the soldiers wind up the mountain side, over the mountain top, and down again until another nightfall finds them near Fort Massachusetts, which they approach, the drum and fife, Sheldon mentions, making martial music to lighten the weary footsteps. In November the Massachusetts troops at Lake George were dismissed for the winter and marched home, arriving at Fort Taylor in Charlemont at the end of the sixth day's march, and at Deerfield at noon the day after, December 3, a distance in all of 90 miles. In Captain Dwight's company was Sergeant John Hawks, now lieutenant, the heroic defender of Fort Massachusetts, and since twice a traveler to Canada, once as a prisoner of war and again as an envoy received with distinction.

The other of the two journals is Hawks'. It begins March 23, 1756, the day he was placed by Col. Israel Williams in command of the line of forts between Northfield and Hoosac Mountain, and ends July 1, 1757. His duties were numerous and various, providing supplies, settling accounts, billeting soldiers, receiving and forwarding dispatches, going from fort to fort and inspecting the garrisons, scouting when there were rumors of Indians, enlisting and equipping men for the front, among them rangers from Deerfield and Colrain for the intrepid Rogers' famous corps. In August Colonel Williams sent for him, the journal records, to learn what he knew of the unexplored country between Crown Point and No. 4. In November he was on the Black River and Otter Creek tracing out a path which developed into the military road, built in part by Hawks himself, used by Amherst in the contest with Canada and by Stark in 1777 in the Bennington campaign. I wish Hawks was less reticent in his records, that he had put into them some of

the dash and detail that captivated the lad, Epaphras Hoyt, as he listened to the old soldier in the Indian house when it was the Hoyt tavern. We can get some idea, however, of the hazard and caution involved in the journey over the mountain. July 29, Hawks records, orders came at night to transport under guard from Deerfield to Fort Massachusetts province stores. Thirteen horses were laden with military supplies and with an escort of 16 men proceeded to Charlemont. There five soldiers detailed from Fort Taylor and two from Colrain were added to the convoy which lodged for the night at Rice's; the next morning, which the lieutenant notes was the Sabbath, there was a further re-enforcement of the party by three men from Rice's and two from Hawks', making in all 32 men for guard over the Hoosac. "Got safe to the fort" is all the blunt lieutenant records of the last part of the journey. Two days are required for the return to Deerfield, and the third day report is made in person by Hawks to his official superior, Col. Israel Williams.

The conquest of Canada in 1760 relieved Western Massachusetts from the Indian raids which had been the frontier torment for a century. The expectations and the hopes of Col. Ephraim Williams were realized. His old soldiers became the founders of Williamstown. The timbers of Fort Massachusetts became the frames of some of their dwellings. The trail over the mountain, heretofore a warpath, became a path of peace. Over it from eastward went settlers, themselves and their scanty belongings on horseback, to start in new surroundings. One instance will suffice as well as many. Four families from Hardwick and two from Amherst, 22 persons in all, consisting of men, women and children, joined themselves into one company in their journey over the mountain, and taking up lands on Bennington Hill, they left children who grew to prominence in that region. The trail gradually for most of its length developed into highways and town ways, but one portion over the Hoosac was never more than a footpath, too narrow and too mountainous for traffic.

We have recounted three wars, King Philip's and the two

French. There remains a fourth, the Revolution. May 6, 1775, 17 days after the fight at Lexington, there rides up to Major Salah Barnard's tavern, the house now known as Frary house, a young officer with a servant. Both are covered with dust for they have ridden hard. The servant takes the officer's horse to the blacksmith's to be shod, and a messenger is dispatched to the north end of Deerfield Street for Thomas Wells Dickinson, who is soon at the tavern. The officer makes an arrangement with Dickinson for 15 oxen, ordering them delivered forthwith at Ticonderoga. A drink of Landlord Barnard's spirits accompanies the bargain, and the officer, leaving directions for the enlistment of men, hastens to Charlemont and thence over the mountain by the Indian trail to Williamstown, where he puts up at Nehemiah Smedley's tavern. The officer bears with him a commission, three days old, issued by the Massachusetts Committee of Safety appointing him colonel and commander of troops on an expedition against Ticonderoga. His name is Benedict Arnold. The troops at Ticonderoga are Green Mountain boys and they pay no respect to this commission; Ethan Allen is the only colonel they know. Four days after the hurried stop of Arnold at Deerfield the renowned fortress of Ticonderoga is taken by a squad of resolute men. Among the first is Arnold but the name is rarely associated with the capture. Mr. Dickinson, his brother Consider, a lad of fourteen, assisting him, drove the oxen over the trail to Williamstown and then to Ticonderoga and he was paid for them £171, 13 shillings, 4 pence, lawful money, but for his own services he received, says a veracious chronicler, only "that drink in a Deerfield bar-room." \*

With the advance of Burgoyne from the north in 1777, the mountain pathway becomes again a busy thoroughfare. Burgoyne takes Ticonderoga; an army half starved and disheartened is retreating before him. King George III ex-

\* Arnold brought Dickinson from Watertown a commission as assistant commissary. Dickinson thus became an officer in the new Rebel army. He continued for years in this service. We find no reason to doubt but that his regular wages were paid in due course.—EDITOR.

ultantly tells the queen all the Americans are beaten. There was gloom and despair among our countrymen. But Washington never lost faith. Through Bunker Hill he had become acquainted with the New England temperament and it improved on acquaintance. He realized that on Burgoyne's flank eastward was a yeomanry, who once aroused, were tenacious, determined, fearless, and he foresaw that as the British with their Hessian allies and their Indian followers neared the firesides of the Hampshire Grants and the Massachusetts border, there would be an uprising. It came, immediate, impetuous, spontaneous. Stark and his men of New Hampshire were in it. The men of Berkshire had a part. Nearer at hand, from Charlemont, Heath, Rowe, Colrain, Bernardston, Deerfield, Greenfield, Sunderland, Whately, singly, by squad, company and regiment, on foot and on horse or riding and tying, youths of sixteen and veterans of the French wars, of every age between, in the heat of an August sun, rushed over the mountain trail, armed men. Bennington is the result. I started a roster of colonels, captains and heroes of the battle; it was abandoned. The battle was a people's battle and all were heroes.

Burgoyne's soldiers as prisoners of war marched to Boston, part by the Indian trail, part by the southern route, dropping by the way, because of escape or illness, occasional Hessians who settled and exchanged Germany for America as a home. A turnpike over the mountain turned travel from the ancient pathway, and its story ends.

No apologies or excuses are offered for transcribing history to you familiar. The glorious annals of this valley cannot be too often told to the ingenuous youth of to-day. Time has given the true perspective and proportion. Our historians have made the paths luminous.

## THE ALBANY ROAD.

BY H. ISABELLE WILLIAMS

The Albany Road leads on to the West,  
Up and down, a symbol of quest;  
On to the future and back to the past—  
While the fateful years are flying fast—  
Leads the Albany Road.

Here moccasined feet fell soft as dew,  
Yonder, from ambush, arrows flew;  
Leaf and twig told its warning tale  
Back in the days of the Mohawk trail—  
Now 'tis Albany Road.

Then in the North a war cloud rose;  
Swift on the town swooped the bloody foes!  
How they met their fate, these men of old,  
“The Redeemed Captive” piously told,  
Beside the Albany Road.

The skies grow clear, the sun once more  
Scatters its gold from door to door;  
Men of might make the anvil ring;  
Women are weaving and children sing  
Along the Albany Road.

No work is theirs of narrow greed,  
Less eager the body than mind to feed,  
Noble the thoughts that were nurtured there  
Fruit in the after years to bear  
Far from the Albany Road.

Honored by Washington, one dwelt here  
In the Little Brown House, a home-bred seer.  
A nephew he had whose fame so grew  
That over the sea men of him knew—  
Pride of the Albany Road.

Aloft in the arms of the great elm tree—  
Thought into space could soar more free—  
The white-haired General, forsaking Mars,  
Aided his nephew to follow the stars  
Beyond the Albany Road.

So the Albany Road leads up and away,  
And few by its side may lingering stay.  
Into the world they valiantly ride,  
Adding their blood to its purple tide,  
Leaving the Albany Road.

Honor to those who the story have told,  
Lest we forget those travelers of old.  
Some had fared forth ne'er to return  
Doomed in the Northland to linger and yearn  
Far from the Albany Road.

One of their race, warm-hearted and strong,  
Traced the Lost Captives, forgotton so long,—  
Her, who forgot not, who can forget!  
Would her sweet voice were greeting us yet  
Here on the Albany Road!

Honor to him whose painstaking hand  
Wrote the true tale of our fair valley land;  
Through the dim past shines the light of to-day  
For seekers after the Light are they  
Who travel the Albany Road.

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### TRIBUTE TO C. ALICE BAKER.

BY J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

Nothing can be more untrue than to say that Charlotte Alice Baker is no more. Her rare vigor of mind, her irrepressible energy cannot die; her perennial spirit holds within itself the guarantee of eternal life.

Born in New England, in the valley of the Connecticut, little Alice was peculiarly a New England child. Full to the brim was she of the spirit of freedom and the joy of life. It is not for us to lift the veil from that sacred childhood's home; enough to say, it was a home builded upon the only true and abiding foundation, and gladness permeated every niche and corner. Seven short years the sunshine rested upon it, then the shadow fell. The child was too young to feel the full weight of the blow—only the wife and mother could feel that—but no one has lost a father or a mother in early life without knowing that the shadows of unconscious childhood are, in reality, longings which grow deeper and more unutterable as the years go by.

When the father, Dr. Matthew Bridge Baker, was taken from that home, the mother, with her six-years-old child, faced the stern struggle for an independent life with a resolution worthy the granddaughter of a Revolutionary

hero. That resolution faltered not in the darkest days, and the independent career of Catharine Catlin Baker was a blessing to herself and to all her friends. Well do some of us remember what genuine admiration we felt for her "clear New England grit," which demonstrated more forcefully than any spoken word the fact that "obstacles are things to be overcome." Not resignation to what seems the inevitable, but rather a determination, as fixed as the polar star, that the seeming inevitable shall yield and be, not the master, but the servant of human life. This was one of the invaluable lessons taught by Catharine Baker and learned by her child.

I love to think of this child as a new and unique combination of the sturdy traits of her ancestors. On the side of her grandmother, Charlotte Stebbins, for whom she was named, she was descended from a patriot of Deerfield, Joseph Stebbins, who marched boldly on the Lexington alarm and who served as captain under Colonel Brewer in the battle of Bunker Hill.

On the side of her great-grandfather, Seth Catlin, she belonged to a family loyal to the Motherland and to the traditions of Old England. Thus, aristocracy and democracy mingled and left their lasting imprint on this child of New England soil.

Months followed one another. The happy Springfield home lived only as an inspiring memory. But however far away, Old Deerfield, always and ever, like an irresistible magnet, drew the mother and her child to itself. Those who have listened to the charming tale of "The Doctor's Little Girl," know that Dr. Matthew Baker's little daughter Alice, when visiting in Deerfield, was an exceedingly interesting child with an alert mind in a robust body. She delighted in a good time, as every normal child does; loved to run and romp, to coast and skate, to ride and drive whenever the indulgent teamster would let her take the reins. She fairly reveled in abounding life.

Old Deerfield Academy, which had been watching and waiting, finally claimed its own, and about 1845 Alice became one of its brightest pupils. It is not strange that

with a mind so eager for knowledge, and a heart so full of kindness for those less favored than herself, she soon aided the teachers in their work, and in 1853, we find her holding the position of assistant teacher. Still young, she enjoyed the recreations of youth. She loved to dance, and her dancing is described by a living eyewitness as "the very poetry of motion." She was also fond of music, and a friend says, "she played the piano feelingly, and also the organ in the White Church." A pupil speaks of her thus: "Oh! she was beautiful with her blue eyes and soft brown hair. Her figure was slight, delicate, willowy. She was so interested in all of us, we loved her." Says one of her Latin pupils, "She was always thorough and kindly."

Fain would we linger on this period of young womanhood; a period checkered by joy and grief. How we wish we could have wandered with her by the river's brink, hunted with her for the earliest flowers, or climbed old Pocumtuck, and there sat with her, dreaming dreams, till the setting sun called forth the moon to prove to us that life is a thing divine. This privilege was denied us, but not so another.

In 1853, a new teacher appeared at the Academy. "A young lady from Cambridge" was the word passed round. In course of time there came a day, when the Cambridge lady, Susan Minot Lane, calm, self-poised, strong, with keen but quiet and kindly wit, met Charlotte Alice Baker, all on fire with generous impulses, warm sympathies and ardent longings. The two came together, and it was not long before the union was complete, as each chose the other for a life companion.

In the autumn of 1854, when Alice Baker (as all then called her) was twenty-one years old, she decided to go west and, with Miss Lane, open a school in Chicago. It must be borne in mind that at this time there was not a single college for women in the east and only two in this whole, broad land. It was before the legal and moral rights of woman had been seriously considered by any body of men. It was a time when young men were expected to go to all points of the compass, and when young ladies were

expected to stay at home. Public opinion was bitterly opposed to the full development of woman, and only a woman knows how subtle and how potent is the influence of public sentiment. Susan Lane and Alice Baker believed that a woman had the sacred right to do whatever she was fitted by birth and training to do thoroughly and well. Casting public sentiment to the winds, for the winds to sweep into oblivion, they went west, established a school, and in a few years, this school was one of the leading educational forces of the city of Chicago.

Here they found Robert Collyer. An Englishman by birth, and an American by adoption, he was preaching the gospel of the brotherhood of man, and was lifting up his voice in behalf of all those who had "only the ghost of a chance,"—a man who became a power in the life of America. A warm intimacy grew up between preacher and teachers which was mutually inspiring.

In 1860, the national convention was held in Chicago to nominate a president. The leading candidates were Abraham Lincoln of Illinois and William H. Seward of New York. A vast building, called the Wigwam, had been erected for the use of the convention. Miss Baker writes: "The Wigwam was supposed to hold 10,000 people. It was packed to overflowing, and not a third of the mighty crowd gathered in the city could get in. Hundreds of ladies were present. I was there and I shall never forget the scene. . . . We held our breath as the voting went on. You might have heard a pin drop for the stillness. On the third ballot the nomination of Abraham Lincoln of Illinois was announced. For a second there was silence. In that second the chairman of the New York delegation sprang to his feet and generously moved that the nomination be made unanimous. The applause that followed was tremendous. Men swung their hats and shouted, women waved their handkerchiefs and clapped their hands. Tears of joy rolled down many a cheek, and a vast crowd, 40,000 strong, poured through the streets of the city at a white heat of enthusiasm."

Eighteen sixty-one brought the great Civil War. It was

a time that tried the souls of women as they had not been tried since the days of the Revolution. Would that Miss Baker were here to-day to thrill us all with the life of that great western city during those four terrible years,—a life that reached its culmination when the declaration went forth to the nations of the earth that in these United States of America no man, woman or child should be bought or sold as a slave.

In 1865, Miss Lane and Miss Baker decided to leave Chicago and go east. Up to this time the mother, Mrs. Baker, had been working bravely alone. Never had she in any way fettered her child. Never, in her loneliest hours, had she made that child feel it was a daughter's duty to be at home with her mother. On the contrary, this mother always recognized the truth, as comparatively few mothers do, that her daughter had her own life to live, her own work in the world to do, and should be given every possible opportunity for doing it. Now, however, the daughter realized that the years of her mother's life were passing, and that she could make that mother, not only proud but, by her presence, happy in a thousand ways. Accordingly the teachers came east, opened a private school in Boston, and made a home with the mother in Cambridge.

The Boston school soon took its rightful place among the leading schools of the city. Miss Baker's specialty was history. When we have said this, however, we have given not the faintest conception of the truth. She made history a living, pulsating thing. Hear her give a lesson, and you felt you must go home, and make history the study of your life. All the dry husks and wrappings were stripped off, and the living kernel within revealed. Names, dates, places, there must have been, but these were all subordinated to the essential truths of that mighty struggle which is bringing our human race out from barbarism into civilization. Effects were not dealt with singly and by themselves, but the causes which produced the effects were first studied, till glimpses were caught of that marvelous evolutionary process which has brought about our present development.

No boy or girl in Miss Baker's class could be dull or indifferent. The ozone of that northwest breeze vitalized nerves and muscles till they tingled. "She can make a cobblestone live!" was the involuntary exclamation of an admiring schoolgirl.

Nor were her pupils the only ones in the school who felt her influence. Every teacher who assisted her was roused, electrified, until there was born within her an all-controlling desire to do her very best work, not only in the schoolroom but in the world. What more can one human being do for another!

It is seldom that a teacher, possessing the true teacher's instinct, is also an investigator in unexplored fields, but such was Miss Baker. In 1870, the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association was organized at Deerfield. Its president, George Sheldon, recognizing the rare ability of Miss Baker, asked her to prepare a paper for the first annual meeting in February, 1871.

"Give me a woman for my subject and I will," said Miss Baker. "Eunice Williams is the woman," replied the president, and Eunice Williams, the captive, it was.

It would be interesting to know how many are here to-day who listened to that paper thirty-eight years ago. Surely every one who saw and heard Miss Baker that evening, felt a deeper pride in the old town, in the newborn Association, and in the woman who represented both so admirably. This was the beginning of Miss Baker's remarkable Canadian research, the results of which enrich the annals of our Association.

The next year, 1872, Miss Baker presented a paper on "The Settlement of Deerfield"; in 1877, one on "Ministers and Meetinghouses"; the next year, 1878, she spoke on "Ensign John Sheldon," and in 1879, on "Christina Otis."

These papers of the first decade of the Association's life gave character to the institution, and helped to make its foundation broad and strong. The president and Miss Baker worked together, each helping the other. Her quenchless enthusiasm, her accuracy, her deeply rooted love for historical study, and her ready command of choice and

forceful English, helped him in his literary work, while to his power of delving, his infinite patience in handling details, and his analytical habit of thought, she owed, in her own words, "my training in antiquarian research."

February 22, 1879 (three days before Miss Baker gave us the paper on Christina Otis), will be long remembered by the public school children of Boston. The year before Mrs. Mary Hemenway had pledged \$100,000 to save the Old South Meetinghouse. But money alone, she reasoned, cannot secure the future safety of this sacred structure. The children of this great city must be interested—they must love the history of dear old Boston. To this end she asked Miss Baker to meet the children every Saturday morning through the winter in the old meetinghouse.

On the day of which we speak—Washington's birthday—that grand old building was packed with eager, bright-eyed children. Many of their parents and friends were only too glad to occupy the standing room if only they might be allowed to hear and see. On the platform stood Miss Baker, dignified but glowing with the joy of it all. It seemed, in those brief moments before her opening sentences, as though she were listening to the words of Warren and of Washington which echoed and re-echoed from wall to wall, and from floor to ceiling. At her right, upon his perch, sat Old Abe, the war eagle of the eighth Wisconsin regiment, who had been in twenty-five battles and as many skirmishes, and had never lost a battle. There he perched in conscious pride and with startling intelligence. It was a responsive audience. Speaker and children were intensely alive, while Old Abe, listening to the vivid description of his conduct in battle, flapped his wings "at precisely the right moments," and screamed with delight. It was a scene never, O never, to be forgotten.

Who shall tell of the harvest from the seed sown in those Saturday morning gatherings thirty years ago? Surely they inspired the succeeding courses of lectures, and helped to bring into life the Old South Historical Society. True it is a generation lives in Boston to-day which guards more reverently than ever before its ancient landmarks—guards

them as the most precious legacy Boston possesses to hand down to posterity.

In the autumn of 1882, our Association placed mural tablets in yonder Memorial Hall to tell for aye the story of the faith and fortitude of those killed or captured on that fearful morning of February 29, 1704. At the annual meeting, a few months later, Miss Baker spoke concerning these tablets, and her words were especially fitting, revealing breadth and depth of thought.

More and more, as time passed, this lover of humanity pondered over the fate of the Deerfield captives. More and more those pathetic words, "Carried captive to Canada whence they came not back," haunted her waking and sleeping hours. Deeper and deeper grew the longing to know their fate, while ever stronger waxed the resolution to break the seal of silence. Accordingly in December, 1888, she went to Canada, accompanied by her close friend and her untiring helper to the very end, Emma Lewis Coleman. There she searched for days and weeks in the old French Archives. She enlisted the services of gracious priests, and interested nuns to aid her in her quest. French and Indian names of persons abounded in the old-time manuscripts, but her acute intellect, and still more, perhaps, her seeking heart tore off the mask from some of these, and revealed the real names of the English captives. Now she entered, as never before, into the joy of discovery —the keenest intellectual joy of a human being. Here was found the date of the marriage of a captive to a Frenchman, or, perhaps, to an Indian; there the date of birth of their children, and, again, it may be, the date of the last sad act in the tragic drama. Not only did the records yield up their secrets to her sympathetic soul, but her footsteps were guided to the very home of two of the captives, Josiah Rising and Abigail Nims. Under their roosting tree she stood, tasted water from their well, and ate apples from the "sole survivor of their orchard," meanwhile talking with their descendants who still lived in the old home. Even to think of this makes one almost cease to breathe. Full of zeal, Miss Baker transplanted some of the little evergreen trees

growing in the Canadian home of Abigail Nims Rising to the childhood home of Abigail Nims in Old Deerfield, where one may now be seen growing vigorously.

Again, we find Miss Baker in the ancient burying ground of Chambly, scanning with fast-beating heart each "deeply furrowed slab of weathered oak." "Would the grave give up its dead? Should I find here any of the long lost ones of Deerfield?" At last her eye falls on a rude slab bearing simply this inscription,

THÉRÈSE STEBEN 1729

She was standing by the grave of a captive carried from Deerfield, February 29, 1704! Listen to her words:—"Gentle breezes whisper softly among the grass that waves above the sod; the rapids of the Richelieu cease their angry roaring as they draw near the spot; and the beautiful river sings its sweetest cadence as it flows by the place where Thankful Stebbins sleeps." An exquisite word picture, truly!

It was an arduous task which Miss Baker set for herself. "It is only," she says, "by the most persistent pursuit of isolated facts, hints, dates and names, through register after register, collating and comparing them, that one finally evolves the stories of the captives."

By just this persistent and laborious research Miss Baker traced the lives of many captives whose fate up to this time had been wholly unknown. Most of her discoveries were recorded in papers read before the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. Later, in 1897, they were collected and published in book form under the title of "True Stories of New England Captives." The painstaking accuracy of her work, the large comprehensiveness of her views, and her rare power of graphic description, placed her among the truest historians of New England. Francis Parkman and other eminent historians referred to her as authority. Historical societies like those of Montreal, Cambridge and New York were glad to number her among their members.

Until 1890, Miss Baker had usually spent her summer vacations in York, by the sea she loved, or in Bethlehem

among the mountains. One season had been passed in Fayal with the result of giving us that delightful book "My Summer in the Azores." In 1890, she decided to have a home in Deerfield, dear to her heart. The oldest house in the town, and one of the oldest in the Connecticut Valley, dating back to 1698, and possibly to an earlier year, was then tottering to its fall. It seemed to stand merely by force of habit. Only one possessing the true historic instinct could have seen its possibilities. But Charlotte Alice Baker was, in truth,—

"An idealist who builded,  
A dreamer who wrought."

Aided by another enthusiast she threw herself into the work of restoration. She helped personally in freeing the beautiful brown paneled walls and doors of their varied coats of paint, and even cleaned some of the old-time brick. The joy of the summer time was carried through the winter, and many an evening was spent in talking over the furnishings of the different rooms. At last the fine colonial home was ready for occupancy, and was christened, for a good reason, "Frary House." Samson Frary was a pioneer settler of Pocumtuck who drew this lot in 1671, and who probably built the house "after 1683." His great-granddaughter, Lucy Frary, was the great-grandmother of Miss Baker, and therefore Frary House was her ancestral home.

In February, 1893, after only a few years' enjoyment of Frary House, Miss Susan Lane, the lifelong companion of Miss Baker, died, followed six years later, in 1899, by Mrs. Baker, who was then in her ninetieth year. Miss Baker was now left without a single near relative, but these profound sorrows could not extinguish her enthusiasm or lessen her interest in the young, or her devotion to historical truth.

Soon after the new century was born we find her working earnestly for the old Deerfield Academy and Dickinson High School. The influence of this Academy, for various reasons, had been waning, and Miss Baker felt strongly that the school should be brought back to a healthy normal life. She believed in the country academy, especially in the old

Deerfield Academy. She found in the principal of the school, Frank L. Boyden, a man with an ideal, and with power to realize it, given right conditions. It was then that Miss Baker and Mr. Boyden set themselves to the task of bringing about these conditions. They sought the co-operation of personal friends and interested educators. To the very last Miss Baker was working for an endowment fund that should place this institution on a firm foundation, enabling it to meet the imperative demands of the twentieth century, as it had met, in a pre-eminent degree, the needs of an earlier time. She believed that every boy and girl with a true longing for a collegiate course should be fitted here in the home school for any college in the land. She also believed that every boy and girl with a desire for an agricultural or industrial career should receive here a preparatory course which would serve as a foundation for successful future work. To accomplish this, the school curriculum was enlarged, and a new department, that of manual training, was initiated, which at once met a long-felt need.

Knowing as we all do of her vital interest in our Academy, what more appropriate memorial can there be than a C. Alice Baker Endowment Fund, the income of which shall be used to train the coming generations of boys and girls to faithful and efficient manhood and womanhood? This work of the future would be, in reality, a continuation of her own work, the one in perfect harmony with the other. Surely, her alertness in placing young people in the right places, where they could seek and find for themselves life's best resources, I have never seen equaled, and to-day, in the West as well as in the East, the gratitude which rises in the hearts of those she helped in time of need is the tenderest tribute to her worth. Nor did she help the young only. From all ages and all conditions of life, comes this testimony,—“She was the best friend I ever had.” Beautiful beyond words to express is this profound gratitude which cannot fail to crystallize into deeds and prove its genuineness by helping others to help themselves.

Within the last decade, Miss Baker has given an historical paper at five annual meetings of this Association,

and at the field meeting in Deerfield in 1903, when the monument to the "Dead of 1704" was dedicated; she had also gathered material for another paper for our last annual meeting. Life councillor since 1876, her interest in the Association has been constant. This interest is now emphasized by the crowning act of her life. When the claims of affection have been satisfied, she leaves "Frary House," which in very truth seems the embodiment of her spirit, to the care of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association—an association which for forty years has jealously guarded the sacred memorials of the past. What more natural, what more in harmony with her own desires and aims than this priceless legacy!

This serene colonial house with its harmonious furnishings will tell future generations the pathetic and thrilling story of the home life of their ancestors. It will help to foster reverence for the simple ways and the sterling virtues, until loyalty to those, who very largely have made us what we are, shall become one of the essential traits of youth.

The record of years, April 4, 1833—May 22, 1909, is full, rich, inspiring, and the record is sealed by her own words, "I love life—life is so beautiful."

"Deerfield is my home," again she wrote. As school-girl, teacher, educator, as historical writer and original investigator, as helper of the young and the aged, Old Deerfield tenderly claims, and will always proudly acknowledge as one of its truest friends, Charlotte Alice Baker.

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#### MISS BAKER'S PAPERS.

Complete List of the Papers read by C. Alice Baker before the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association and published in its "Proceedings":

- "Eunice Williams," Vol. I, pp. 18-37, 1871.
- "Settlement of Deerfield," Vol. I, pp. 72-102, 1872.
- "Ministers and Meetinghouses," Vol. I, pp. 365-388, 1877.
- "Ensign John Sheldon," Vol. I, pp. 405-431, 1878.
- "Christina Otis," Vol. I, pp. 445-467, 1879.
- "Address on the Tablets," Vol. II, pp. 101-104, 1883.
- "My Hunt for the Captives," Vol. II, pp. 342-366, 1888.
- "Two Captives," Vol. II, pp. 411-431, 1889.
- "Notes on Canada," Vol. III, pp. 2-4, 1890.

- "Thankful Stebbins," Vol. III, pp. 65-73, 1891.  
 "Historical Paper," Vol. III, pp. 197-204, 1893.  
 "Williams Bible," Vol. III, pp. 327-332, 1895.  
 "Story of a York Family," Vol. III, pp. 335-349, 1896.  
 "Ethan Allen and His Daughter," Vol. IV, pp. 28-57, 1899.  
 "Joseph Fry of Kittery, Maine," Vol. IV, pp. 292-313, 1902.  
 "Adventures of Baptiste," Vol. IV, pp. 342-360, 1903.  
 "Address in the Old Graveyard," Vol. IV, pp. 400-408, 1903.  
 "Adventures of Baptiste," Part II, Vol. IV, pp. 450-477, 1904.  
 "Obituary Notice of Eunice Stebbins Doggett," 1905. Vol. V (*in preparation*).  
 "A New Story of the Captives," 1907. Vol. V (*in preparation*).

Some other publications are:

- "The Doctor's Little Girl," Merry's Museum, 1870.  
 "A Summer in the Azores," Boston, 1882.  
 "True Stories of New England Captives," illustrated, Cambridge, 1897.  
 Mostly reprints of papers written for the P. V. M. Association.  
 "Old Abe: The War Eagle of Wisconsin." Printed for the benefit of the Deerfield Academy and Dickinson High School, Deerfield, 1904.
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## LETTER FROM DR. EDWARD HITCHCOCK.

AMHERST, MASS., September 7, '09.

*To the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, Dear Brothers and Sisters:*—If I only were the possessor of an automobile, I think I should be strong enough to be with you at your meeting, but the long journey and the confinement of sitting and listening to your many speeches and poems prevent me, so my wife says.

But I should be so happy once more to go to that dear old town, and be in the same house where so much of my boy character was formed that words but feebly express the magnitude of the occasion. And though I may not be intimate with a baker's dozen now living in Old Deerfield, the fragrance of the old place and the thought of the power and influence that the old town presents makes me uneasy that I can't be with you to-day.

There is one thing in which I am trying to keep pace with you, and this is the preservation and study of the relics of the Indian. You have got articles and relics which your whole community lavishes upon you and which to me are your joy and crown, and now they are in safe keeping,

and are well arranged and assorted, and are ornamental. And I beseech of you to beg all of Western Massachusetts and Vermont, to see that every Indian relic they possess is safely garnered into your Memorial Hall, and that hall be protected conscientiously from danger of fire, for these things can never be duplicated; you may recast many of them in plaster, stone and leather, but there is no reproduction of originals; there is no reproductive power in them as there is in animals and plants.

We have largely increased our own collection in Amherst College, and we are proud,—not that we can or would rival you, but struggle with you and so hand down to posterity the history and traces of the red man who is rapidly vanishing from the page of history.

We trust you will have a good, prosperous and enriching meeting, and tell the young Pocumtuck valley boys and girls how to keep up and get ahead if possible.

Very cordially,

E. HITCHCOCK.

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## GEN. THOMAS H. HARRIS—THE MAN WHO SILENCED LEE'S LAST GUN.

BY GEORGE D. CRITTENDEN.

*Ladies and Gentlemen, Members of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association:*—I have promised to try to interest you for a short time by telling you something about the man who silenced General Lee's last gun. As an introduction I will say that in the early forties I knew a very efficient young lady school teacher by the name of Sophia P. Hall. She was born in Hawley in 1817 and taught district schools a few years in Western Franklin. She was a woman of much more than ordinary intellectual ability. About 1840 she went to Parkersburg, Va., as principal of the girls' department in the old Hawks Academy. Here she met a young man by the name of Thomas M. Harris who was a teacher in the boys' department of the same school. While holding that position he married Miss Hall and after attend-

ing the Louisville Medical College, he commenced practicing medicine in Harrisville, the county seat of Ritchie County, Va., which was near his old home where he was born in 1813. About 1845 Moses Hall, a brother of Mrs. Harris, went from Hawley to Harrisville and studied medicine with Dr. Harris and finally formed a partnership in the practice of medicine. Dr. Hall was a schoolmate of mine in Hawley and there was a connection by marriage between our families, and I visited him in 1888. Mrs. Harris was then dead and Dr. Harris was in Dr. Hall's family so I had an opportunity to get acquainted with him. He told me that his grandfather was a Scotchman and did not believe that slavery was right, and his parents brought him up to believe that it was wrong in principle, and in 1840 he delivered a Fourth of July address in which he alluded to the fact that Virginia was about to hold a state convention to revise the state constitution, and he modestly expressed the opinion that that convention ought to make provision for the gradual abolition of slavery. For expressing that opinion the "Richmond Inquirer" asked the people in that part of the state why they did not drive him out of the state and sent him a personal challenge to fight a duel, and named his friend William L. Jackson, a lawyer of Wheeling, as his friend to arrange for a meeting. Dr. Harris was a very devout man and an elder in the United Presbyterian Church. He told me that he wrote to the editor that he declined to fight for two reasons. One was that he believed dueling wrong, and the other that it did not settle anything, not even the question of a man's personal courage. The man who challenged him was mortally wounded at the Battle of Roanoke Island early in the Civil War, and died near the battle field. Dr. Harris told me that up to the breaking out of the Civil War he was almost a non-resistant in principle. In the spring of 1861, the people of his county were about equally divided between union and non-union men and the consequence was that lawlessness prevailed and he went to Wheeling to ask General Rosecrans to keep order and protect union men in his county. The General said it was impossible, for he did not have

the men to spare and said, "You must go home and raise a regiment yourself." Elder Harris said, "I am 48 years old and know absolutely nothing about military affairs." General Rosecrans said, "You must do it. I will lend you some books on military tactics and help you all I can." He went home and he and his partner Dr. Hall commenced to raise a regiment. He was commissioned Colonel and Dr. Hall as Captain. By the time they had collected 700 men and had drilled them as well as they could, they were told that Gen. William L. Jackson of Wheeling was marching on them with 2,200 men. Jackson said, "I know Elder Harris; he won't fight; I will have him to dinner with me to-morrow." A pitched battle was fought in which Jackson had three times as many men as Harris but Harris had four pieces of artillery to Jackson's two. Early in the battle both of Jackson's guns were disabled and night came on without a decisive result, but in the morning Jackson had left and Elder Harris was in possession of the field.

After the war Jackson was appointed by President Hayes as U. S. Circuit Judge in Tennessee and was holding that position in 1888 when General Harris related this account to me. I saw an account of Judge Jackson's death three or four years ago in Tennessee.

Colonel Harris served under General Sheridan and participated in all the great battles in the Valley of Virginia, and was promoted to be Brigadier; and his partner was promoted to the position of Colonel of the 10th West Virginia regiment in General Harris's brigade. Harris was severely wounded at the battle of Winchester. He told me he met General Sheridan on his famous ride when he was being carried to the rear in an ambulance. At the close of the Valley Campaign General Harris and Colonel Hall were transferred to Grant's army in front of Richmond. General Harris was promoted to the position of Major General and was given the command of a division which was transferred to Grant's army in front of Richmond and was known as the Independent Division of the 24th Army Corps. His division stormed and captured Fort Wentworth in front of Richmond. Colonel Hall told me that it was an earthwork that contained

about an acre of ground and when they made the assault they had to dig steps for their feet with their bayonets and each defender had six loaded muskets that he could fire as fast as he could pick them up and the carnage was awful for a few minutes. The sword of the commanding officer was hanging in the hall of the General's house when I was there in 1888. The General lost one-third of his men in this assault.

On the morning of the day on which Lee surrendered, General Harris's division was in line of battle expecting an attempt by Lee to break through his lines; the General told me, that two pieces of Lee's artillery were posted in a position where they annoyed his men. He called up six of the best marksmen in his division and told them to go into a piece of woods as near as they could get to those guns and silence them, which they did in a very few minutes. He then witnessed a scene never to be forgotten and which he did not understand for a short time. The men threw down their guns, some embraced one another, some laughed and some cried for joy and some seemed to be almost delirious. Lee had surrendered, his last gun had been silenced and the men could say this wicked war is over.

Although General Harris was a very modest and unassuming man, he did say that he and Lee were both native Virginians and it gave him great satisfaction to be able to silence Lee's last gun. He said that a large crowd of negroes, men, women and children flocked in the next day and he mounted a wagon and made a speech to them, telling them that they were free, as free as white men, but he charged them to go back to their old masters and go to work for them and be peaceable and orderly. He said some white men were there who heard his speech; they said to him, "You talked well only you should not have told them that they were free."

The government would not accept General Harris's resignation after Lee's surrender; and after President Lincoln's assassination, he was made a member of the military commission which tried the conspirators who plotted to assassinate the heads of the government so that there should

be no president, or any constituted successor to that office, and in the chaotic condition that would follow, a southern confederacy could be organized. General Harris wrote a book of over 400 pages giving the best account of that trial that has ever been written. After the work of the commission was over, General Harris was placed in command of the Northern Department of Virginia with headquarters at Fredericksburg, till early in 1866. He was the oldest and last of the volunteer major generals. President Lincoln said he was the best volunteer officer he ever met, and he was one of his most trusted advisers. When he resigned, the government offered him a commission in the regular army, but he declined it and went back to the practice of medicine. He lived most emphatically the simple life of a devout and sincere Christian in which he exemplified the religious faith of his Scotch ancestry, and when he brought out every morning his well-worn Bible and reverently read a chapter, and on his knees commended us all to the loving care of Him who doeth all things well, he reminded me of Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night."

I believe that Gen. Thomas M. Harris was the most remarkable man who attained as high a position as that of a division commander. As I saw this old man at his daily devotions it was hard to realize that going into the army in his 49th year with no knowledge of military affairs, in less than four years he had been intrusted with the command of 1,200 men and had led his men in successful assaults on forts and other strong positions and had displayed such good judgment, the president called him the best volunteer officer he ever met. He was a man of strong mind, deep convictions, great will power, kindly in his disposition, charitable and generous beyond measure and full of love for his fellow men. He died three years ago at the age of 93 years, retaining his mental faculties to the last. He died from troubles incident to old age. He fell into a deep sleep and woke on the other side of that mysterious divide that separates us here from the great majority beyond.

## ANNUAL MEETING—1910.

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### REPORT.

The Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association held one of the most interesting annual meetings in its history yesterday. Vice-President F. M. Thompson presided. The afternoon was devoted to business and the reading of memorial sketches. In the evening four papers, the product of research in local history, were enjoyed. A pleasant feature was the singing by the old-fashioned choir under the direction of Charles H. Ashley.

The treasurer reported a balance on hand of \$6,772 as against \$6,182 last year.

In his annual report as curator, George Sheldon discussed the gift of Frary House and home lot by the late Miss C. Alice Baker. He said: "One of the most important events in our history has been the passing of C. Alice Baker, one of the earliest and strongest of our associates. She grasped at once the fundamental idea of our object, and grappled in a masterful manner with its inherent difficulties. All know her untiring industry and wonderful intellectual achievement."

Mr. Sheldon then stated that 7,100 visitors had registered the past year. Number of articles given to the collection this year is 468. A card catalogue is needed. Provision has been made for binding the rare set of the "New England Historical and Genealogical Register." Only about four volumes are lacking in this set. There is a great mass of manuscripts which should be arranged in more systematic manner, and the families represented are appealed to to furnish suitable blank books for preserving them.

Plans are being made for the erection of stones marking the homesteads of old Sergeant Plympton and John Steb-

bins, and it is hoped that both will be put up in the spring, and gatherings of the descendants will be held. Thirteen names have been added to the alcove of Deerfield authors.

The suggestion has been made, says Mr. Sheldon, of a monument at the scene of the First Encounter, but nothing has come of it. He notes the suggestion of E. W. McGlenen, registrar of Boston, that a cairn be erected there, and Mr. Sheldon expresses hopes that the boys of Deerfield and Whately can be interested to do it.

Action was taken at the afternoon meeting for a Field Day next summer, and arrangements were left with Mr. Sheldon. Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon are to have charge of printing another volume of "Proceedings," and a library catalogue.

A memorial sketch of Judge Robert R. Bishop of Newton, prepared by his son Elias, supplemented by an introduction by Mr. Sheldon, was read by Albert L. Wing. An appreciative sketch of Freeman C. Griswold was contributed by Frederick L. Greene.

Judge Thompson spoke on the passing of such men as Rev. P. V. Finch and Samuel O. Lamb, who used to do so much to make these meetings interesting.

These officers were chosen:—

President: George Sheldon.

Vice-Presidents: Francis M. Thompson and John A. Aiken of Greenfield.

Recording Secretary: Rev. Richard E. Birks.

Corresponding Secretary: Mrs. M. Elizabeth Stebbins.

Treasurer: John Sheldon of Greenfield.

Members of Council: William L. Harris, Edward A. Hawks, G. Spencer Fuller, Julia D. Whiting, Philomela A. Williams, Asahel W. Root, all of Deerfield; Herbert C. Parsons, Albert L. Wing, Eugene A. Newcomb, Mary P. Wells Smith, George A. Sheldon, all of Greenfield; Henry B. Barton of Gill, George E. Taylor of Shelburne, Annie C. Putnam of Boston, George A. Plimpton of New York.

These corresponding members were elected: Charles W. Eliot, Cambridge; Charles Francis Adams, Lincoln; President George Harris and Dr. Edward Hitchcock, Am-

herst; Edwin D. Mead and Edward H. Clement, Boston; James Phinney Baxter, Portland, Me.; Wilberforce Eames, New York.

The secretary, Mr. Birks, read letters from a number of famous men, accepting in very cordial manner the election to corresponding membership made last year, including the following: Albert Bushnell Hart, who wrote home from Venice, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Henry Cabot Lodge, John D. Long, Caleb B. Tillinghast, Samuel A. Green, and Frederick W. Putnam of the Peabody Museum of Archæology.

Judge Francis M. Thompson contributed a valuable paper on "Amariah Chandler and his Times."

G. Spencer Fuller of Deerfield, son of George Fuller, the noted American painter, read a paper giving the result of his investigations of Fort Pemaquid, a post on the Maine frontier in early colonial times.

Miss Margaret Miller gave an interesting story of "A Whig Parson and a Tory Colonel at Hatfield," the scene of which was Hatfield, the time a century and a half ago and the characters Colonel Israel Williams, town dictator, and Rev. Joseph Lyman, the first to resent the Williams Tory rule.

Miss Miller paid high tribute to both these leaders, whom she described as equally fearless and honest and equally intent on serving his country, whatever might be the consequences of his intrepidity.

Charles H. Dean of South Deerfield, a recent graduate of the Deerfield Academy, who has become interested in antiquarian research, discovered last summer a cache of Indian weapons near the Whately line, and in a short paper he told of the find. The stones are believed to have been brought from a glacial boulder in Berkshire County by an Indian who worked some of the stones into fine specimens, while others are in the rough or partly finished state.

## REPORT OF CURATOR.

Our Hall continues to be a magnet which draws through its portals great numbers from afar, 7,100 of whom have left evidence thereof on our register. Our finances, it will be seen by the report of the treasurer, are in good condition.

Our collection grows in size and value through annual accretion; 468 articles have been added since my last report.

Our library increases in richness from year to year; 65 bound volumes have been contributed, and 116 pamphlets and broadsides. A card catalogue is a crying need. Provision has been made for binding our rare set of the "New England Historical and Genealogical Register." Sixty-two volumes of this periodical have been published in 248 quarterly numbers. We lack only four volumes and four odd numbers, and I am making strenuous efforts to complete the set.

I wish to call the attention of the public to the great mass of manuscript in the library which has heretofore been of comparatively little service except as a safe deposit. This consists largely of a miscellaneous lot of old letters, deeds, bills, vital statistics, etc. There has been a general classification under family names, such as Allen, Arms, Ashley, Barnard, Carter, Catlin and so on. To each family name a box has been assigned. At present, these boxes are a haphazard collection, but eventually they will be uniform in size and appearance.

My assistant, Mrs. Stebbins, has for years been employing her leisure hours in numbering and making detailed catalogues of the contents of these boxes. Even with this help, there is great trouble and danger in handling these frail and often fragmentary documents.

There is a much better way of preserving these papers, and I hereby make appeal to each of the families whose names are borne on these boxes to provide a suitable blank book in which each individual scrap of paper shall find a permanent resting-place. The old Sheldon papers have been preserved in this way, and for want of a better, this

could be used as a guide. If such a portfolio should once be started, doubtless showers and flocks of family papers would be seeking admission. To do all this would involve great trouble and expense which we have not thought best to attempt—divided by the families, the work would be comparatively light.

There are 30 of these family boxes. In addition, there are 36 boxes crammed with miscellaneous ancient manuscripts, marked "Revolutionary War," "Old French and Indian Wars," "Towns," "Ministerial," "Common Field," "Schools," etc., all of which should be treated eventually in the same manner by the Association.

A large amount of material for Volume V of our "Proceedings" has accumulated, and some action looking toward its publication should soon be taken.

During the past year or two there has been unusual activity in hunting Indian relics, and a reasonable share finds its way to our cases. Charles Dean of South Deerfield has presented the contents of an Indian cache of special historic interest to students in this line, which he discovered and will speak of this evening. This contribution has been put under glass for preservation.

Although not strictly within my province as Curator, I wish to say something in regard to the general condition of the Association.

One of the most important events in our history has been the passing of C. Alice Baker, one of the earliest and strongest of our associates. She grasped at once the fundamental idea of our object, and grappled in a masterful manner with its inherent difficulties. All know her untiring industry and her wonderful intellectual achievement. An eloquent and tender tribute was paid to her at the last meeting by a beloved friend. This paper has been printed, and the author has placed copies on the table for distribution.

Many know that Alice was a generous contributor to our finances, and that she had often said more would follow at the end. The deeply deplored end came, and it was found that \$1,000 had been added to her benefactions. By will, Alice bequeathed to the Association, in fee, Frary House

with all its belongings and the home lot. But this gift does not come directly into our hands. Possession of it for life is given to Miss Emma L. Coleman on certain conditions, and when vacated, it passes on the same conditions, to four of Miss Baker's cousins. With these ladies all outside interests cease, and the estate, real and personal, in its present condition, becomes ours with no incumbrance, and is to be held for the future, as a fine example of an old colonial home. It will also remain as a permanent memorial of C. Alice Baker, and of her vital interest in the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association.

The large attendance at our museum testifies to the continued interest in the collection and in historic Deerfield. This is also shown in other ways. Plans are now being perfected by the descendants of old Sergeant Plympton who was carried to Canada and burned at the stake in 1677, and of John Stebbins who was captured with all his family in 1704, to honor their memory by erecting memorials to mark their respective homesteads on the village street. It is expected that they will both be put up next spring, and when dedicated next summer there will be gatherings of the family clans.

Some of the inscriptions on the stones already erected had become faded and indistinct. Favored by a contribution from one of our members they have all been restored by a skillful hand.

The alcove devoted to Deerfield authors has been carefully nursed, and thirteen names have been added to the list. The writers of Deerfield have been scattered so far afield that some have been discovered only by accident. Contributions from those qualified are solicited from all over the round world. One of the thirteen has been brought to light in our very, very midst. Our secretary can elucidate the facts concerning this new discovery.

In the Report of our Historic Ride on July 30, 1901, found in Volume IV of our "Proceedings," allusion was made to the planting of seed for a monument, marking the spot of the "First Encounter." No shoot from this seed has yet been discovered. In a letter recently received from

Edward W. McGlenen, registrar of the city of Boston, a happy suggestion is found. It is this: that a large sized cairn be erected on the spot. Nothing could be more simple or more appropriate. It seems to me that our Association has only to organize the boys of Whately and Deerfield, inoculate them with the Indian fever, lend a guiding hand, and before sunset on the 24th of next August a circular cairn would be a permanent reality.

Respectfully submitted,

GEORGE SHELDON,  
*Curator.*

Deerfield, February 22, 1910.

## NECROLOGY.

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### ROBERT ROBERTS BISHOP.

BY HIS SON ELIAS B. BISHOP OF NEWTON.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY GEORGE SHELDON.

In response to our request the following fine tribute of the life and work of our late associate, Judge Bishop, was written by his son, Elias B. Bishop. Elias was a mere lad at the time his father's interest in our Association first took form; he knows little or nothing of it, and consequently has made no allusion to it.

In 1871, a Town Hall was built in Medfield, and Judge Bishop was invited to give an historical address at its dedication, September 10, 1872. Medfield history and the history of Dedham were one, and knowing something about the connection of Dedham and Deerfield, Judge Bishop came here while seeking material for his paper; he never lost his interest in Deerfield history. Within a short time the Medfield Town Hall was burned; another was erected, and Judge Bishop was called upon for a second dedicatory address, which he delivered November 10, 1874. A delegation from our Association attended this meeting. Both of these addresses were printed and are now in our archives.

September 18, 1875, Judge Bishop was present at the bicentennial celebration of the Lothrop Massacre at Bloody Brook, where he made an address from which the following is an extract: "It is not necessary to be a descendant of Deerfield to be inspired by the life, death and principles of its founders. 'Honor to the dead is the inspiration to posterity,' and the martyred blood at Bloody Brook should inspire us to deeds of manly patriotic devotion."

At the dedication of our Memorial Hall on September 8, 1880, Judge Bishop, then President of the Massachusetts Senate, gave an address in which he traced "the progress of the principles brought over in the Mayflower." He believed in communing with the past, as great virtues in the fathers inspire great virtues in the sons. The graves of the fathers teach the lesson of faithfulness, and "the spot where sleeps the dust of Rev. John Williams inspires every beholder to deeper patriotism."

Others who took part in the ceremonies of that day were George William Curtis, Charles Eliot Norton, and Charles Dudley Warner.

In 1890 Judge Bishop became a life member of our Association, and served as councillor two years, and as vice-president one year. He was always interested in historic research, and was in full sympathy with the aims of this Association.

#### OBITUARY BY MR. BISHOP.

Robert Roberts Bishop, Associate Justice of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, was born at Medfield, March 31, 1834, the son of Jonathan P., and Eliza (Harding) Bishop.

Obtaining his early education in the schools of Medfield, at the Allen Classical School in West Newton, and at Worcester Academy he fitted for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, where he graduated in the class of 1854. Impaired health precluding a college course, Mr. Bishop began the study of law, and while at the Harvard Law School assisted Professor Parsons on his work on Contracts. After graduating from the Law School in 1857, he spent a year in the office of Hon. Peleg W. Chandler, and for several years was law reporter for the "Boston Daily Advertiser."

On December 24, 1857, Mr. Bishop was married in Holiston to Mary H., daughter of Elias and Persis (Daniels) Bullard of that town, and in the following year started in business for himself, with desk room in the office of John Lowell, late Judge of the United States Circuit Court. In 1861 he formed a law partnership with Thornton K.

Lothrop which was afterwards enlarged by the admission of Arthur Lincoln, and this partnership continued (under the name of Lothrop, Bishop & Lincoln) until 1879, after which date Mr. Bishop practiced alone until 1884, when he formed a partnership with George Wigglesworth, which continued until 1888.

In 1862, Mr. Bishop removed from Boston to Newton where he lived the rest of his life. He served on the Newton School Board, and was one of the first movers in the plan to establish the Newton Hospital. In 1874, he was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives, but he declined a re-election, partly on account of his appointment as one of the Water Commissioners of the City of Newton, and partly because he was counsel for the bondholders of the Bendell mortgage on the old Boston, Hartford & Erie Railroad.

In 1879, 1880, 1881 and 1882, Mr. Bishop was a member of the Massachusetts Senate, the last three years being president of that body. In the fall of 1882 he was the Republican nominee for Governor, and was defeated by Benjamin F. Butler, the Democratic candidate.

As a lawyer he was engaged largely in corporation matters, being counsel for the stockholders of the Newton National Bank in the litigation conducted against the U. S. Government, and with his partner he was counsel for the N. Y. & N. E. Railroad, and as such adjusted all the claims arising out of the Boston fire. Later he was counsel for Charles P. Clark, President of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, in the suits brought by Cyrus Field and others.

From 1881 to 1903, Mr. Bishop was a trustee of Phillips Academy at Andover, and its President from 1900 until he retired from the Board. Soon after he became a trustee the Seminary was subjected to a strong attack upon the opinions and teaching of the Professors, and during that prolonged controversy he was the wise counselor, guiding the defense in a masterly, courageous and successful manner.

Mr. Bishop was deeply interested in historic affairs, and did much to illustrate the early history of his native town

of Medfield, and of Newton. In 1875, he took active part in the struggle to save the Old South Meetinghouse of Boston, and was instrumental (with others) in the preservation of that ancient landmark.

He was the author of the only complete history of the Massachusetts Senate, a document abounding in facts, throwing light on the rise of the State Government in all its branches. His attainment in the classics was recognized by Dartmouth College which conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts in 1879.

In 1888, Mr. Bishop was appointed Associate Justice of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, which position he held until his death, October 7, 1909.

He was privileged to give to the Commonwealth more than twenty-one years of highly useful judicial service, and to this crowning portion of his life he brought in full measure the qualities which mark a sound and upright judge.

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### FREEMAN C. GRISWOLD.

BY FREDERICK L. GREENE.

Freeman C. Griswold born in Greenfield, December 15, 1858, joined this Association in February, 1888, was a member of its council for two terms, and died in Boston, at the end of a long illness, January 29, 1910.

Mr. Griswold was the son of the late Whiting Griswold and Fannie L. (Clark) Griswold. His father was long a leading member of the Franklin County Bar, ever interested and prominent in the political affairs of county and state. His mother, born in Bath, Me., was a talented woman, whose vivacity, inherited by her son, is still remembered. She died when her son was a boy of nine years.

Whiting Griswold, who was brother to Joseph Griswold, the pioneer in cotton manufacturing in this county, served several terms in each branch of the legislature, and was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1853. He was always the leading opponent of the change by which repre-

sentation in the house was taken from towns as such, and representative districts substituted. He was a hard fighter, and though holding no other public office bore an active part in matters political until his death in 1874.

Left an orphan in 1874, Griswold continued his education under the direction of his guardian, Miss Dulcie C. Griswold, cousin of his father, who kept for him and his sister the family home until he attained his majority. He was educated in the locally famous private school of Miss Long, then in the public schools of Greenfield, Williston Seminary, Yale College and the Law School of Harvard University. With his father a lawyer it is not surprising that on graduating from the Greenfield High School in March, 1876, his commencement part was "The Jury System." At Williston the present principal, Reverend Joseph H. Sawyer, L. H. D., an instructor in Griswold's day, writes me that "Griswold was always on hand with his lessons, holding high rank especially in Declamation and English Composition, prominent in the Debating Society and among his fellows, with a liking for affairs and school polities." The boy was father of the man, by birth and environment he was born to be a lawyer and an advocate. He graduated at Williston in 1877 and entering Yale College the same year there received the degree of A. B. in 1881. Then, of full age, with his life purpose formed, he entered the Harvard Law School. He there spent three years in diligent study, and was regarded as one of the most promising of a large class when he took his degree of LL. B. in 1884.

Loving his birthplace and home, fond of his boyhood friends, led by ties of kinship and sentiment to care more to follow on where his father had led, than to seek leadership elsewhere, Griswold, immediately after admission to the bar in his native town August 21, 1884, began there the practice of law.

There he remained until 1893 when he removed to Boston. In Greenfield he first had his desk with Samuel O. Lamb, his father's friend, long the Nestor of the Franklin County Bar; later with the writer (with whom he was for some time associated as partner); and then by himself in

our first courthouse, the present Gazette and Courier Building, in the room now occupied by the Greenfield Historical Society.

He was regarded, and justly, as one of the brightest and as the best educated man at the bar. He was sincere, careful, industrious. His client's cause was his own. But clients were not numerous, because he was reputed too well to do to need them. Waiting was to him irksome. His law school friends had dared the great cities, and were succeeding as he might have done with them. Too late he felt the call, essayed his chance in great cities, and in middle life began where as a youth he should have been.

Notwithstanding this handicap, soon after leaving Greenfield for Boston he went to New York, and there entering the service of a strong firm of lawyers, soon became managing clerk, which position he held for twelve years or more, and until his death. The term is not known here (where each lawyer manages his own business with a clerk or two), but is one of great responsibility in an office of a dozen lawyers with dozens of employees. But it did not afford him the field he should have had to show his ability as a lawyer. The gentlemen with whom he was associated in New York, Messrs. Phillips & Avery, write me, "During many years Mr. Griswold occupied the important position of our chief or managing clerk. Our office is a large one and Mr. Griswold had the general supervision of our staff of attorneys and of looking after our cases in respect of details and procedure. Because of this he did not actually try many cases in court but conducted a great many negotiations for us in important matters, and it was with him that our clients in a great many cases consulted in the first instance. Mr. Griswold was an expert in the innumerable technical matters of detail which arise in this city in connection with important building operations, had the personal charge of all bankruptcy matters, and was exceedingly well versed in the Bankruptcy Law and in the decisions in the Federal Courts in cases arising under it. He was an educated gentleman, a good lawyer and a painstaking and efficient man in our office."

A young man here, he tried few cases, but he tried those well. He made few briefs for the Supreme Judicial Court, but he assisted in more. He made in that court one oral argument in a case for which he was wholly responsible, which established forever law in doubt for seventy years. I refer to Seward vs. Hayden, 150 Mass. 158, overruling an ancient decision of the same court.

The career of Griswold as a lawyer comes first to one of his brothers in the law, who recalls its great promise and, with regret, its lack of full fruition from the generous sentiment of the man which led him back to his home when his place was farther afield.

But it was as a citizen of his town, county, state and country that Griswold made a mark that should not be forgotten. He was interested in everything that concerned either. And this led to his joining this Association, for which he did a valuable work in writing a paper published in our "Proceedings," Vol. II, p. 33, upon Colonel Elihu Hoyt, one of the "River Gods."

He began with the town. He attended town meetings and spoke as well as voted. Elected a member of the school committee, he put his heart into the work. Seeing how little one man, or three, however well or illy educated, knew as to methods of instruction he soon urged the employment of a superintendent of schools. Superintendents were then hardly known outside of cities. It was long before the state required them. He fought against opposition in his own board, against prominent citizens of the town, until the point was carried, and for all time.

No man in his time, with his education, could escape the call of politics, and few its wiles. He came on the stage in politics with Grover Cleveland, candidate for president; he was with us until after Cleveland's second election. During this time he was an ardent supporter of the Democratic party of those days. He scorned no humble service, such as serving on committees or watching the check list; he feared no defeat, several times running in a hopelessly Republican district. In 1888, he was one of the founders and charter members of the Young Men's Democratic Club of Massa-

chusetts. This club did most effective work for the election of William E. Russell, three times Governor, and in this Griswold bore no small part. During the ten years following 1884 he was active on the "stump" where he was always an interesting speaker, one valued by his party, and one not despised by his opponents. His manner as a speaker was agreeable, his elocution distinctly good, and his matter always worth listening to. He believed in his cause and he did his duty as he saw it. Differ with his views as we may, who can do more!

He was sent once to the House at Boston. His work there was most creditable in every way. He was a member of the Committee on Probate and Insolvency. The chairman of the committee then, Honorable John C. Crosby of Pittsfield, now one of the Justices of the Superior Court, writes me that, "That committee had to consider many important amendments and additions to the law relating to probate and insolvency matters, and Mr. Griswold was one of our most efficient, diligent and painstaking members. I became very much attached to him, and as a young lawyer he seemed to me to be a credit to his county." The matter in which he attained most prominence was the attempt to annex to Greenfield a portion of its mother town. Into that he threw his whole heart, but the time was not ripe for that which happened later.

Of the man himself, it is for the writer most difficult to speak. Love, friendship, acquaintance all sway judgment. Each of us knew him, and probably no two of us in the same way.

But I think all recall his ever cheerful, smiling greeting, and his sincerity. To him no man was a stranger. Some remember his hospitality in his home, his enjoyment of all sociability. Others, many, though not likely many here, his open-hearted way with the poor and distressed, his ability to meet prince and pauper upon equal footing.

He inherited from one of our strongest and best old New England families, self-reliance. No one could bully him. But he bullied no one. He was always, however, set in his view; although willing to discuss a matter. You might

not change his opinion, but you felt that you had been heard.

He had his faults. He sometimes heard advice and took it not. But he did good work in his too brief years. Of him we may well transpose the thought of Shakespeare, "The evil that he did died with him, the good was *not* interred with his bones."

*Requiescat in pace.*

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## AMARIAH CHANDLER AND HIS TIMES.

BY JUDGE FRANCIS M. THOMPSON.

For many years it has been my intention to write a sketch of the life and times of Reverend Amariah Chandler, D. D., who was so long the beloved minister of the First Congregational Church in Greenfield, Mass.

My purpose has recently received a strong incentive by coming into possession of a copy of the "History of Waitsfield, Vermont," written by Matt Bushnell Jones, a prominent lawyer of Boston, who was a native of that place, this giving me information concerning the first pastorate of Mr. Chandler, which it would otherwise have been difficult to obtain.

Moses Chandler, the Deerfield settler, father of Amariah, was of the fifth generation from William, who came from England and settled in Roxbury, Mass., in 1637. The line ran, Amariah,<sup>6</sup> born at the old ferry house at Pine Hill in Deerfield, October 27, 1782; Moses,<sup>5</sup> born in Lancaster, Mass., July 8, 1731; Moses<sup>4</sup> of Lancaster and Shrewsbury; William,<sup>3</sup> born May 28, 1759, at Andover, Mass.; Thomas<sup>2</sup> of Andover, born in England about 1630; William<sup>1</sup> of England and Roxbury.

Moses<sup>5</sup> married, June 13, 1754, Persis Harris, by whom he had five boys and four girls, Amariah<sup>6</sup> being the youngest child. She died April 13, 1799, aged 64 years. Mr. Moses Chandler's second wife was widow Susan (May) Bullard who died in June, 1822, aged 80 years.

This Moses Chandler was a soldier under the unfortunate Major General James Abercrombie in the French and Indian war of 1758, and undoubtedly was present at the disastrous attack made upon Ticonderoga in July of that year, when Abercrombie with 15,000 men was defeated with a loss of 2,000 killed and wounded. He was also at the capture of Montreal by Lord Amherst in 1760. He removed to Deerfield before 1771, as he was in that year, and for many succeeding years, the ferryman at the foot of Pine Hill on the old road from Deerfield to Greenfield. In connection with the ferry business he kept a store, and thereby hangs a tale, which is well told by Mr. Sheldon in his "History of Deerfield." "Moses Chandler was suspected of Tory proclivities; and justly, too, if tradition can be relied upon. It is said among his descendants that many a Tory while going up and down on treasonable errands, found shelter in the garret of the ferry house, and that a gable window facing the hillside was a ready means of escape to the woods on Pine Hill. Something of this kind doubtless reached the ears of the 'Committee of Safety,' and a delegation was sent to examine the premises for evidence of treason. They felt themselves abundantly rewarded when a search revealed mysterious documents written in *cipher*, which was proof enough of a conspiracy against the dawning liberties of a new nation.

"The culprit was seized, and with the evidence of his guilt was hurried before the Committee of Safety for trial. But to the intense chagrin of the zealous Whig officers, and to the hilarious delight of the Tory spectators, an examination showed that this 'damnable proof of treason,' this mysterious correspondence with the enemy, was none other, than invoiced bills of goods, bought at Albany, and made out in *low Dutch!*"

Another good story of an event which happened "in the family" although before Dr. Chandler's birth, may as well be told, and I quote from Mr. Sheldon's History: "It was in May, 1780, that a constitution for the new state was laid before the people for their examination and action in town meeting,—and the subject was uppermost in the minds of

all Whig politicians. It so happened that at this time there was lying on the bank of the river at the ferry—where it had been landed from a boat, and was waiting for transportation—a *smoke-jack*, which Esq. John Williams had just bought to place in his house, the one now known as the Wilson house. A smoke-jack was a new thing in this region, and a traveler naturally made inquiry as to what the strange looking object might be. Mrs. Chandler, who had no more sympathy for the Whigs than her husband, venting her wit and her spleen at one breath, replied: ‘Oh, that’s the new *Constitution*, that everybody is talking about now days!’”

In 1787 after a violent opposition the road from Deerfield to Greenfield was changed from the Pine Hill location to the higher land bordering the meadows, and Mr. Chandler, taking his family and goods and chattels into the ferryboat, moved down to where the three bridges now cross the Deerfield River. Later for a few years he lived in Greenfield in an old house which stood upon the bank of Green River, upon the farm now owned by Horace A. Smead. Nothing but the cellar hole remains to mark the spot. Rev. Dr. Chandler gave me this information. From this place Moses moved to Shelburne, where he died January 21, 1814.

The first child of Moses and Persis (Harris) Chandler was born in 1759 and Amariah, the youngest, in 1782. Amariah in childhood was rather delicate, and—quoting from Jones’ “History of Waitsfield”—“while a mere youth he became convinced from listening to stories of the hardship and suffering of the early settlers, and the soldiers of the early wars, that to fit himself to become a soldier, he must accustom himself to hardship and privation. To this end he dressed thinly, slept on the floor, in barns, or even on the grass, went barefooted until the ground was frozen, and indulged in hard manual labor, until all this became a fixed principle in his life. Thus from a puny child he became a large and robust man.”

In confirmation of this statement I have to say that Dr. Chandler told me that his first inception of what he

would be when he became a man, was to become a soldier—that while this idea prevailed he exposed himself to many unnecessary hardships, while the necessities of the family estate caused all the “hardening” process which might be required by any aspirant for military honors. He said that many times he woke up under several inches of snow that had sifted in through the roof over the unfinished attic in which he slept, with the feeling that he was thus preparing himself to be a soldier.

But a change came over him with added years and he declined an offered appointment to West Point. He decided to enlist in the cause of Christ, and faithfully he performed his long period of service.

By attendance at the district school and home study he prepared himself to enter college, in the meanwhile earning money for his necessary expenses, the preparation being so thoroughly done that he was enabled to enter the junior class of the University of Vermont in 1805, and was graduated in 1807. Perhaps his choice of the Vermont college resulted from the fact that his oldest sister, Persis, was married to Daniel Wilder, a carpenter, who resided at Burlington, in that state.

The young graduate at once took up theological study with his Shelburne pastor, Rev. Dr. Theophilus Packard, and was in November, 1808, licensed as a Congregational minister. He married Abigail Whitney, born February 13, 1786, on the 2d day of October, 1808, and she was the mother of his eight children.

I was always curious to know how Mr. Chandler happened to settle as a minister in a little town in the northern part of Vermont. My investigations were greatly aided by Mr. Jones’ “History of Waitsfield.”

It seems that Benjamin Wait, born in Sudbury, Mass., in 1736; soldier in the Amherst campaign against Montreal in 1755–61; ensign in Rogers’ Rangers; settled in Windsor, Vermont, in 1767, and became a leader among the Green Mountain Boys; captain in Hossington’s Rangers, 1776; major in Herrick’s Rangers 1777; colonel in 1783; brigadier general of Vermont militia 1786; major general 1788; and

in his wanderings over the Hampshire Grants, had discovered this beautiful unsettled valley on Mad River, and making his desire for its possession known to Governor Thomas Chittenden he gladly granted him, and his not less than seventy settlers, a township to be known by the name of Waitsfield, the proclamation being dated February 25, 1782. He was the first settler of Waitsfield, putting up a small log house in 1789, which was soon abandoned for a comfortable mansion, in which the town was organized in 1794 and all town meetings held until 1798; and in which the first church was organized, and in his spacious barn the first preaching service was held. General Wait continued to be the leading citizen of the town until his death, June 28, 1822.

Mr. Jones says, there were "Two groups early distinguishable among the pioneers. The first, from Windsor, Vermont, and Cornish, New Hampshire, and towns in the immediate vicinity, was attracted directly by Wait himself, and settled in the center and southerly portions of the town. The second, from Shelburne and Deerfield, Mass., settled in the old North district. Indeed, there were few families in the latter group that were not united by ties of blood or marriage, and a son of the town who attained prominence in his profession has said that one winter when he attended school, there was but one, among the sixty pupils, to whom he was not in some degree a kinsman."

The emigration of our home people to this distant mountain wilderness interests us. Let us see who they are.

First comes Eli Abbott, born in New Braintree 1758; settled in Shelburne; Revolutionary soldier; lived in Greenfield where his daughter Eunice was born in 1792, and moved to Waitsfield before 1794.

Obed, an older son, was born in Shelburne, 1790.

Erastus Allen, son of Sem Allen of Leyden, descended from old soldiers who lived in Bernardston. He was born probably in Shelburne, May 16, 1782, and went to Waitsfield with his adopted father, Jared Skinner. He had ten children born in Waitsfield.

John Barnard born October 31, 1744. Early settler at Shelburne; deacon; member of Committee of Safety; removed to Waitsfield 1792–93; leader in formation of church —deacon until his death, April 30, 1813; married Mary Rider. Ten children born in Shelburne. His mother was Ruth, daughter of John Catlin, Deerfield.

Samuel Barnard, brother of John; born in Shelburne, October 12, 1752; Revolutionary soldier; settled in Waitsfield in 1792–93; married Abigail, daughter of Ebenezer Fisk of South Hadley; eight children.

Rufus Barnard, born in Shelburne, February 3, 1791; captain of militia in Waitsfield. Died January 1, 1874. Had eleven children.

Ebenezer Barnard, son of Samuel; born in Shelburne, November 30, 1783. Married Experience, daughter of Samuel and Mary Childs of Deerfield; died in Waitsfield, February 26, 1862. Six children.

Joseph Barns, born in Brookfield, probably February 10, 1771; lived in Conway; married Sally Seaver; settled in Waitsfield as early as 1795, but moved to Moretown before 1799.

Rufus Childs, of Deerfield, son of “Brigadier” Samuel and Mary (Nims) Childs, born February 28, 1786, settled in Waitsfield in 1809, married Philena Barnard; nine children; went to River Falls, Wis.; died September 26, 1861.

Moses Fisk, descendant of William, Salem, Mass. (about 1637), born in Shelburne, September 13, 1764; removed to Waitsfield 1794; among the first admitted to the church; chosen deacon at first election; all but three of twelve children born in Waitsfield; selectman 1803–04; died February 5, 1847.

John Heaton, born in Swansey, N. H., November 20, 1744; went with his mother as a child to Charlemont, settled in Shelburne; lieutenant in Hampshire militia; called “Landlord”; died in Waitsfield, May 7, 1813; five children born in Shelburne.

Moses Heaton, brother of John, physician; born in Swansey, N. H., December 2, 1747; minute man from Charlemont, 1775; removed to Waitsfield 1794–95; first town clerk

until 1796; married Deborah ———; had six children born in Charlemont.

James Heaton, brother of Moses; born in Swanzey, N. H.; joined the church in Shelburne, 1779; removed to Waitsfield, 1793; selectman, 1794-98; had nine children.

Gaius Hitchcock, son of Samuel and Ruth (Stebbins) Hitchcock; born in Springfield, April 3, 1764; Revolutionary soldier; removed to Shelburne about 1786; to Canaan, N. H., 1793; to Waitsfield, 1795; died August 12, 1843; married Sarah, daughter of Capt. John and Tamar (Rice) Wells; four oldest of twelve children born in Shelburne.

Wells Hitchcock, brother of Gaius, born in Shelburne, March 2, 1788; married Polly, daughter of William and Rachel Newcomb; cabinet maker; musician; soldier of war of 1812; died August 12, 1843.

George Frederick Kidder, born in Littleton, Mass., May 15, 1798, settled at Waitsfield in 1820, merchant and farmer; married, February 15, 1829, Clarissa Naomi, daughter of Rev. Amariah and Abigail (Whitney) Chandler, born January 25, 1811.

Charles Newcomb, born in Shelburne, January 1, 1801; carpenter and wheelwright; married, November 14, 1823, Fanny, daughter of Gaius and Sarah (Wells) Hitchcock; settled in Waitsfield, and died November 14, 1882; ten children.

Joseph Comstock Prentis, born in Weathersfield, Vt., November 1, 1812, settled with his father in Waitsfield and married, August 13, 1839, Cerintha, daughter of Rev. Amariah and Abigail (Whitney) Chandler; Martha C., one of their six children, is the wife of Rev. Carey H. Watson now of Greenfield.

Salma Rider, or Ryther, son of James Rider and Mary, daughter of Deacon Thomas French of Deerfield; born in Deerfield, March 14, 1758; settled in Shelburne, went to Waitsfield before 1791; Revolutionary soldier, selectman; died November 28, 1822; married (1) Abigail Root, who died in 1800; (2) Eunice Pierce; two oldest of ten children born in Shelburne.

Phineas Rider, brother of Salma, born in Deerfield,

1760; settled in Waitsfield after living in Shelburne, in 1791; Revolutionary soldier, also at Plattsburg in war of 1812; town treasurer; selectman; died March 31, 1833; had six children, oldest born in Shelburne.

Josiah Willis Seaver, born in Framingham, July 18, 1742; was in Shelburne before 1772, removed to Conway about 1734, to Heath in 1801, taxed in Waitsfield in 1809; married Sarah Whitcomb; had three children of whom Sarah married Joseph Barnes of Worthington, and later settled in Waitsfield.

Jonathan Seaver, son of Josiah W., removed from Conway to Waitsfield in 1795; married Abigail Freeman; soldier 1812; died April 14, 1854.

Jared Skinner, descended from John, who was one of Rev. Mr. Hooker's men who settled in Hartford; born in Colchester, Conn., November 18, 1751; went early to Shelburne, where he held numerous town offices; Revolutionary soldier; went to Waitsfield in 1795; town treasurer; selectman; married Abigail Nims, had four children all born in Shelburne; died February 25, 1838.

Eli Skinner, brother of Jared; born in Colchester, July 30, 1760; settled in Shelburne; went to Waitsfield in 1794; married Lucinda Nims; Revolutionary soldier; about 1835 went to Gouverneur, N. Y.; ten children, five oldest born in Shelburne and Conway.

Amasa Skinner, another brother, born in Colchester, March 16, 1762; went to Waitsfield from Shelburne, about 1798; representative; selectman; married Salome Bushnell; died January 15, 1833; ten children.

Orson Skinner, son of Jared; born in Shelburne, October 29, 1787; went to Waitsfield with his father; Colonel in militia; judge of county court; selectman; soldier in war of 1812; married (1) Dorothy Joslin, (2) Mrs. Content Taylor; died February 20, 1867; six children.

Daniel Skinner, born in Conway, March 2, 1786; went to Waitsfield as a child; married Minerva Joslin; died March 9, 1877; eleven children.

Salah Smith, descendant of Samuel Smith of Hadley who came over in the "Elizabeth" in 1634; born in Deerfield,

January 17, 1762; Revolutionary soldier; removed to Shelburne and then to Waitsfield in 1793; town clerk; selectman; first school teacher 1797; soldier in war 1812; married Mary, daughter of John and Mary (Nims) Taylor; died March 23, 1830; thirteen children.

Moses Smith, brother of Salah, born in Deerfield, October 19, 1766; resided in Shelburne until 1794, then in Deerfield, and went to Waitsfield about 1797; blacksmith; married Mary, daughter of Samuel and Mary (Nims) Childs; died December 12, 1820; twelve children.

Elijah Smith, brother of Salah; born in Deerfield, December 2, 1768; went to Waitsfield from Shelburne in 1794; soldier of war 1812; died August 18, 1823, very suddenly.

Ithamar Smith, son of Salah; born in Shelburne, June 6, 1787; went with his father to Waitsfield; deacon in Congregational church; selectman; married Ruth, daughter of Samuel and Abigail (Fisk) Barnard; died at Geneva, N. Y., where he removed late in life, February 10, 1862; seven children.

Rodney Smith, son of Salah, born in Shelburne, October 10, 1790; soldier of war 1812; married Betsey Rider; died at Gouverneur, N. Y., 1867; seven children.

Elias Taylor, son of Samuel (who was born in Deerfield, December 19, 1716, known as "Landlord Taylor"), was born at West Hoosac, Mass., June 27, 1756, while his father was a soldier there; after several removals settled in Waitsfield, about 1798; soldier in Revolutionary war; died May 26, 1829; had three wives and thirteen children.

Daniel Taylor, born in Shelburne, July 7, 1757; went to Waitsfield in 1792; charter member of the Congregational Church; selectman; died February 27, 1843; three wives and ten children.

Daniel Thayer, born in Orange, June 22, 1791; was in Waitsfield in 1823; drover and mill owner; married Lydia Holbrook; living in Littleton, N. H., in 1874; eight children.

Lewis Thayer, brother of Daniel; born in Orange, November 5, 1795; went to Waitsfield about 1845; died June 19, 1884; married Zerviah Carlton; four children.

John Wells, born probably in Hatfield, February 16,

1733-34; early settler at Shelburne, where he was first town clerk, and first selectman, serving in that capacity twenty years; member of committee of correspondence 1775 and after; marched as corporal on Lexington alarm and served as captain 1777 and 1780; no man was more prominent in Shelburne; removed to Waitsfield about 1799; married Tamar, daughter of Moses Rice of Charlemont; died April 23, 1806; seven children; John the oldest lived in Boston and Deerfield.

Daniel Witherbee Wilder, born in Shutesbury, 1746; settled in Shelburne, and removed to Waitsfield in 1795; charter member of the church; married Elizabeth, daughter of John and Ruth (Catlin) Barnard; died about 1834; ten children born in Shelburne.

Levi Wilder, son of Daniel W., born in Shutesbury, August 24, 1772; went to Waitsfield with his father; selectman; married Lovina, daughter of Jared and Lovina (Nims) Skinner; died June 13, 1855; ten children.

Enos Wilder, born in Shelburne, April 21, 1779; went to Westfield as a boy; killed by fall of a tree, June 9, 1809; married Lovina Minor; one child.

Francis Wilder, born in Shelburne, June 12, 1791; cavalry man in war of 1812; selectman of Waitsfield in 1829; married Betsey Joslin; four children.

Here we find almost forty families, mostly from Shelburne, but all hailing from towns now in Franklin County, who have settled in this town of Waitsfield. The families were large and many of the elder children must have been young men and women, active members of society in the infant town.

A Congregational church was organized June 27, 1796, services being often conducted by Deacon John Barnard and by itinerant missionaries, the services probably being held in General Wait's barn, as it was voted in March, 1795, "that meetings on Sunday be held as nigh the centre as possible," and "voted and agreed that Benjamin Wait's barn be the place for holding of meetings on Sunday." The church organization adopted no articles of practice, but voted "to take the Bible for our rule." By 1801, the

church had become strong enough so that it was led to make provision for a settled pastor, and the society reorganized under a then recent law of the state of Vermont, giving better control of financial matters.

Rev. William Salisbury, a native of Braintree, recently graduated from Harvard College, became the settled pastor of the church in 1801, on the promise of a salary of \$166.66 to be advanced as the society was able until it reached \$266.66, payable one-half in money and the other half in wheat, rye, Indian corn, flax, butter, cheese and pork.

Frequent controversy arose as to the place of holding meetings, and the location of the proposed church building. So spirited was the quarrel that General Wait withdrew from the society, and did not return until after Mr. Chandler became pastor in 1810.

A meetinghouse was begun in 1807, being located upon the common by leave of the town; the work progressing so slowly that it was not dedicated until December 21, 1809. No means of heating the meetinghouse was provided during the twenty years that Mr. Chandler occupied the pulpit.

In 1807, the legislature of Vermont repealed the law under which the society was formed, and again the society were compelled to reorganize, this time as "The Congregational Society of Waitsfield." The old organization was at its lowest ebb. "The disturbance incident to the location of the meetinghouse, the irksomeness of the general tax for the support of the ministry, and the lack of harmony with the departing pastor and his flock, had all contributed to a condition of things which led the Council, called for the dismissal of Mr. Salisbury, to 'sympathize' with the church in its 'present unhappy difficulties' and express the wish: 'May you yet see good days.'"

Mr. Jones in his "History of Waitsfield" says: "The need of united action was clear and the committee of the society was soon instructed to procure preaching for the summer by 'some well recommended candidate.'"

What more natural than that these Shelburne parishioners of Rev. Dr. Theophilus Packard, with whom Amariah

Chandler, just fresh from college, had completed his theological course, should turn to him, to fill the vacancy. He was employed; and "from the beginning the wonderful influence of this strong man made itself manifest. Forthwith dissension gave place to united effort and lack of interest became eager enthusiasm." "Gen. Wait and other old time leaders renewed their allegiance."

October 16, 1809, the church extended to Mr. Chandler a unanimous call to become its pastor, and on the 31st the society united with the church in its call, and voted the following proposition:

"That we offer Mr. Chandler for a settlement the sum of five hundred dollars, to be paid in three annual payments, that is, two hundred dollars at the expiration of one year, two hundred at the expiration of two years, and one hundred at the expiration of three years from the time of his ordination.

"And that we offer him the sum of two hundred dollars salary for the first year, and to rise ten dollars each succeeding year for the term of ten years, and there to rest as a salary thereafter."

The offer was accepted by Mr. Chandler and a council was called for his ordination to be held February 6 and 7, 1810. At the ordination several Massachusetts churches were represented, Ezra Fisk being present from the Shelburne church. On the second day of the proceedings, the Council "heard a sermon read by Mr. Chandler, the Pastor Elect."

Quoting from Mr. Jones' admirable "History of Waitsfield": "When we consider how many of the active members of the Waitsfield church had come from Shelburne and vicinity it is not strange that they turned in their extremity to this promising young man, whom they had watched almost from his boyhood, and asked him and his young wife to settle among them. From the beginning his was a sure hand on the helm. A born leader, he was in truth the Shepherd of his flock, and wrought a noble work among them. Nothing more eloquently proclaims this fact than the peaceful routine of the records during his entire pas-

torate of twenty years, when read with the knowledge that during this period the church quadrupled in members.

The minister's small salary compelled him to eke out a living by the cultivation of a farm, a practice that he followed until he was more than eighty years of age, and during a portion of the time he taught school in the northeastern district, to which section he removed after the sale of his river farm in 1821. In this school he "brought to the work the qualities that made him a leader in the ministry." All of Mr. Chandler's eight children were born in Waitsfield. The youngest, Susan Barron Jubilee Chandler, was born July 4, 1826, the "Jubilee" of American Independence (and for that reason she was named "Jubilee"), married Elihu G. Arms of Greenfield, and was the mother of the late Miss Mary E. Arms, and Mrs. G. Harry Kaulback, of Greenfield.

On June 25, 1829, Mr. Chandler signified his desire to dissolve his connection with the church, and gave the six months notice required by the terms of his settlement, this action being dictated by the belief, which in later years he knew to be unfounded, that a change was advisable for both parties. On July 9, 1829, the society "reluctantly" accepted his notice, and on February 3, 1830, he was dismissed.

"For several years after the departure of Mr. Chandler the pastorate of this church fell to men whose stay was short and who made no lasting impression either upon the church or community." Troubles arose which "left the organization in a condition ill fitted to bear the loss of his guiding and strengthening hand. No pastor since Mr. Chandler, has enjoyed the supreme headship that he enjoyed, not because of lack of ability, and not wholly because of the tendency of the modern church to place the pastor in the position of a coworker, rather than a dictator, but in a large measure of this necessary taking-up-of-the-burden during those earlier years of trial."

After leaving Waitsfield, Mr. Chandler supplied with great satisfaction the church at Hardwick, Vermont, for about two years, and was thus employed when he received

his call to the pastorate of the First Church in Greenfield.

Greenfield, which then included within its borders the present town of Gill, had been set off as a District, from the old mother town of Deerfield in 1753. After much opposition from the church in Deerfield, with which the men who proposed the establishment of a church in the new district were connected, the First Church of Greenfield was organized March 28, 1754.

At the time the old society extended a call to Mr. Chandler, it was slowly recovering from a bitter fight over the location of a proposed new meetinghouse, which caused the disruption of the parish and the withdrawal of a large majority of the church members, for the purpose of organizing the Second Congregational Society of Greenfield. This vigorous young offshoot had organized under a special act of the Legislature in December, 1816, and erected a fine brick edifice opposite the village square, which was dedicated November 3, 1819. The ancient first society had torn down the old building which had been in use for nearly seventy years, and in 1831 had erected at Nash's Mills, about a mile west of the old location at the Four Corners, a brick meetinghouse, which had been dedicated January 18, 1832. The society had been without a settled pastor for about nine years, when Mr. Chandler accepted their invitation and was installed October 24, 1832. Soon after coming to Greenfield, Mr. Chandler purchased a farm on the Leyden road of Eli Graves, the father of the late Deacon John J. Graves. Here he lived for nine years and then sold it and purchased the small farm on "Music Hill," in the vicinity of the parish church, where he resided until his death. The "North Parish," as it came to be called, included most of the farming population of the town, and the people interested in manufacturing of woolens living in what is known as "Factory Hollow." It was an ideal parish for a person of the peculiar qualities and characteristics which Mr. Chandler possessed. The majority of the people of the parish were neither rich nor poor, but well to do in the world, owning fine farms well stocked and cared

for, constant at church, generous according to their means, and jealous of their rights and privileges. Taken as a whole, the parish was a fine example of the good old-fashioned New England yeomanry.

The late Samuel O. Lamb, in his charming reminiscences given to the Greenfield Girls' Club a few years since, said of Dr. Chandler, "he was a man of few books and much learning. His sermons, written in a hand so illegible that no one but himself could read them, were delivered with great deliberation and impressiveness. Dr. Chandler did not care much about his personal appearance and his general look was that of a farmer or laborer." He then told a story of a spruce young gentleman who came to the parsonage door and wished to see Mr. Chandler. Mrs. Chandler directed him to the field in the rear of the house. Going to the field he found an elderly man wearing a slouch hat, with his trousers rolled halfway to his knees above his bare feet, busily at work in the garden. The following conversation took place: "Mister, can you tell me where I can find Mr. Chandler?" "My name is Chandler." "Yes; but I mean Reverend Mr. Chandler." "Sometimes they call me Rev. Mr. Chandler." "I am looking for Reverend Doctor Chandler." "Oh, well; some people are so foolish that sometimes they call *me* Reverend Doctor Chandler."

His good wife found it almost impossible to get him to wear stockings, he liked to get his bare feet upon the ground. It is told of him that in 1824 he was chosen to preach the election sermon before the General Assembly of Vermont. He went to Montpelier on foot. Tradition has it that he presented himself at his hotel barefooted, and was made the butt of many jokes by men who were, next day, confounded by his able discourse.

It is said that it was his custom while in Waitsfield to walk barefooted toward church with his boots under his arms, until he came to a mountain stream near the meetinghouse, where he washed his feet and pulled his boots on. Mr. Jones says, "His habit of going barefooted clung to him through life, and gave rise to many amusing inci-

dents, far more embarrassing to others than to himself."

It was my blessed privilege to spend one whole summer in close companionship with the dear old man. Located in St. Louis in 1860, the coming on of the war put me out of business. I came east and boarded with my aunt and her husband, the late Dr. Stearns, who lived just across the road from the parsonage. Dr. Chandler was then seventy-eight years old. He had a young horse which, being not much used, was thought by his friends not safe for him to drive, and consequently he gave over its control to me. I had many delightful rides with him, for he was a most companionable man. We did all the parish business in a manner most satisfactory, at least, to the driver.

He told me of his early ambition to be a soldier; of his poverty; of his efforts to gain an education; of his hopes for the abolition of slavery; and we talked freely of personal religion.

I took the "Springfield Republican," and carried it over to him every day, for he was greatly interested in the war. One day after I had been helping him in his haying, as I stepped upon the threshold to hand him the paper through the open window he threw up his hands in apparent alarm, exclaiming, "Why, Frank, you're so black I thought you a thunder-cloud!"

One day I captured a fine lot of frogs, and cooking the legs up with all the skill of a French chef, arranged a plate and took them over to Dr. Chandler. "Hello, what have you got there?" "Something good." "Well, they look good; what are they?" "Frog's legs." Taking up one he raised it to his mouth, "Em-brook! Em-brook! I can't go it."

It happened that upon the day of the weekly prayer-meeting there came up a terrible storm. Even Mrs. Chandler felt justified in remaining at home, but the Doctor attended as a matter of conscience. When he returned home Mrs. Chandler said, "Well, did you have a meeting?" "Oh, yes, we had a full meeting." "Who was there?" "Miss Catherine, the Lord, and I."

My old friend Rev. Charles C. Carpenter of Andover, the "Mr. Martin" of the "Conversation Corner," in the "Congregationalist," and many years the predecessor of Dr. Grenfell in his Labrador work, sends me much material from his inexhaustible "barrel" of clippings concerning Franklin County.

He was a son of old Dr. Carpenter of Bernardston, and lived in Greenfield while a young man. He knew Mr. Chandler well, and tells this story of him.

When a lad of ten years, Charles had the contract to drive his father's and the minister's cows to and from the pasture. He had then (and it still continues), the habit of being "on time," his motto being "Do it Now." One Sunday morning he went for the minister's cow and found that she had not been milked. He rustled round, making quite a noise, whistled, and soon Mr. Chandler appeared upon the scene. He told him his troubles, and Mr. Chandler said, "I'll milk the cow." Taking off his black coat and hanging it on the barn-yard fence, he proceeded to "finish his job" as though he liked it. Mr. Carpenter adds: "This incident was characteristic of the man. To him "gay clothing" and elegant appearance were not necessary to make a man—it was goodness and truth and honesty inside he wanted to see.

In a souvenir of the one hundredth anniversary of the organization of the Waitsfield church, sent me by friend Carpenter, I find much in eulogy of Mr. Chandler, and several stories regarding his wit and humor. He boarded while in college with his sister who lived some distance from the city, and young Chandler soon made his appearance at recitation, barefooted as usual. His class objected and passed resolutions "that every member should have his shoes with him at college exercises." The next day he appeared with his shoes under his arm. The next day the class amended: "his shoes on his feet." In a spirit of insubordination, Chandler appeared with his shoes strapped on the top of his feet. Another amendment followed: "his shoes and his feet in them." Then gracefully stating his reasons, he acquiesced.

After he became quite aged, to a friend who reproved him for going barefooted, especially in such frosty weather, he said, "I always loved to go barefooted, I suspect that I must have been born barefoot." He added that he "had to give up preaching in Waitsfield because I was mistaken for a half crazy man."

In the early days of tobacco raising in the Connecticut Valley some people were troubled about the moral principle involved in its culture, perhaps among others Dr. Chandler had his doubts.

At one time when calling on his brother-in-law, the late Lucius Nims, he noticed that a fine piece of greensward in front of the house had been turned over. He said, "Lucius, what are you going to put in there?" "Tobacco." "Huh! You tear up the Lord's carpet to put in the Devil's weed!"

In 1853, Dr. Chandler was persuaded to stand as the Democratic candidate for membership of the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention. The Whigs nominated Hon. George T. Davis as their candidate, certainly one of the brightest and best equipped lawyers of Greenfield, but Dr. Chandler carried off the honors and was elected. Among the other Franklin County members of the convention were Henry W. Cushman of Bernardston, Gen. James S. Whitney of Conway, Henry K. Hoyt of Deerfield, Josiah Allis of Whately, Whiting Griswold representing Erving, and Daniel Wells Alvord, representing Montague. Mr. S. O. Lamb in his reminiscences said that in his opinion, "that gathering included as much of the learning and political ability of the state as ever came together." He also related that after the convention closed, Mr. Lucius Nims said to Dr. Chandler, "Did you not feel hesitation in meeting all of these great men?" "Oh, no," said Dr. Chandler, "I have seen many men, but I find that when they get their jackets off, they are all about alike." He soon gained a high place in the estimation of that body, and was once spoken of as the "wise man of Greenfield." In one of his addresses he said that "When freedom drew her last breath it would be among the hill towns of Franklin County."

Dr. Chandler was appointed upon the committee which

had in charge "so much of the constitution as relates to encouragement of literature." He was by no means a silent member of the convention. He spoke at length, urging that provision be made so that no part of the public money should ever be used for the support of sectarian or denominational schools.

In arguing with Charles Sumner, Francis William Bird, George N. Briggs and others in favor of the insertion, in the Bill of Rights, of a provision that "no person should be molested for worshipping God in manner and season most agreeable to the dictates of his own conscience, or for his profession or sentiments concerning religion; provided he doth not disturb the public peace or obstruct others in their religious worship," Mr. Chandler said: "When I first read this resolution, I supposed that it was intended to throw open the whole arena to free and perfect competition, and not that any consequences would be likely to follow, such as have been suggested by the gentleman from Salem [Otis P. Lord] and the gentleman from Pittsfield [George N. Briggs]—gentlemen who are versed in the law, and who are more capable of judging than I am. . . . I do not know but that my friends will think that I am taking a very strange course for a man in my position; but what I am about to state I have held for years—I have declared my views in the private circle, I have declared them publicly in my own pulpit, and I am ready to declare them in this assembly. I have no sympathy with the Atheist, who denies the God who made him; I have no sympathy with the Deist, who denies the Saviour who bought him with his blood; and least of all have I any sympathy with the professed Christian minister, who acknowledges Jesus as his highest ideal of human greatness and virtue, and in the same connection proves him guilty of falsehood. No, sir! but I hold to free competition. I never feel that the citadel of truth is safe, while surrounded by bulwarks of human erection; but, in maintaining the cause of the Bible, I will retreat into the citadel, and open every door, and there defy the world. It appears strange to me that men should often seem to be so afraid of the consequences

of certain things. It was but a year or two since, that I was conversing with a gentleman high in civil society, of education, and in an honorable profession, who expressed great fears that geology was going to disprove the Bible; and with another one who was mightily afraid that the science of phrenology would overthrow the Bible. It appears to me that they really did not believe the Bible. I have such a conviction in the truth of the Holy Scriptures, that I say, only leave the Bible free, and leave its friends free to defend and advocate its truth, and you may leave all the opposition in the world free to attack it; I have no fears of the result.

"Let them come into free competition; let every kind of error and delusion speak, only let truth be free to speak in turn, and I fear not. For this reason I approve of this resolution, and hope that it will pass."

On the question of whether the judges should instruct juries in the law, applicable to the case upon trial, he said in part: "I rise for information. I am not discussing the subject as a lawyer; I am not discussing it as a politician; I look at it simply as a country farmer; as a plain man who makes pretensions to a little common sense, but who claims, by no means, to be overburdened even with that. If I understand anything of the duty of a juryman, it is to take the law as his rule, apply it to the conduct of the prisoner at the bar; and by careful comparison, to judge whether the man is guilty or not guilty. This, I suppose is universally admitted; if admitted, now I ask, where am I to obtain my rule? Where am I to obtain that knowledge of law upon which I may rely, so to use it without hesitation as the rule by which to judge of that man's conduct? This is the information which I want, and I have waited here and listened with great anxiety to have the learned gentlemen who have spoken upon this question tell me where I shall obtain that knowledge of the law that will answer to rely upon in this case." As a member of the committee upon literature, he made a strong speech upon the raising of a fund for the support of common schools, and another heaping ridicule upon the proposition to have two

grades of justices of the peace. Greenfield did not suffer in reputation because of having sent Amariah Chandler to the Constitutional Convention.

When the news of the capture of Fort Sumter was received, the people of the North Parish were as much excited and as ready to show their patriotic zeal as were those of any other community. A meeting was held in the hall in the Science Hill schoolhouse, when Mr. Chandler made a patriotic address, and the hall was christened in his honor, "Chandler Hall." The church services were opened with "America" sung by the choir, and Mr. Chandler spoke with feeling of the country's perils. The Stars and Stripes waved from the church steeple. June 14, when the Greenfield company led by Captain E. E. Day (who was soon to prove his love for his country by laying down his life for it), and the Shelburne company, were paraded before the Greenfield armory, Dr. Chandler standing in a wagon with the white hair of his bared head falling over his shoulders, looking every bit a patriarch, made a touching farewell address. It was when the 52d regiment left for the front that in his prayer he besought the Ruler of all, that none of these men might be shot in the back.

I remember that during this exciting period, Dr. Chandler exchanged pulpits with a brother minister in the western part of the county, who during the service, earnestly prayed for the success of the Union army, and fervently petitioned the Lord of Hosts that the rebel army might be driven "Back, back, back, even back into the Gulf of Mexico!"

Hon. Charles Allen in a reminiscent letter written for a public occasion, said: "I recall several noteworthy features of the life and society of Greenfield. In the first place take three clergymen: Titus Strong, Amariah Chandler and John F. Moors. Each one of these furnished an example of true Christian service, faithful indeed to his own doctrinal beliefs, but not bound by narrow lines of his own parish or denomination, and taking for his neighbor every one whom he could serve, and a general fellowship in good works. That is the kind of minister that the times demand to-day."

Hon. John E. Russell in a similar letter told the story that at a meeting of an association, Dr. Chandler was asked if there was much vital piety in his parish. He replied, "Not enough to boast of."

A story is told that after he became very old and weak, his physician advised him to take a little stimulant every day. The old man objected; he did not like the idea, but the doctor insisted: "Just take a little,—a tablespoonful." Not a great while after the physician on his complaint of feeling weak, asked, "Do you take that stimulant?" "No, I don't, I've quit it." "Why not?" "Well, I'll tell you; when I found myself hunting for the biggest spoon in the house, I thought it time to stop!"

Mr. Chandler's first wife died June 10, 1833, the next year after his settlement in Greenfield. In 1835, his eldest son removed from Waitsfield to Greenfield with his wife, his father deeding him half of his farm. November 17, 1840, Mr. Chandler married Mrs. Mary (Nims) Roberts, a sister of Thomas, Albert and Lucius Nims, of Greenfield. Mrs. Roberts had a son about eleven years of age who lived with his uncle Lucius, and attended school in the lower meadows. Mr. Chandler was a member of the school committee and going to visit the school thought it nice to take Mrs. Roberts along. Horace, her son, remembered that when he left home after dinner, she was unusually busy, and was somewhat surprised that she found time to visit the school. So, when the school exercises were about to close, and the scholars were called upon for their Bible verses, he arose and quoted, "She left all and followed him."

Mrs. Mary Chandler kept a diary nearly all her life. I have before me that portion which began May 1, 1843, and ended when she was taken suddenly ill, from which attack she died March 4, 1852, aged 65 years.

A few extracts will give an insight into the daily life of a popular country minister, of that period.

1843.

May 13. My husband walked to Bernardston to exchange with Mr. Jones. Snow drifts about yet.

21. Sabbath. 3 services, one at Factory Hollow; discourse to young men.
29. Monday morning 6 o'clock started for Whitingham; took dinner at Squire Tucker's; supper at T. Bowens; slept at brother James Roberts [a brother of her first husband].
30. Called on Mrs. Averill, Wilmington—Mrs. Charles K. Field, Fayetteville (court in session)—slept at brother John's in Townshend. [Judge John Roberts was also a brother of her first husband.]
31. Returned to our pleasant home—good ride—good visit—saw a number of old snow drifts in Whitingham—one beside the road four or five feet deep.
- June 7. Husband gone to Heath to help quarrel.
14. Husband gone to South Deerfield to help quarrel. [Mr. Chandler was in great demand as a peace-maker.]
28. We attended the general Association of ministers at Sunderland; took dinner at Rev. Mr. Carey's.
29. Rev. Mr. Munger, missionary from India, and Rev. Mr. Barber of Dummerston, Vt., took breakfast here.
- July 1. Had company every day this week.
25. Husband gone to Warwick to attend an Association. Rev. Miller & Fisher of Heath stayed here last night. Rev. Boardman called.
28. Husband gone to Shelburne to exchange with Rev. T. Packard, Jr.
- Aug. 20. Husband done to exchange with Rev. Mr. Miller of Heath.
- Oct. 3. Great flood—carried off all bridges on Green River.
13. Husband gone to help the Dr. and Deacon quarrel about animal magnetism.
22. Exchanged with Rev. Cummings of Buckland.
23. Went to Heath to help quarrel, gone three days—did not get them fixed up.
30. Two men from Whately called to ask how to quarrel decently.
31. Husband started at 5 o'clock a. m. for Charlemont; quarrel going on there.
- Nov. 1. Stayed with mother [the old Nims homestead] last night. Home and milked my two cows long before sun-rise.
14. Association of ministers met here; 21 different ministers—some came in sleighs and some in wagons. All things went on pleasantly without any accident.
30. Thanksgiving. Mr. Chandler took his text from the proclamation: "That people whose God is the Lord." A good sermon if *he* is my husband.
- Dec. 3. Husband exchanged with Mr. Canning of Gill.
4. Washed. Clothes all out before sunrise.
20. Rev. L. L. Langstroth ordained over the 2nd parish to-day.
26. Rose as usual at 4 o'clock. After work was done we visited Country Farms school; called at Capt. Adams, Job Graves, Mr. Moores, Wheelock's, Mrs. (Sol) Arms, Mr. Pratt's, and home to supper.
27. Made candles. Husband gone to Shelburne to a council.
28. Mrs. (Justin) Root brought us a turkey.

In 1844, Mr. and Mrs. Chandler made a journey in their carriage to visit his old parish at Waitsfield. Perhaps Mrs. Chandler's account of their trip may be interesting.

June 24. Started on our journey to Vermont; slept at Townshend the first night. [Probably at Judge Roberts'.]

25. Called on Rev. Graves and Judge Shafter. [A very celebrated Vermont lawyer who afterwards went to California.] Rode through Chester, Springfield, Perkinsville; washed myself in Black river—beautiful scenery—stayed at Reading—read the monument.

26. Rode to Woodstock—called on Mrs. Knights—then on to Queechy village in Hartford to find Moses [probably Mr. Chandler's second son] found him not; went in pursuit of him to Sharon—not there—rode along the banks of White river [now, but under what different circumstances, they are on the route of the Deerfield captives who traveled that historic road one hundred and forty years before them]—enraptured with the clear smooth waters; our own Connecticut is not so fair; husband bathed in it at night in Bethel, where we stayed.

27. Lowery day—rode to Montpelier—good and agreeable society.

28. Rode to Hardwick, through Woodbury. [Here Mr. Chandler supplied for two years, after leaving Waitsfield.] Hardwick is a fine town, its inhabitants are rich, refined and interesting. Received us with great hospitality, evinced a warm attachment for Mr. Chandler; he preached to a crowded house; their warm congratulations affected me, even to tears. After meeting Mr. Lemuel French put a two dollar bill into my hands. [Several others whom she names forced upon her money and presents.] Our first home was at Col. Warner's; our last at Mr. Fuller's. We rode to the Greensboro' pond or lake—saw guide boards directing to Canada—visited Mr. Delano's; Rev. Loomis with Rev. Hubbard, whose wife was a daughter of a former minister of S. Hadley; at Mr. Goodridges—made many calls—the last at Squire Bell's whose daughter was being married and going, I think, to Illinois.

July 2. Continued our journey; stayed at Judge Fuller's in Cabot.

3. At Montpelier—went into the Statehouse—what a building for N. E.—it cost the lives of two men and one hundred and forty-five thousand dollars—called on Parson Wright's widow, and stayed at Luthor Graves' in Duxbury.

4. Called on Mrs. R. and Mr. C. Wells, Waterbury, on Onion river; reached Waitsfield; called on friends too numerous to mention names; all seemed affectionate and glad to receive us—found lots of cousins whom I never saw before.

7. Husband held forth in same old pulpit he had occupied for twenty years. A full, attentive audience, manifesting as at Hardwick a warm love for him whom they termed their "good minister," and I *think* as they *talk*.

8. Left Waitsfield, crossed the mountain to Bolton, stayed at Deacon E. Graves in Jericho, at the foot of Mansfield mountain, the highest in the state. We passed through Burlington on Lake Champlain, spent some time in the place—the burying ground—the colleges, manufactories, &c. Burlington bay and Shelburne bay are handsome sheets of water. After driving through Charlotte, we were overtaken by a shower and stayed at Ferrisburg on the little Otter creek.

10. Passed through the city of Vergennes on Otter creek near the lake. Not much to be seen. Rode on this sluggish stream most of the day. Stopped at Middlebury; had a fine view of the town and its colleges. Passed along near Salisbury pond to Brandon on the same river, where we were overtaken by a violent storm and stayed. Otter creek is more rapid as we proceed up.

11. Went through Pittsford, Rutland, Clarendon, Wallingford and Danby, and stayed at Dorset, which was the longest day's ride that we had.

12. Along the base of Spencer mountain through Manchester; saw its seminary on a pleasant eminence near the mountain. On through Sunderland, Shaftsbury, where we visited an ancient and full burying ground, saw a monument dated ten years before the Revolution—passed on and tipped over—no damage done but a torn de-lane; reached Bennington in safety, having never slept in the same bed twice, during the whole three weeks' journey.

13. Feel at home with the good Mrs. Loomis. [Daughter of Elihu Goodman of Greenfield.] Husband held forth in the morning—missionary in p. m.

15. Called on Deacon Brown, turnpike gate at Woodford—over the mountain through Searsburg, on top of which is a pond and a house, to Wilmington. Called at Green Mountain hotel near the great tannery, shut all in by the mountains. Slept at brother James Roberts, Whitingham.

16. Rainy. My husband attended the funeral of a Mr. Morley, aged 41. He left seven little children.

17. Had a good meal of raspberries on the road—took dinner at Deacon Fisk's (in Shelburne), and reached pleasant Music Hill about three o'clock with a joyful and thankful heart. Praised be my protector and keeper of my friends.

Sep. 7. Husband gone to Bernardston on foot to exchange with Mr. Kendall. 1845.

Jan. 1. Old folks are not apt to find new things, but I never saw *this* year before.

March 9. Husband gone to kissing council; Northfield minister kissed a widow; dismissed Mr. Farmer.

1846.

Jan. 21. Husband went to Bloody Brook to help them quarrel; stayed three days.

This year Mr. Chandler was made a Doctor of Divinity by the Vermont University. This causes Mrs. Chandler to make the following entry:

Oct. 3. Dr. Packard here. By the way—Dad and I are D. D. Woe to the old door-steps.

1847.

April 8. Husband walked to Colrain to exchange with Rev. Horatio Flagg.

21. Minister company; Mr. Wilder and wife stayed over night; Mr. Kendall and wife and two children called about noon; spent the afternoon; Mr. Flagg, wife and one child here to tea.

19. Husband gone to Deerfield to assist in dismissing Rev. H. Seymour, a meek, good man, we think,—sorry to loose him.

June 3, 1848. Husband walked to Gill to exchange with Mr. Miller.

May 10, 1850. Got so far through regulating matters and things that I can sit down easy and rest my old weary limbs, and calm my weak disturbed mind. The Franklin Association met here on the 7th at noon and left the 8th at noon. 33 ministers attended—good help—good weather—and all went off swimmingly, except that the puddings wanted about ten minutes more bake.

Made all the preparations alone, for the river was up so that Harriet [Harriet Smead, a cousin] could not get here, and Cordelia [Mrs. Lucius Nims] was sick. We have had three Associations within seven years and have been prospered in all.

July 30. Husband gone again—most as good be without a husband; good when he is at home though; gone now to attend the Association at Wendell.

Sept. 5, 1851. Visited with the Nash sisters; waded the river to come home; building a new bridge.

11. Walked to the river; waded across again and spent the afternoon with sister at Lucius'. Husband came in the evening; walked over the river on sleepers at one end and a plank at the other, home. Old woman of 65, how you do brag!

Jan. 22, 1852. A heavy tray fell from a high cupboard on the back of my head.

24. Taken suddenly ill and faint; I know not what it was; Husband and the doctor think it was apoplectic; confined to my bed two days. Blessed be God who has spared my life. My husband is exceeding kind—so are all my friends. Written Feb. 8, the first writing.

This is the last entry in her diary. She died March 4.

Mr. Chandler married for his third wife, Mrs. Eliza B. Gleason of Colrain, October 2, 1855. She survived her husband a few months, dying January 11, 1865, aged 75. I well remember his leading his bride by the hand up the aisle to his family pew, the Sunday after their marriage.

Quite a number of Dr. Chandler's sermons were printed and several are preserved in the library of this Association. Among others is a Thanksgiving sermon preached to his congregation at Waitsfield one hundred years ago come next Thanksgiving. There is in it more of warning against the perils of sin, than of the love and mercy of God which marked his sermons later when I was a lad. On March 7, 1858, he delivered to his parishioners a discourse giving reminiscences of the fifty years which had passed since he received his license to preach. His text was, "Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue to this day, saying no other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come." Acts xxvi: 22. He began by saying, "We take so little note of time that we scarcely perceive its flight. We spend our years as a tale that is told. We hear the incidents of the story—laugh perhaps, or perhaps we weep—but of useful impression, none remains. The great reason why we do not become wise by the expe-

rience of our fathers, or by our own even, is that we do not consider the passing incidents sufficiently to profit by them.

"Fifty years ago come next Tuesday, I received from the Franklin (then the Hampshire North) Association of Ministers, license to preach the gospel. This portion of time I mean briefly to review. To give a particular or even a general history of it would be a work far beyond me. . . . If I should talk more of myself than is agreeable, please to remember the privilege of age is to be loquacious and egotistical, and kindly pass it by. . . . The Association by which I was licensed met at Dr. Newton's in this town, in November, 1808, and was composed of Rev. Messrs. Roger Newton, D. D., of Greenfield, John Emerson of Conway, Jonathan Grout of Hawley, and Josiah Spaulding of Buckland. Grave and venerable men! How much like a child I felt in their presence! How sternly does imagination resist the fact that the oldest of them was not as old as I am now, by six years. . . . Where are they now? A bell has tolled, a crowd has assembled—prayer has ascended—a few words of sympathy and condolence have been spoken—the tones of a mournful dirge have died away, a procession has moved and stood by an open grave—the sound of falling earth, followed by the sobs of the mourners, and the gentle lifting of hats in token of a last adieu, have told the tale of each in his turn—*he is dead.*

"Fifty years ago children were numerous, much more numerous in proportion than now. . . . I was acquainted with one family which sent eleven children to the district school at the same time, and yet the oldest son was at home assisting his father, and two little ones with their mother, not old enough for school. Farmers' houses might often remind us of a hive; not only from the perpetual hum of the spinning wheel and other implements of household industry, but from the numbers which morning by morning during the school term, swarmed forth from the door. Where is that host of children that used to crowd our old-fashioned schoolhouses and make the welkin ring with their merry shout when 'just let out to play'? A few remain; but what is their position? The infant of a day

has now put on the airs of age; the boy of ten is actually the gray old man of sixty. The infant girl, who wept and smiled in her mother's arms, not old enough to enjoy her doll, now smooths the hair of her grandchild, and the attractive beauty of eighteen or twenty now rocks the cradle of the fourth generation.

'Our days run thoughtlessly along  
Without a moment's stay;  
Just like a story or a song,  
We pass our lives away.'

"Yes, and all, who can remember fifty years ago, may join with me and reverently say, 'Having obtained help of God we continue to this day.' Paul could say of his preaching—'Saying no other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come.' Aided as he was from on high, he was above error and of course during his whole ministry had no occasion to change or modify his preaching, either in substance or manner of presentation. It is not so with me. I have been constrained to vary considerably from the theology in which I was carefully instructed in my youth. Not that I have renounced any principle of revealed truth which I then believed; but some things I understand differently, and as I think, better than I once did.

"Fifty years ago the Unitarian controversy had commenced and was in full progress. It began the year before about the settlement of Rev. Samuel Willard, in Deerfield. . . . I was out of the state at that time not having finished my course in college. When I returned, some time in October, the moral atmosphere was dark and stormy with the controversy. I do not think that I ever witnessed a controversy so violent as that, unless it was the political controversy from 1809 to 1815.

". . . . Within the time that the speaker has been connected with you, my beloved friends, there have been in the Franklin Association, as nigh as I can recollect, and I am sure that I am not far from right, no less than sixty-six settlements and fifty-five dismissals, and six deaths.

The fact is appalling! fifty-five dismissals within the period of twenty-six years!

" . . . It is happy for me, my beloved friends—I wish that I could say with the same confidence it has been well for you—that whatever may have been your predilections, you have insisted on no such thing. You have borne with the plain discourses and unpolished ways of your old pastor, old when he came to you, during these twenty and six years, accounted a long ministry at this day, even out of Franklin county. You continue to bear with him still, while he is conscious of failing in every point but one—his love to you and your children. Time, which has spread weakness and decay upon every other faculty, has produced no effect on the heart, unless it be to mature and mellow its fruit. So it is now, and while I live my prayer for you and yours, I trust, will be that you may be saved.

" . . . Here allow me to express my thanks to Him by whose help 'I have continued to this day, that He has allowed me to narrate these things and to give this testimony.' And now, 'knowing that shortly I must put off this my earthly tabernacle,' and disappear from among men, as most of my coevals have done, I desire your prayers that I may spend the remnant of my days as is becoming an old man, an old professor of religion, an old minister of the gospel. As a conclusion of the whole matter, I would say, in the words of the Apostle, 'Therefore my beloved brethren be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.' "

One Thanksgiving Day, 1857, Dr. Chandler preached a sermon upon "The Times," bewailing the depression which existed at that time. Before the closing of the sermon he asked his people to reduce his salary from four hundred dollars a year, to three hundred, as he said that he could live on less than he was now getting. To the credit of the parish his request was refused.

The Ladies Sewing Circle of the parish, over which Mrs. Lucius Nims presided, immediately took the matter up, and resolved that instead of allowing Dr. Chandler's salary

to be reduced, that there should be added to it one hundred dollars a year, and the committee of ways and means decided to raise the money by holding "Interviews," at their residences, and charging a small admittance fee, and incidentally provide a market for their handiwork. These gatherings became immensely popular, and were kept up all through the fall, winter, and spring of 1857-58. Very many from the different societies in the village attended, and the result was to greatly increase the feeling of good fellowship among the different religious societies. The ladies met in the afternoons and took tea with their hostess, and "at early candle-light" came the men, young women and children.

The culminating event of the evening was the reading of "The Salmagundi," by the proud male editor and the blushing assistant of his choice, whose pages recorded the current events of the parish, very creditable literary articles, and sage and witty allusions to events of interest which might happen in the future. Games were played in which old and young joined with delightful freedom, and evident enjoyment.

The treasurer made her rounds and gathered in the shekels which proved ample for the purpose for which they were intended. Then came the "good byes," and the "come agains," as the big green sleigh, and the stylish single turnout, bore away their precious loads of happy old and young.

So successful were these "Interviews," that a diary kept at that time mentions attendance of 136, and from that up to 300 at one gathering held at the house of William N. Nims, who then lived in the old Ewer's tavern place, now the home of Hon. Frank Gerrett. Here was an ancient dancing hall which could well accommodate the unusual number.

At a later time this hall was used for the purpose of giving the drama of "Neighbor Jackwood," with such success that "by request" it was repeated to the great satisfaction of an audience which filled the hall. The considerable amount of net proceeds was devoted to the sewing society funds.

One would hardly select the two sisters who took the parts of the "Heroine" and the "Angel," for those positions to-day, notwithstanding that they "did their duty nobly" at the time.

March 31, 1863, Rev. Daniel H. Rogan was settled as the colleague of Dr. Chandler, but the Doctor still frequently occupied his pulpit up to within a few months of the time of his decease, which occurred October 20, 1864. He was greatly venerated and beloved. "He was a pure-hearted gentle soul; the words that he spoke, like his Master's, were words of spirit and life, and therefore the common people, and *all* the people, heard him gladly."

I have recently discovered a communication written soon after Dr. Chandler's decease to the "Gazette," bearing the initials, "T. P." (well known to us older people as those of Rev. Theophilus Packard, Jr.), giving information regarding Dr. Chandler's early life. He writes: "His pastor (Rev. Dr. Packard) in visiting school, as ministers sometimes did sixty years ago, discovered in young Amariah a propensity for innocent, humorous, cunning roguery, and native shrewdness, and talent somewhat remarkable. In an old building in that out-of-the-way district where the school was held, may now be seen marks of his juvenile operations, of which he recently said when looking at them in the presence of the owner: 'There, Elisha, are the marks of my youthful folly.' His pastor proposed to his parents to have him live with him, commence study and make payment by doing chores. This was the beginning of his preparation for professional life. In his earlier years he had an intense ambition to become a soldier, and would sometimes sleep out of doors, and in cold weather plunge into the water when he had to cut a hole in the ice for that purpose, to *harden* himself for a military life. In 1801, during a time of religious interest connected with the preaching of the distinguished Dr. Alexander in Shelburne, he enlisted as a soldier of the Cross, and has been a valiant and successful defender of truth and righteousness.

"So straightened were his circumstances that he went from Shelburne to college at Burlington on foot and car-

ried all his clothing in his handkerchief, his selection of *that* college being that he could board with his sister who lived in Burlington. The writer in his early boyhood having been tossed on the lap of this departed friend in his hours of relaxation from study, and having received valued tokens of his friendship, having exchanged pulpit service with him for long years, and looked upon his remains in shroud and coffin, is constrained to exclaim: ‘Your fathers; where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?’

“He was greatly respected and his counsel extensively sought among the ministers and churches of Vermont, where he stood in the foremost rank of judicious advisers, able theologians, and impressive preachers. Endowed with vigorous mind he had been accustomed to great independence of thought and opinion. He was not so much inclined to read the opinions of others as to investigate subjects for himself by severe thinking. He sometimes differed from the views of the masses around him and of his brethren in the ministry. He was a worthy example of frugality, economy, and gospel simplicity.”

The Franklin Association, at a meeting held after Dr. Chandler’s decease, passed resolutions in which they said of him that he was “A man of superior abilities, an independent thinker, of a child-like beautiful simplicity, a lover of nature, of its sweetness (as he said in his last sickness), free from false ambition and conceit, magnanimous, social in his nature, genial in spirit, humorous even in trouble, rich in good will, mindful of children, thoughtful of others’ feelings, sympathizing, a hater of oppression, deeply patriotic, a friend of his race, alive to the present, abreast of the age in its onward movements, one of nature’s noblemen. He died respected and beloved by all who knew him, comforted and upheld by the glorious truths which he had by word and example for fifty-six years commended to his fellow men.”

“He dwelt within a charmed space  
With infinite mercies girt around;  
By Conscience held fast to that place  
Where he a simple duty found.

"His world was small, but yet how wide  
The prospect from its pleasant shore!  
He saw upon the other side  
Bright-visaged angels beckoning o'er."

There appeared in the public prints about 1852, a little poem entitled "The Aged Pastor." Its authorship was attributed to Rev. Dr. Titus Strong of Greenfield, as a tribute to his collaborer, Dr. Amariah Chandler. Had the modest author attached his name, it would have saved much speculation in regard to *by whom*, and *for whom* it was written. However, after "Mr. Martin's" thorough examination into its authorship, there can be but little doubt that Dr. Strong who wrote many short poems was its author, and Dr. Chandler the worthy recipient of the great honor.

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#### THE AGED PASTOR.

He stands in the desk, that grand old man,  
With an eye still bright, tho' his cheek is wan,  
And his long white locks are backward rolled  
From his noble brow of classic mold;  
And his form, tho' bent with the weight of years,  
Somewhat of its primal beauty wears.

He opens the page of the Sacred Word,  
Not a whisper, loud or low, is heard;  
Every folly assumes a serious look  
As he readeth the words of the Holy Book,  
And the thoughtless and gay grow reverent there  
As he opens his lips in fervent prayer.

He stands as the grave old prophet stood,  
Proclaiming the truth of the living God;  
Pouring reproof on the ears of men,  
Whose hearts are at ease in folly and sin,  
With a challenge of guilt still unforgiven  
To the soul unfitted, unmeet for heaven.

O, who can but honor the good old man,  
As he neareth his three score years and ten,  
Who has made it the work of his life to bless  
Our world in its woe and wickedness;  
Still guiding the few that were wont to stray  
In paths of sin, to the narrow way.

With a kindly heart, through the lapse of years,  
He hath shared your joys, he hath wiped your tears,  
He hath bound the wreath on the brow of the bride,  
He hath stood by the couch when loved ones died,  
Pointing the soul to a glorious heaven  
As the ties which bound it to earth were riven.

Methinks ye will weep another day,  
When the good old man has passed away,  
When the last of his ebbing sands have run,  
When his labor is o'er and his work is done.  
Who'll care for the flock and keep the fold  
When his pulse is still and his heart is cold?

We'll miss him then; every look and tone  
So familiar now,—forever gone,—  
Will thrill the heart with inward pain,  
And ye'll long and listen for them in vain,  
When a stranger form and stranger face  
Shall stand in your honored pastor's place.

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## A WHIG PARSON AND TORY COLONEL AT HATFIELD.

BY MARGARET MILLER.

A century and a half ago my story begins and the scene is the main street of Hatfield the actors therein living in close proximity to the spot where now stands the Congregational church. The meetinghouse of that time, a large and barren structure, stood directly in the middle of the highway a few rods to the southeast of the present one, and just south of the meetinghouse and sharing the highway with it, stood the old red schoolhouse, ready to take its part in the momentous struggle for liberty.

West of the meetinghouse stood the house soon to be occupied by the Rev. Joseph Lyman and the next home lot to the north was that of Col. Israel Williams. So here, in a nutshell, lay the seat of war, the leaders of the two opposing forces being next door neighbors, both upright and manly, who would in all probability have been the best of friends had it not been for King George, and some other things.

Israel Williams was the youngest son of the Rev. William Williams of Hatfield, who was a cousin of the Rev. John Williams, the Redeemed Captive of Deerfield. Israel's three older brothers became ministers, one of them, Elisha, attaining to the distinction of being Rector of Yale College. But Israel preferred to remain at home, occupying the fine aristocratic mansion about midway of the village street, and taking a prominent place in the life of the town and county.

After his graduation from Harvard College in 1727, he filled many important town offices. When the French and Indian wars began he was made Colonel and in 1744 was second in command of the defenses of Western Massachusetts and did much to allay the fears of the dwellers on the outposts of civilization by helping to build the chain of forts from Fort Dummer over the mountains to the New York line. In 1755, he was put in command of all the forces raised, or to be raised, for the defense of Hampshire County, and with the knowledge acquired in the previous war was able to present to General Shirley a plan of defense which contained many improvements on any before offered.

During these years of danger, Col. Ephraim Williams, Israel's cousin from Deerfield, was wont to spend much time in Hatfield. Doubtless these cousins had much in common beside their interest in military matters. Ephraim, fond of books, and believing in higher education, left to the settlers about Fort Massachusetts a fund which became the nucleus of Williams College. Israel did not found a college, like his cousin, but he certainly made efforts in that direction. Between 1750-70 he bestirred himself much in regard to the Hopkins school at Hadley, which was constantly tending downward (there were so few pupils in the higher grade) from a grammar (or Latin) school to a common English school. He argued (as did Colonel Partrigg seventy or eighty years before him) that the intention of the donor was to found a grammar school, and nothing else, and therefore the funds should not be subverted to other ends.

A grammar school, probably at his instigation, was set

up in Hatfield about 1754. At about the same time, too, there was talk of establishing a college in Western Massachusetts, perhaps using Hopkins school as a basis. There is in existence a draft of a charter by the Governor incorporating himself and eleven others as President and Fellows of Queen's College. This college, which existed only on paper, was the first, but not the last, which just escaped being placed in Hatfield.

Thus when the shadows of the Revolutionary storm began to gather, they found Israel Williams a man much in the public eye. Not only was he a colonel in the local militia but a member of the Council, a judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and he bore the proud, though unofficial, title of Monarch of Hampshire County. He little thought that at this moment, at the zenith of his power, his fall was imminent, and that allegiance to his king, which he counted his brightest virtue, would bring him to shame and dishonor. But had he foreseen it, I doubt if the knowledge would have altered a hair's breadth the conduct of this loyal and obstinate dog.

In 1768, news first reached the valley towns of Boston's chafing under the yoke and fell with disapproval on their ears for they, at this safe distance, had felt no special discomfort or inconvenience from the King's soldiers or other like causes.

Therefore, "At a full meeting of the Inhabitants of the Town of Hatfield, September 22d, 1768"—Oliver Partridge being chosen moderator:

"A Letter from the Selectmen of the Town of Boston together with the Votes passed by the Said Town, the 12th & 13th Instant, was by the Selectmen Communicated to this Town which being read, Calmly and fully deliberated & Considered the Question was then put by the Moderator whether the Town will chuse any person, or persons, a Committee to meet in Convention with others in Boston as proposed in Said Letter & it passed Unanimously in the Negative."

A committee consisting of Colonel Williams, Oliver Partridge, Captain White, Clerk William Williams, Esq., and

Obadiah Dickinson, was chosen to prepare an answer to the Selectmen of Boston and report at an adjourned meeting next day. The majority of the members of this committee had strong Tory tendencies, though all did not cling to them as tenaciously under pressure as did Colonel Williams. A characteristic letter was prepared by them and unanimously accepted by the town with the resolve that it be sent "as soon as may be, and that the Same be published, also in Some one or more of the Boston newspapers." It begins as follows:

"Gent" We have fully Considered your proposal of a Convention & the reasons you are pleased to Assign for it & hereby take the liberty to express our Sentiments—We are not Sensible the State of America is so Alarming or the State of this province so materially different from what they were a few months since as to render the measures you propose either Salutary or Necessary—The Act of Parliament for raising a revenue so much Complained of has been in being & Carrying into Execution for a Considerable time past and proper Steps taken by the several Governments on this Continent to Obtain redress of that greivance & the Humble petitions by them ordered to be presented to his Majesty we trust have already, or will soon reach the royal ear, be graciously received & favorably answered, and the petition from the House of representatives of this province the last year Amongst the rest."

The letter goes on to hint, in lengthy and involved sentences, that if an agent to Great Britain had been properly chosen and the General Court had not been dissolved all would have gone well. As it is, the letter regrets that certain criticisms of the King and parliament have been published in a circular letter and continues:

"We Can't Comprehend what pretense there can be for the proposed Convention unless the probability of a Considerable Number of regular Troops being sent into the province & an Apprehension of their being Quartered part in your Town & part at the Castle, and here we would Observe it was a matter of doubt & Uncertainty whether any were Coming or not if otherwise for what purpose the

King was Sending them Whether for your defense in case of a French War as you tell us there is in the minds of many a prevailing Apprehension of one Approaching, and if we don't Misunderstand your Letter induced them to pass the Votes transmitted to us, or whether they are destined for the protection of the New Acquired Territories is Altogether Uncertain. That they are to be a Standing Army in time of peace you give us no evidence & if your Apprehensions are well grounded it is not even Supposed they are intended as such. And if your Town meant Sincereley we can't see the need they had of interposing in Military Matters (in an Unprecedented way requesting their Inhabitants to be provided with Arms &c. a matter till now always Supposed to belong to Another department) especially as they must know that Such a Number of Troops would be a much better defense in case of War than they had heretofore been favoured with, To Suppose what you Surmise they may be intended for is to Mistrust the King's paternal Care & goodness, If by any Sudden excursions or Insurrections of Some inconsiderate people the King has been induced to think them a Necessary Check upon you we hope you will by your Loyalty & quiet behaviour soon convince his Majesty & the world they are not longer Necessary for that purpose & thereupon they will be withdrawn & your Town & the province Saved any farther trouble and expense from that quarter."

The inconsiderate actions of those whose "passion, disappointment and private resentment" threaten to drag their neighbors into trouble is deplored and the letter closes:

"Thus we have freely expressed our Sentiments having an equal right with others tho a lesser part of the Community & take the first opportunity to Protest against the proposed Convention, and hereby declare our Loyalty to the King & fidelity to our Country, & that it is our firm resolution to the Utmost of our power to maintain & defend our rights in every prudent & reasonable way as far as is Consistent with our duty to God & the King."

It would be interesting to know how Boston received this unpunctuated, ill-constructed but forcible letter of

advice. The committee who penned it probably thought that it was sufficiently convincing to restore peace and order to the province, little dreaming that it was the last word of theirs on the subject which would be looked upon with respect.

Six years elapsed before another entry on the subject was made in the town records and in the meantime the ferment was brewing. In 1772, Joseph Lyman was settled as pastor of the church, being not quite twenty-three years of age, but even then a man of no uncertain mind. Strong in his convictions of the rights of the rebellious colonists it was not long before his imperious nature clashed with that of Colonel Williams, when the latter attempted to dictate to him. We can picture the tall young minister with his flashing dark eyes and Roman nose, as he drew himself up to his full height and replied, "Colonel Williams you've ruled this town long enough. I want you to understand there's a man in it now you never will rule."

In July, 1774, there began to be many town meetings, hot with the breath of revolution, in the old schoolhouse. (The regular town meetings were held in the meeting-house.) The committee who indited the letter to Boston was not conspicuous at these meetings. The leaders were fearless and aggressive in defense of their rights. The Tories, finding themselves in the minority, set to work to counteract in other ways this dangerous spirit.

During this month William Williams, son of Colonel Israel, drafted a "Protest against the Proceedings of the House of Representatives and the Measures now adopted by the Colonies, and the plan the people are now acting upon."

This paper was sent to a young Deerfield Tory who made copies for circulation. Colonel Williams delighted in sending tea to his friends in neighboring towns, and from the first no threats or fears of the consequences could muzzle or intimidate this loyal subject. Hot-blooded young patriots could ill brook his paraded loyalty and from time to time endeavored to frighten him into silence. In August of this same year, he, with another man, was seized and compelled to sign a covenant,—which he felt in no wise bound to keep.

On the fifth of September, there was a rumor that "all the western world was coming down to mob Colonel Williams and others." A hundred men from Deerfield hastened to the scene, Hadley sent a hundred and ten, Amherst seventy and Hatfield added fifty, all law-and-order men of both parties.

When the mob appeared they were surrounded and asked what they wanted. They produced a number of charges against Colonel Partridge. "The Col. appeared before the mob, vindicated himself and the company voted they were satisfied with what y<sup>e</sup> Col. said" and soon dispersed.

A "Covenant to be signed by the people to prevent mobbing," was agreed upon by the rescuers before they separated and copies enough were to be made to supply one to each town. But the truce thus earned for Colonel Williams was not suffered to be of long duration. The feeling was too intense. Dr. Lyman on his part was constantly stirring up his parish to more active patriotism.

In October, Madam Lyman having heard of "the tumultuous and discomposed situation of affairs," in his parish wrote a letter of wise counsel to her son, advising him to keep the peace at all hazards. "I rejoice that you do not have to do with political affairs in your pulpit, as I have been informed," she writes, "and my advice to you is, that you lay aside all political disputes at present, or be sure to use them no farther, and in no other manner than shall tend to promote order in the society."

But Madam Lyman rejoiced too soon. Her son's Thanksgiving sermon, preached December 15, 1774, and printed by request of the town, was a memorable one. Without evasion he looked the situation full in the face. He enumerated the grievances that had been heaped upon them; taxation, multiplying of civil officers, "independent of our grants," erection of "new unusual and unconstitutional Courts of Admiralty," and restraints on general assemblies.

"They have sent over armies to be quartered upon a free people in direct opposition to their wishes and privileges; and *this* to keep in awe a people who have laboured who have fought and bled for them." But the worst was

yet to come, he said, and there would be many dark days to try their faith, patience and fortitude.

"One while, perhaps, the cause may appear desperate, and we shall give all over for lost: We may be threatened with confiscation of estates, with halters and military executions. It is possible that some of our trading towns may by treachery and violence be brought to pass under the yoke. There may be a defection among ourselves. Undoubtedly attempts are using and will be used to divide and distract our counsels. They will strenuously endeavor to break the happy union of the Colonies, and prevent the full operation of the association entered into by the general Congress. . . . These things I mention beforehand, as what may come to pass, that when they do come you may not faint in the conflict. And as a motive to your steadfastness and confidence in God you may depend on it for a certainty, that when your civil liberty is once gone, your religion will be driven into corners. And nothing will await us but silver chains for *Great* slaves and iron yokes for the rest of us. . . .

"However from our natural love of ease, we may flatter ourselves with peace, these dangers cannot be winked out of sight by any of us. The present system of Colony administration if pursued and successful will leave us and our posterity for many generations to fetters; without property, without feeling, without virtue and without religion. Therefore it concerns every man of us, as we love our God, our country, ourselves and our posterity, that we do not by defection, or inactivity, conspire to bring all these mischiefs upon the land."

After thus rousing them to a sense of their dangers and duties the sermon closes with words of comfort.

"Trust therefore in the Lord at all times, and he shall secure you from the force and wiles of oppressors. . . . He shall bring confusion into the counsels of those who imagine evil devices against you. . . . Fear not little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

Thus exhorted the town throughout the long struggle did its part bravely and well.

Colonel Williams continuing active in the service of his king, the year 1775 found him more often in hot water than ever. There was fierce indignation, and more talk of mobbing, "to Humble the Old Dog, for he deserved it, that his conduct was not sufferable."

February 2, 1775, a mob raised in the county by Moses How of Belchertown, appeared at Hatfield and seizing Williams and his son conveyed them to Hadley. There they were confined under a guard of seventeen men for the night. During the night there was an alarm of "Indians! Indians!" The guard swore that if anybody appeared to rescue them that they would blow his and his son's brains out on the spot, "which terrified him much."

Some mischievous person stopped up the chimney, so that the guard were driven from the room by the smoke, but the prisoners were obliged to endure it as best they might till morning. The next day the colonel and his son were examined, the colonel declaring that nothing could be proved against him. But they were forced to sign an obligation to oppose certain acts of Parliament, not to correspond with General Gage and not to do anything to oppose Congress. This promise, like others extorted under pressure, Colonel Williams did not feel bound to observe and it is supposed that he continued to enlist men for Gage until stronger measures were taken.

In June, 1775, it was voted by the town "That Col. Israel Williams, Mr. William Williams Esq., Capt. Elisha Allis, Lt<sup>t</sup> Samuel Partridge, Lt<sup>t</sup> David Billings, Ens<sup>a</sup> Elijah Dickinson & Reuben Belding or any other persons in s<sup>d</sup> Town whom the Com<sup>tee</sup> may Suspect as being inimical to their Country be requested to sign a declaration which is the same that was proposed to some of them by the Com<sup>tee</sup>." Probably Colonel Williams and his son alone refused to take, or keep this compulsory oath of allegiance. The colonel was an influential man, most inimical to the cause and a close watch was kept upon him. In December, 1776, it was found that he had violated his pledge of 1775. A packet of letters to friends in England was found in a thicket of Claverack where it had probably been dropped by a

messenger on his way to New York. The letters contained orders for a large invoice of goods and the treasonable hope that the Rebellion would soon be subdued. Father and son were arrested by the Committee of Safety of Hatfield and taken to Boston where a full examination was made. The announcement of the result, in closing, says:

"It also appeared that the General Conduct of said Israel Williams and son, ever since April, 1775, has been unfriendly to the American cause of Liberty, and no one Instance of Friendship in their Conduct since that time was produced, and it also appeared that the said Israel Williams, the father, by letters to said Gov. Hutchinson in 1770-71 fully expressed his approbation of that British System of Despotism, which has since plunged us into this unnatural war, in which we are now struggling for the Defense and Preservation of the Common Rights and Liberties of Man."

"Therefore, Resolved, that the Sheriff of Hampshire County be directed to Commit the said Israel Williams and Son to the common gaol in Northampton, and to keep them in close custody until further orders of this Court."

Beyond this they were declared unfit to hold any office or place under the government of the State.

So they were sent to jail, to cells where Colonel Williams must often have consigned others with no thought that he should ever undergo such indignity himself. Their sufferings were mitigated, so says tradition, by the colonel's daughter, Lucretia, who rode five miles every day, subject to insults and abuse, to minister to them. She was the true daughter of her father, "a chip of the old block," and to her dying day, at a good old age, spoke of the war as the "Rebellion" and of herself as a subject of the crown of England.

They were released on December 13, 1777, on their giving bonds of £3,000 each not to go off the home lot, except to meeting Sunday and not to correspond with or in any way to aid the enemy. Confinement and persecution could not silence Colonel Williams' tongue. So in 1780, it became necessary for the town to make the following resolve: "Whereas the Honorable the Great & General Court or

Assembly of this State have thôt it necessary for the public Good & Safety for Various reasons Stated in their resolve of April 14<sup>th</sup> 1777 by two subsequent Resolves, one of Dec<sup>r</sup> 13, 1777 the other of Oct 6<sup>th</sup> 1779 to impose certain restrictions & Civil disqualifications upon the Honorable Israel Williams Esq<sup>r</sup> & his Son Israel Williams Jun<sup>r</sup>. Gentlemen of S<sup>d</sup> Town—And Whereas the said Israel Williams Esq. has seen fit in writing and in the most public manner to impute his confinement to an Unfriendly disposition in Sundry of the good Inhabitants of this Town towards him —And however the said Imputation as it respects the Inhabitants of this Town is in our opinion wholly groundless & as far as it relates to the Honorable the General Assembly Injurious as thô they were influenced in their determination by the private resentments of Individuals—It is Notwithstanding Voted at a Legal Meeting of the freemen & freeholders of S<sup>d</sup> Town qualified to Chuse a representative that their representative at the General Court be & hereby is Instructed & directed to use his endeavors that the said Israel Williams Esq<sup>r</sup> & his son Israel be fully discharged from their present Restrictions & Civil disqualifications upon these Conditions—That the said Israel Williams Esq<sup>r</sup> & Israel Williams Jun<sup>r</sup> do for the purpose of Obtaining such discharge prefer a Suitable & respectful Petition to the Honorable the General Court & do Voluntarily take the Oath of Allegiance & Fidelity to the Government & People of the Massachusetts Bay as a free Sovereign & Independent State.”

A year later (1781), the town was obliged to “Vindicate Constable John Clark in Collecting of Col. Israel Williams & Mr. Israel Williams Jun<sup>r</sup> the Soldier rate so called Committed to said Clark to collect.”

Dr. Lyman’s policy admitted of no halfway measures. So when Colonel Williams refused to sit under such rankly rebellious preaching, and, more than that, spared not his tongue in criticism of Dr. Lyman and prominent church members, steps were taken to convince him of the error of his ways. It was in 1775 that proceedings were begun against him, but it was not until 1778 that a council of

churches was called to decide the matter. We regret that the decision of this council is not known. It was voted that it should be put on the files of the church records, but it is not there. Dr. Lyman's objection to it, however, is mentioned. He stated that he was willing to submit to the result on condition that it should not be used as a precedent in any future trial in the church.

The inference we can but draw is that Colonel Williams was not excommunicated, for the many subsequent trials of men who refused to sit under the good doctor's strong political discourses invariably ended in the delinquents being dropped from the church roll. And we never heard that the pastor objected—in fact he always urged it.

From the close of the Revolution until the day of his death, the star of Colonel Williams gradually declined while that of his youthful opponent, the militant pastor, grew brighter and brighter. In 1788, our old Tory came to his end, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, from an accident, falling down the cellar stairs and receiving a blow on the head which caused his almost instant death. "Aunt Beck" Dickinson who lived a few doors away, and who kept a voluminous diary for many years, wrote, in making note of the event, that "he appeared to get the good of his trobels in the last Seventeen yeers of his life." She also adds that he was "a good father and a kind friend he has been to his Children," "a great friend to the Poor he has given of his money to those who Called for Charity and to those who did not ask Shared his bounty." So spoke "Aunt Beck" who was not afraid to give him credit for his virtues. But what his old antagonist, Parson Lyman, said of him at the funeral has not been put on record. It has always been a question in my mind whether Dr. Lyman would think anybody *could* be saved who differed with him politically.

As soon as the difficulties of the new form of government had divided the people into parties Dr. Lyman allied himself in the most pronounced manner with the Federalists. So firmly was he convinced of the rights of that party that he was unwilling that any of his parish should think otherwise.

Yet there were those who dared to differ with him. Some of these bold spirits chafed under the political sermons that were constantly poured upon them, and declined to sit under such preaching. Each such offender was in turn called to appear in church and receive public censure from Dr. Lyman. When he failed to appear after two summons he was excommunicated. Of all persons thus dealt with, only one acknowledged the error of his ways and was restored to grace. This was Elisha Wait, who had taken an active part in Shays Rebellion, and being at odds with his pastor on that account, declined to attend divine service. Finally, being convinced of his sinfulness, he asked that he might be restored to fellowship. The church voted to accept his apology and would have done so but Dr. Lyman said he did not consider it complete, without some reference to his part in the late uprising. Whereupon, after much talk and several special meetings, Wait made a confession which began as follows: "I, the subscriber, freely acknowledge that my conduct in rising up against the Government during the late tumults in this Commonwealth cannot be justified by the rules of Christ's kingdom & I engage to watch against such conduct in future." This is the only case on record in which the wanderer was brought back to the fold by this strict discipline. Some there were who not wishing to come out in open rebellion, discreetly attended meeting on Sunday but reserved the privilege of thinking as they chose. Among these latter were, presumably, the brothers Benjamin and Oliver Smith. At least, in the back part of the huge ledger which for a long time did duty in their village store we find a curious record. For many years the texts of Dr. Lyman's sermons were duly noted and in addition we find several pages of guarded comments which run somewhat as follows: "On Sunday the 7th day of June Mr. Lyman Preached all day from Matthew 27 Chapter 3 & 4 verse, old Sermons."

"25 of October 1789 The discourses were upon the Pharisee & Publican going up to the Temple to Pray. Perfectly remembered to be old discourses." How well the writer's sentiments may be read in these cautiously worded statements!

How coldly critical seems the remark, "for three Lord's days Previous to this day he had somebody Else Preach."

And how cutting this: "19 day of January [1800] in the forenoon a Pretended Comment of Samuel from the 1st to the 24th verse." Now and then in less guarded moments a more explicit criticism is given. In July of 1800 after remarking that "he Preached from the Same Text one discourse Dec. 21 1783 [seventeen years previous!] the commentator adds, "In the application he mentioned some of the recent events in France & the rest of Europe in order to deceive us." At another time he notes that Mr. Lyman "drew in one expression which ranked Bonaparte with Cesar, Alexander &c."

Perhaps Dr. Lyman was all unaware of the seething discontent that made a rendezvous of the village store. If the disaffected had appointed a delegation to reason with him he might have replied as did the Pittsfield minister, in the same situation, "O, I see. It is *not* that I preach politics. It is the politics that I preach!"

Dr. Lyman's theology was of the same stern, uncompromising sort as his political beliefs. It was Calvinism pure and simple, and his own unwavering faith in every article of his creed carried conviction with it. Many a church council was he called to preside over, even unto the farthest bounds of the state, and never was one of those councils known to go contrary to his opinion. It is not within the scope of this paper, however, to go into his ecclesiastical history. My purpose has been to picture the conflict between these two leaders of men, equally fearless and honest and equally intent on serving his country, whatever might be the consequences of his intrepidity. And when we gaze upon the valiant colonel, who after a youth full of achievements for the public good, followed a losing cause to the bitter end, stoutly waving his sword for God and the King; or when we turn to the patriotic young parson triumphantly marching in the van of the winning side to its glorious consummation, ever holding aloft his standard "For God and Liberty"; in both cases we see one of the strong and sturdy Makers of New England.

## THE OLD FORT AT PEMAQUD.

BY G. SPENCER FULLER.

It is very pleasant on a clear summer afternoon to follow one of the winding paths which lead up from the harbor of Monhegan Island, on the coast of Maine; over and around great masses of rock, through woods of spruce, mountain ash and maple. Sometimes in broad sunlight and again among glades where his rays scarcely penetrate; and where the sound of the restless Atlantic is so distant that it is hardly to be distinguished from the murmur of the wind in the treetops; and at last to come out on some lofty headland from which our view meets the distant horizon in every direction. Looking north toward the mainland, the nearest point of which is twelve miles distant, we see the coast of Maine spread in what seems a great semicircle before us; comprising the whole distance between Penobscot Bay and the Kennebec River. Very beautiful is an afternoon like this with its distance bathed in blue atmosphere, and its rocky headlands shining in the sun; while masses of white here and there along the whole shore, show for an instant and then disappear, marking the spot where some great wave has met its check against the rocks.

It is one of those spectacles which cause one to pause involuntarily, and as likely as not to spend the better part of the afternoon, in watching this, and the many ships, and in listening to the surf booming in the caverns under the cliffs. It becomes more interesting when we realize that it was the spot from which many of the very earliest explorers who have left records, first gazed at the mainland of New England. How many were before them we may never know, though much new light is being thrown on this subject from year to year and our knowledge of the past is becoming more perfect—perhaps some day we shall understand the strange markings on the rocks across the harbor which are very old and have never been inter-

preted. As we read about it we find that the region within our view has had a most interesting history.

Probably permanent settlers were here before Plymouth or Boston were colonized. It was in the early years the best known part of the coast to the Bristol and Plymouth merchants in old England who were the first to take active interest in the trade and fisheries of New England. It is hard to tell what its earliest beginnings were as its settlement developed gradually and was not the result at first of a concerted movement, like most of the other colonies. As time went on some of the ships which made yearly voyages here began to leave men to guard supplies and gather cargoes for the coming year, until at last grants of land were made and settlements were begun. This was the border land on the coast, between the French of Acadia, and the English, and was claimed by both, which led to disputes and bloodshed. Commencing at the west the most distant point to be seen is Seguin Island, which guards the mouth of the Kennebec River. Moving to the eastward we pass Damiscove, Boothbay Harbor, Pemaquid (not forgetting Heron Island), Newharbor, and a score of other towns, harbors and bays until we come to Thomaston and Rockland in Penobscot Bay. Inland to the north rise the Camden Hills which were a landmark to mariners in the old days. All this formed what came to be known as "The Ancient Kingdom of Pemaquid." Northwest from us about fourteen miles, at the head of a bay about two miles long, named Johns Bay in honor of Capt. John Smith, stood the old fort of Pemaquid. It was on a peninsula nearly surrounded by water containing about 50 acres and was the home when the whites first saw it of a band of the Abenaki Indians; it grew to be the center of the colony or as the inhabitants were fond of calling it "The Metropolitan of these parts."

Bartholomew Gosnold was the first man to try to colonize New England. He sailed from Dartmouth, March 25, 1602, and reached our coast, in the region of Cape Ann, in May. He coasted southward, passed Cape Cod, which he named, and which was the first land to be named on our coast,

landed at Cuttyhunk Island and built a rude fort; and proceeded to load his vessel with sassafras; which was highly esteemed as a medicine in those days. But when he wished to return and leave his colonists they refused to stay, so the attempt was given up.

Even at this early day Gosnold found the Indians wearing odds and ends of white men's clothing and using a French boat with a sail in it.

Passing over the voyage of Pring shortly after Gosnold, the next visitor of whom we have record was Captain George Weymouth, who sailed from London on March 31, 1605. The wind bore him farther north than he wished to go; and he first saw land at Sankaty Head, on Nantucket; but before he could land a storm came up, and he had to put to sea for safety; and when it had cleared away, they found themselves near the Island of Monhegan. They anchored their ship north of the Island and came on shore for wood and water. Among them was a man by the name of Rosier, who wrote an account of the voyage called "Rosier's Relation," which is one of the most interesting of the accounts of the early voyages. He gives a good description of Monhegan quite in detail. When they had procured wood and water they weighed anchor and stood in shore in search of a good harbor. This they found among the "St. Georges Islands" which Weymouth named and here they planted a cross and stayed for some time; exploring the surrounding country. They were visited by Indians from Pemaquid of whom the "Relation" says, "The shape of their body is very proportionable not very tall or big but in Stature like to us: They paint their bodies with black, their faces, some with red, some with black and some with blue, they seemed very civil and merry; showing tokens of much thankfulness, for those things we gave them. We found them there (as after) people of quick understanding, good invention and ready capacity, their canoes are made without iron, of the bark of a birch tree, strengthened within with ribs and hoops of wood, in so good fashion, with such excellent ingenius art that, as they are able to bear seven or eight persons, far exceeding any in the Indies. This

we noticed as we went along, they in their canoe with three oars would at their will go ahead of us and about us when we rowed with eight oars strong. They have names for their stars which they will show in the firmament. They show great reverence for their King and great respect for any we tell them are our Commanders. They show the manner of how they make bread of their Indian wheat and how they make butter and cheese of the milk they have of the fallow deer and the reindeer which they have tame as we have cows." Rosier gives glowing accounts of the fishing, of the soil, of the forests (alas! where are they now?) and of the water ways and harbors. When Weymouth was ready to return he captured five of the Indians with two canoes and took them to England. He landed at Plymouth, England, late in the summer and when Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who was military governor of the port, heard his accounts and saw the Indians he became so much interested that he took three of them under his charge. Weymouth's object in kidnapping these Indians was as he says, "For the benefit of both nations that on learning the language of each other it would be a public good." He classifies the Indians thus "Nahanada, Sagamore or Commander, Amoret, Skicowares, Maniddo Gentlemen, Saffoconeit a servant." Many years afterwards Gorges while writing his "Brief Narration" of his efforts to colonize New England says, "This accident was the means of Under God putting a foot and giving life to all our Plantations." Most, if not all of these Indians were returned to their homes within a few years where we shall see some of them again. So much interest was aroused in England by the accounts of the voyages of Gosnold and Weymouth that two companies were formed in England for the colonizing of what was known in those days as Virginia, Raleigh having given it that name during Elizabeth's reign. They were called the London and the Plymouth Companies after the two cities where they were formed. Prominent in the Plymouth Company was Gorges, who was destined to play an important part in New England affairs; among others was the name of the Earl of Southampton, the patron of a young poet

of that day by the name of Shakespeare. Each of these companies sent out expeditions in 1606; the one from Plymouth was captured by the Spanish, and that from London settled Jamestown, Virginia, giving us later a chance for an International Exhibition.

In June of the year following the Plymouth Company sent another colony under the auspices of Sir John Popham, Lord Chief Justice of England, commanded by his kinsman, Captain George Popham, and Raleigh Gilbert, the half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh. They came to Georges Islands and found Weymouth's cross still standing and anchored their vessels in the harbor. The following is a quotation from Strachey's account of their visit to Pemaquid: "On Saturday Aug. 8, 1607—Capt Gilbert caused his ships boat to be manned with 14 persons and Skidwares, brought to England by Capt Weymouth, and rowed to the westward from the ship to the river of Pemaquid. The Indian brought them to the Salvadges houses where they found a hundred men, women and children and their commander among them who had been brought likewise into England by Capt. Weymouth and returned hither with Capt Hamman setting forth for these parts and some parts of Canada the year before. At their first coming the Indians betooke them to their arms their bows and arrows; but after Nahanaada had talked to Skidwares and perceived that they were English men he caused them to lay aside their bows and arrows and he came unto them and embraced them and made them much welcome and entertained them with much cheerfulness and so did they him. And after two hours thus interchangably spent they returned again aboard." Popham settled at Smallpoint, near the Kennebec, but the winter was very severe and he with about 40 others died; the rest became discouraged and returned to England the next year, so the first colony to spend the winter in New England was abandoned.

In 1614, Captain John Smith having given the colony of Virginia a start, and returned to England, came out for the Plymouth Company with the title of Admiral, to explore,

search for gold (even poor Popham expected to find gold), and trade with the Indians. It is significant that he came straight to this region, I think; and shows that at that time this was the best known locality, among the English, on all the coast. Smith landed at Monhegan where he left his ship to be loaded with fish, and after planting a garden on the Island, which he called "the most considerablest Island for a land mark I ever saw" he sailed up and down the coast trading, exploring and making the only accurate map of the day. He gave their names to Cape Elizabeth, Charles River, Plymouth, Cape Ann and New England. He did not return to our shores after this year but sent his map through England and tried to induce people to migrate. His account of fishing is worth quoting: "There are those who delight extremely in vain pleasure who take much more pains in England than I would do here to gain wealth sufficient, and yet I think they should not have half such sweet content for our pleasure here is still gain, in England charges and loss. Here nature and liberty affordeth us that freely which in England we want, or it costeth us dearly. Is it not pretty sport to pull up two pence, six pence, and twelve pence as fast as you can haul and veer a line. He is a very bad fisher who cannot kill in a day one, two or three hundred cods, which dressed and dried if they be sold there for ten shillings a hundred though in England they will give more than twenty. May not servant, master and merchant be well content with this gain and what sport doth yield a more pleasing content than angling with a hook and crossing the sweet air from isle to isle over the silent streams of a calm sea." This is true; I have watched people who have been fishing for cod for the first time and have noticed their look of "pleasing content" on reaching shore. Smith was quick to see what was of most value on our shore and time has proved that he was right. The fisheries proved of greater value than the fur trade of Canada with its larger profits and greater uncertainty.

Smith mentions that while he was at Monhegan "Right against me on the main was a ship belonging to Gilbert which had made many voyages here." When the Plymouth

colony in the first years of their settlement were suffering from famine they were able to procure enough bread from the fishermen about Pemaquid to supply every soul in the colony with a pound of bread for a year. Between the years 1607–20 one hundred ships cleared from Pemaquid and its dependencies,—this was before Plymouth and Boston were settled; but the time was at hand when the Stuart Kings of England, by their oppression, were to do more for the colonization of New England than any merchant company could do; and that with some of their best subjects. There is little doubt that by 1620 small settlements had been established at Pemaquid and the outlying posts of Damiscove and Monhegan, though they were without government. It is certain that between 1620 and 1626 there had arrived a man whose influence for good was to be deeply felt by Pemaquid people for the next 30 years. His name was Abraham Shurt; he exercised to some extent the powers of a magistrate and after the patent was granted represented the patentees. When public business was to be transacted he was pretty sure to be the one called upon to do it. He had the confidence of the Indians, he was well known to the Puritans of Boston and they frequently allude to Pemaquid as "Shurt's Fort." One instance will throw light on his character. When some neighboring Indians had made a raid on a tribe near Lynn and had brought away captive the wife of a Sagamore, Shurt at his own expense ransomed her and sent her back to her tribe. It is pleasant to record that a Pemaquid Indian was as generous to the white men; this was Samoset of whom more is known than of any Indian of his time; he was Sagamore of the tribe at Pemaquid. When the Pilgrims came to Plymouth they were not molested by the Indians though they saw their dusky forms hovering at the edge of the forest. In March after their arrival they were surprised by an Indian coming boldly among them and in broken English "which they could well understand" bidding them welcome. This Indian was Samoset; there are several accounts of him by different writers. "We questioned him [says one of them] of many things," he told them of his home, "It is hence a days sail

with a great wind or five days travel by land." He gave them information of the ships and their captains, which had fished or traded at Pemaquid. He named the chiefs of all the New England tribes and gave the number of their warriors. The following description of him is interesting. "The wind beginning to rise we cast a horsmans cloak about him for he was stark naked, only a leather about his waist with a fringe about a span long or a little more. He had a bow and two arrows, the one headed and the other unheaded. He was a tall straight man, the hair of his head black, long behind only straight before, no hair on his face at all. He asked some beer but we gave him strong water, some biscuit and butter and cheese and pudding; and a piece of mallard; all of which he liked well and had been acquainted with such amongst the English, all afternoon we spent in conversation with him." He became "profitable" to them by acquainting them with many things concerning the state of the country in the easterly parts where he lived. He informed them of the hostility of the Indians to the English on account of Hunt's treachery some years before and exerted himself to bring about a better feeling. He introduced them to his friend Squanto who "after became a Spetiall instrument sent of God for their good beyond their expectation." Squanto taught the English to plant maize or Indian corn. Samoset remained some time in the vicinity seeking to promote good feeling between the English and the natives which led to the treaty between Massasoit, chief of the Wampanoags, and the English which lasted fifty years. It is good to know that when Squanto had been captured by the Naragansetts some time after this the Pilgrims delivered him out of their hands. We hear of Samoset again at Cape Newagen on the Sheepscot, through Leavett, who speaks of him as a "Sagamore who has been found very faithful to the English and hath saved the lives of many of our nation, some from starving, some from killing." Leavett intended to settle at Quack or York and had left his ships there; Samoset and his wife and son returned there with him. He says, "When we came to York the masters of the ships came to bid me

welcome, and asked what savages these were I told them and thanked them, they used them kindly and gave them meat, drink and tobacco, the woman (Samoset's wife) asked me if these were my friends I told her they were; then she drank to them and told them they were welcome to her country and so should all my friends be at anytime. She drank to her husband and bid him welcome to her country too; for you must understand her father was Sagamore of this place and left it to her at his death having no other children." The fact that as late as 1673, the name of Samoset was remembered among the Indians as that of the "Great Sachem" shows that he was held in high estimation among them. Now we come to an interesting document bearing the names of both Shurt and Samoset. It is a deed to John Brown of Newharbor conveying a piece of land; made in what is now the usual form and acknowledged in the following manner, "July 24th 1626. Captain John Samoset and Unongait Indian Sagamores, personally appeared and acknowledged this instrument to be their act and deed at Pemaquid before me—Abraham Shurt."

This is supposed to be the first deed ever made in legal form in New England and to Shurt is ascribed the invention of the form of both deed and acknowledgment. It was made the legal form in Massachusetts in 1640 and in Plymouth in 1646 and is the form in use to-day.

In February, 1631, a patent of 14,000 acres of land including Pemaquid was issued to Robert Aldworth and Giles Elbridge, merchants of Bristol, England, and Shurt became their agent. About this time the fort at Pemaquid was taken and plundered by a pirate named Dixie Bull. The colony was growing fast and little settlements were springing up on the farming lands back from the coast. In 1638, a young gunsmith from Bristol came to Pemaquid and after stopping a while went to the settlements on the Kennebec; his wife became the mother of 26 children and lived to see the distinction of one of them, Sir William Phips. Winthrop notes in his diary that in 1640, Joseph Grafton came to Pemaquid and purchased 40 cows and oxen which he took to Massachusetts. In 1664, Charles II gave to his

brother James, afterward James II, the colony of New York, and all the territory between the Kennebec and St. Croix Rivers; which was christened the County of Cornwall and placed under the Governor of New York, who for many years paid it little attention and it suffered so much from lack of government that on May 18, 1672, a petition was presented to the Governor and Deputies of the General Court at Boston asking to be taken under their Government, signed by 96 men from Cape Newagen, Damiscove, Sheepscot, Pemaquid. The Boston authorities though they refused at first did finally hold a court at Pemaquid for three successive years. In such a colony as this with a large floating population, government was sorely needed to prevent irresponsible men from committing outrages on the Indians, and supplying them with arms. Joscelyn says of this time, "He was a poor Indian who was not master of two guns and they are generally good marksmen." In the spring of 1676, a man by the name of Laughten from the region of Piscataqua enticed some Indians aboard his vessel at Cape Sable and sold them into slavery. This act was probably not the cause of the war but it served the Indians with just the excuse they wanted. Undoubtedly Philip's outbreak the year before, and possibly his emissaries, had great influence with the Indians. Whatever was the cause, the blow came without warning and on August 13 and 14, 1676, those of the inhabitants, who had been fortunate enough to escape, watched the destruction of their settlements from the Islands of Monhegan and Damiscove; nothing was left, and the survivors fled largely to Massachusetts where they were kindly treated. Since July 1, 1674, Major Edmund Andros had represented the Duke of York as Governor of New York and Cornwall; and though he had previously paid no attention to Pemaquid he now sent a sloop around to Boston to convey the fugitives out of the hands of the detested Puritans; most of the Maine men, however, joined the expedition which was immediately set on foot by Massachusetts for the recovery of the East. The activity of the Puritans aroused Andros and in June, 1677, he sent an expedition which

built a new fort at Pemaquid, that was garrisoned with fifty soldiers and called Fort Charles. Pemaquid received the name of Jamestown, a customhouse was established, and a monopoly of the fisheries put in force. All trading was to be done on one broad street protected by the fort ("whose pavement buried under the mould of centuries can still be traced"); minute regulations for the new establishment were made and are still to be seen among the New York archives.

Prayers and Holy Scriptures were to be read by a person appointed for the purpose,—no hated Congregationalism in the Duke's province. In 1685, the Duke of York became King James II and in September, 1686, Pemaquid was transferred to the government of Massachusetts along with Andros as Governor.

The English Settlements along the Atlantic had at this time become firmly established; with their main dependence for a livelihood, in agriculture, commerce and the fisheries, their development had been favored by the strife with the Stuarts in England, which had left them free, until lately, from royal interference. The French had settled on the St. Lawrence with their chief colonies at Quebec and Montreal. They had pushed their explorations far into the interior, to Hudson's Bay, to the Great Lakes, to the Mississippi, which La Salle had followed to the Gulf of Mexico. Their only possession on the sea was Acadia whose western boundary was according to their claim at the Kennebec. They were under the despotic government of a King who had spent his whole life in warring against Protestantism and democracy, and who of all others hated the English Puritans. When James was driven from the throne of England in 1688, and his greatest enemy the Prince of Orange became King in his stead, Louis XIV was free to fall upon New England. How soon he took advantage of this situation we in the Connecticut Valley have only too good cause to remember. Between the French and English were two great Indian confederacies,—the Iroquois stretching across the state of New York and the Abenakis who roamed from Nova Scotia across the states of Maine and New Hamp-

shire, their name signifying "the whitening sky at break of day," or Eastern Indians. Their villages were on the waters of the Saco, Piscataqua, Androscoggin, Kennebec, Penobscot, St. Croix and St. John; here they planted their fields of corn, beans and pumpkins, and leaving them to grow went down to the sea in their birch bark canoes, where they lived by fishing through the summer, adding their shells to the great shell heaps seen to-day along the coast of Maine, some of them thirty feet thick and covering acres. In winter they returned to their villages and hunting grounds in the interior, parts of which are still a wilderness. Portions of these tribes had by 1688 been led to Canada by French missionaries and were settled, the Iroquois near Montreal and the Abenaki near Quebec. It was the Mission Indians near Montreal who with the French sacked Deerfield in 1704. The administration of Governor Andros in Massachusetts was not what might be called a brilliant success and ended in the spring of 1689, with the Governor in jail and his regular troops disarmed. He came to Pemaquid in the summer of '88 and among other things plundered the fort of the Baron St. Castine on the Penobscot near where the town of Castine now stands, a spot known to the Indians as Pentagoit. This Castine was more of a baron than a saint, he had joined the Penobscots, been adopted into their tribe and married the daughter of the chief, Madocawando; he was the next neighbor to the English to the east. The inhabitants had warned Andros that his action would certainly bring on an Indian war, but he would not listen to them.

In the fall and winter of '89-'90, Frontenac, who had lately returned from France with a reappointment as Governor, planned three expeditions against the English composed of Canadians and Indians, thus inaugurating that species of border warfare from which the English were to suffer so much in years to come; one attacked Schenectady, one Salmon Falls and Fort Loyal at Portland; they were all successful. Meanwhile of the garrisons which Andros had scattered along the coast of Maine in the different parts few were left; when his authority ended many

of the soldiers seized their unpopular officers and marched home, some deserted, and some were withdrawn; by mid-summer there were only 30 soldiers left in the fort at Pemaquid under the command of Lieut. James Weems. In August the fort was attacked by the Indians from the Penobscot under Madocawando, father-in-law of Castine. By a sudden rush the Indians got possession of some houses behind the fort, and a huge rock which partially overlooked it; from which they kept up a galling fire. The next day Weems surrendered with the promise of life and liberty to himself and all his followers. Fourteen men, all that were left, with some women and children issued from the gate of the fort; when some were killed on the spot, and the rest were made prisoners with the exception of Weems and one or two others. It was proved later that this attack was undoubtedly instigated by the French. A French missionary named Thury was present at the attack. The war now spread to all the coast; sixteen fortified houses were captured, and the County of Cornwall was again desolate.

In 1690, Sir William Phips, "rugged son of New England" (and one of the modest little family of 26) who was born on the Kennebec, was made Governor of New England and came to this country with a royal command to rebuild and garrison the fort at Pemaquid, but without royal money to do it with. Massachusetts raised \$100,000 for the work and by 1692, the fort was rebuilt. This description of it was furnished by Cotton Mather, "The fort called William Henry, was built of stone, of a quadrangular figure, being about 700 ft. in compass, 28 ports it had, and 14 guns mounted whereof 6 were 18 pounders, the wall on the south side 22 ft. high and six feet thick at the ports, the great flanker, or rounded tower, at the western end of this line was 29 ft. high, the wall on the east side 10 ft. and on the west 18 ft."

The French Governor Frontenac was quick to see the importance of this work to both French and English and sent an expedition with two ships under d'Iberville to destroy it; when they arrived in Johns Bay, however, they

found an armed English ship under the walls of the fort and they sailed away for France (1692). The failure of the French and an expedition under Conners cowed the Abenakis for a time and they made peace with the English, leaving five hostages in their hands. This peace, the French missionaries Bigot on the Kennebec and Thury on the Penobscot, Villebon, the Governor of Acadia, and Villeau, an agent sent for the purpose, tried their best to overthrow; 2,500 lbs. of gunpowder and 6,000 lbs. of lead were sent in the year 1694 to the Indians. The result was a war party and the butchery at Oyster River, now Durham, of over a hundred English; mostly women and children. Not satisfied with the scalps he had taken, the chief Taxus set off with a separate crew, meaning, as Villeau said, "to divide into bands of four or five and knock people on the head by surprise which cannot fail to produce a good effect." They fell on the settlements near Groton and killed about 40 people. "That stroke [wrote the Governor of Acadia] is of great advantage because it breaks off all talk of peace between the Abenakis." While on this expedition Villeau had entered the fort at Pemaquid disguised as an Indian and made a plan of the works; with all they could do, however, the French could not prevent a strong party among the Indians in favor of the English, who still held their hostages and some prisoners and, moreover, gave the Indians better bargains for their furs, so that when Governor Stoughton upbraided them in a letter for breaking the peace and commanded them to bring in their prisoners some of them appeared before the fort at Pemaquid with a flag of truce and asked for a parley. To this Captain March, the commander, consented, but when he got them into his power he seized them and made them prisoners. Among them was a celebrated Chief Bomaseen. Finally, Frontenac determined to send another expedition against the fort which was such a menace to Acadia; and to that end he ordered d'Iberville, who was then at Quebec with two men-of-war, to attack it; with him went two companies of soldiers and fifty Micmac Indians and they were joined by Castine from the Penobscot with two hundred warriors.

On the way they fell in with the English ship "Newport" which they captured and used against the fort. The whole force arrived at their destination on July 14, 1696. The fort was commanded at this time by Captain Pascho Chubb who had replaced March a few months before; Chubb had been guilty of an act of treachery to the Indians similar to that of March. In the preceding February, Egremet, a chief of the Machias Indians, had come to a council at Pemaquid. Chubb and some of his garrison fell upon them when they felt most secure, killed some and captured others. When d'Iberville summoned Chubb to surrender, he replied, that "If the sea were covered with French men and the land with Indians yet I would not give up the fort." The battle commenced, and during the night d'Iberville landed some heavy guns and mortars, and erected a battery, and the next day threw some bombs into the fort to the terror of the garrison who were new to this sort of weapon and were not provided with casemates. Meanwhile Castine had sent a letter to Chubb telling him that unless he surrendered, the whole garrison would be massacred; which being followed by four or five hissing bombs in quick succession produced the desired effect. Chubb surrendered, making condition that the garrison should be protected. This was done by sending them all to an island (still to be seen) under a French guard. When the Indians broke into the fort, they found an Indian prisoner in irons, half dead from his captivity. This so enraged them that there would certainly have been a massacre if they could have reached the English. Chubb did not escape retribution; he was murdered with his wife the following winter in Andover. The French destroyed the fort and sailed away.

So passed the old fort at Pemaquid, and for a long time the region was abandoned.

In 1729, Dunbar rebuilt the fort and it did good service till the Revolution as a refuge, then the walls were torn down; and for a hundred years or more it remained but a memory, like Ticonderoga; of late years the old bastion and part of the walls of William Henry have been re-

built, in which have been preserved relics picked up in the vicinity.

Paved streets and courtyards have been located and partly laid bare, buried more than a foot under the soil; with marks of old cellar holes beside them, marking the site of "The Metropolitan of these parts" before Boston was settled, as the people called it in their petition of 1672.

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## THE DISCOVERY OF AN INDIAN CACHE.

BY CHARLES H. DEAN.

The President of this Association has asked me to tell you to-night the story of my find of Indian relics which he considers unique and valuable.

I have presented the contents of this cache to the Association, and the Association, to my surprise, has mounted it in this fine style for permanent exhibition.

I have been asked to write a minute and particular account of the find as to location and surroundings. In accordance with this request, I give the following details:

Last February as I was going down an old road, which is a short cut to a piece of tillage land across a brook, to look at a trap which I had set for mink in the brook, I happened to glance down into a small stream which was carrying off the surface water from a field above, and there I saw a small whitish stone. As I was always on the lookout for arrow points, I jumped down into the hole which the drainage water had made, picked up the stone, washed it off, and looked it over. On seeing it had been worked upon by some primitive people, which I took to be Indians, I began to dig for more which I readily found, and finally they numbered eighty-one.

What I noticed in particular was that very few of them seemed to be finished, and also that there was nothing found with them in the form of tools with which they could have been made; there was some charcoal found with them, but that is a common thing.

The stones were flat, and varied in size from 2 to 6 inches in length, and from 1 to  $1\frac{5}{8}$  inches in width. They were all of one kind of material—gray quartz. Where they bore the marks of tools the effort seemed to be to round the ends. There appeared on none of them any attempt to make a sharp, arrow-like point. Some of the pieces were as yet mere blocks which bore no tool marks at all, the others were either in the process of forming or were the finished product. Mr. Sheldon thinks that this craftsman did not make arrow points, but knives or domestic implements. His material was probably selected for some peculiar qualities, and was brought, it may be, to the valley in little blocks, as it is not found in this vicinity. One of the stones in my find was sent to Prof. B. K. Emerson of Amherst, the geologist; he says that the rock might have been taken from a mass on the hills to the northwest of Deerfield, or from some large glacial boulder.

The cache was near the Deerfield and Whately line, and about 150 rods north from the spot of the "First Encounter" of the Indians with the whites. The contents were scattered over an area of about 12 square feet, being washed around some by the water. They were about 15 feet from Blacksmith's or Wee-ki-o-an'nuck brook, into which the water ran. The cache was located on the east side of the brook and on the southwest slope of a bank in a sort of yellow pine woods. The soil was of a sandy or gravelly kind, the sand being on the top. Most of the relics were found down in among the coarse gravel, and I think the cache caved down from the bank, and the relics were covered by the sand which was, in turn, washed off by the water. These were found by myself and my uncle Eugene Arms with whom I hunt a great deal. It was located on the brook about one mile from its mouth, and about 200 rods southwest of the "Mt. Sugar Loaf Reservation."

From the "History of Deerfield," I learn that at the breaking out of Philip's War in 1675, a body of Pocumtuck and other Indians were living near the Connecticut in Hatfield; they were suspected by the English of hostile intentions, and preparations were made to surround them and take

away their arms. During the night of August 24th, Capt. Thomas Lothrop from his headquarters at Hadley sent orders to the soldiers at Northampton to close in upon the Indians from the south, while he and Captain Beers with their troops crossed the river higher up so that they might come down upon them from the north. This plan was carried out, and the two forces met at daybreak as arranged, but their intended prey had fled. "Loaded with all their worldly possessions," and "encumbered with their women and children," the Indians moved up the Pocumtuck path, until at a favorable place in a swamp at the right of the path, the warriors laid an ambush while the rest went on. As the Indians expected, Lothrop followed their trail and fell into their trap. Here occurred the "First Encounter" that I have before spoken of which lasted for hours.

The facts above stated, and some others, have suggested to interested people a pleasing field for speculation. It is not improbable that the owner of this cache was one of the Hatfield fugitives, and that he gathered into a bag or basket these stones which were the valuable treasures of his workshop, and took them along; the more cumbersome tools were left behind. We may naturally suppose that the Indians expecting pursuit, and knowing they must soon be overtaken, planned the ambush and fight that the non-combatants could have time to bury or conceal their heaviest burdens, and continue their flight. The Indians were finally driven from the swamp, and all the survivors fled northward to join their confederates at Pes-ke-omps-kut, doubtless by the selfsame route taken by Ashpelon who led the captives from Hatfield two years later.

The Pocumtuck path continued northward from the ambush about 75 rods until it crossed the Wee-ki-o-an'-nuck. Here on the left opened a narrow ravine about 30 feet deep, now thickly wooded, which the brook had cut down through the plain. This would be an excellent hiding place. Up this brook about 100 rods my cache was found. The fact that another cache of spears and arrows of different material, style and size has been discovered not far away, lends color to these speculations.

Since the above was written another overflow has disclosed a third cache close by the one I found. From this have been taken 50 stones all of one material which was entirely unlike that of either of the other two caches; these stones were unworked fragments, partly made, and finished products. They somewhat resemble in form only those of my cache.

Some may think these caches were hiding places for Indians who lived on the spot. But so far as known there is no tradition and no trace of any Indians living in this particular locality. It should also be noted in this connection that my cache was close by a spring. A spring would be a good landmark in case the owner wished to send a stranger for his treasures, but a spring would be the last place a resident would choose for a hiding place—a spot where he knew everybody would go every day for water.

All this speculation may be thought only a wild freak of the imagination, but I find nothing in it improbable or hard to accept. The Indians kept Captain Lothrop and his hundred men at bay for three hours, and lost 26 men, as a squaw present reported. Who can say that the owner of my cache did not lose his life in this first conflict between the English and the Indians in the Connecticut valley.

## SPECIAL MEETING—1910.

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### GIFT OF REAL ESTATE TO THE ASSOCIATION.

A special meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association was held June 16, 1910. Vice-President Francis M. Thompson presided. In the absence of the President, George Sheldon, Mrs. Sheldon made a brief statement in regard to the object for which the meeting was called. She said: "The 'Old Indian House' Homestead has been bought by Mr. Sheldon and myself. We now propose to deed it to the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, under certain conditions, as a memorial to John Sheldon and the historic events of 1704.

"John Sheldon lies in an unknown grave—he has no monument, no tablet. It has long been Mr. Sheldon's desire to erect some memorial to his very great-grandfather.

"This homestead where John Sheldon lived, and where the tragedies of his life were enacted, is one of the most historic spots in Old Deerfield, and is a peculiarly fitting memorial."

The Secretary, Rev. R. E. Birks, then read the deed of gift.

The Homestead is deeded to the Association under the following conditions:

"First: That this home lot shall be held in fee forever, and kept in a good state of preservation as a memorial to John and Hannah (Stebbins) Sheldon, and the historic events of February 29, 1704.

"Second: That within two years a bronze tablet with an inscription commemorating the principal events in the life of John Sheldon shall be erected at some suitable place on the premises.

"Third: That Mrs. Laura B. Wells be allowed to make a home as long as she wishes in the house now standing on the lot.

"Fourth: That neither the Door of the Old Indian House, now the chief centre of attraction in our Memorial Hall, nor any other relics of that famous building, shall be brought back to this place for exhibition so long as Memorial Hall shall stand."

The Association unanimously voted: "That the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association accept with due appreciation the gift of the property located in Deerfield, known as the 'Old Indian House' place, and the outlands therewith connected, and faithfully carry out the provisions contained in the deed of gift; and that the Recording Secretary convey to Honorable George Sheldon and Mrs. J. M. Arms Sheldon, the generous donors of said property which is so closely connected with the history of this vicinity, the gratitude of the members of this Association for the continued interest exhibited by them in the affairs of the Society by this munificent gift."

It was also voted: "That this estate, now given and received, shall be placed in the care and custody of three trustees, to be elected by the Association for a term of eight years.

"The first Board shall consist of Mrs. J. M. Arms Sheldon, to serve eight years, William L. Harris, six years, and George A. Sheldon, four years.

"Vacancies on the Board of Trustees shall be filled by nomination by the Board to be elected by the Association at any legal meeting.

"The Trustees shall make a report of their proceedings and of the condition of the trust at each annual meeting."

## ANNUAL MEETING—1911.

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### REPORT.

It was the annual big historical day at Deerfield yesterday and the Pocumtucks heard the story of what has been done within their particular reservation during the past year and revived memories of things done there many years ago.

The Pocumtuck Valley society is forty-one years old, is presided over still by its first president and chief genius, has a collection of memorials of the greatest worth and is growing with each year; has no debts, is full of life and interest and has many plans for the extension of its work along well tried lines.

The business session was held in the Council Room of Memorial Hall in the afternoon, and after supper, served by the women of the village in the town hall, an excellent programme was carried out. The annual meetings of the Association are always held on the last Tuesday of February, the anniversary of the sacking of Deerfield by the French and Indians in 1704. Albert L. Wing of Greenfield, a councillor of the Association, presided.

After the reading of the minutes of the last annual meeting by the secretary, the report of the curator, George Sheldon, was read by Mrs. Sheldon. The report of the treasurer, John Sheldon, showed a balance of \$7,794 to the fore.

The report of the curator refers to the considerable additions to the various departments. During the year 5,982 visitors registered at the hall, and doubtless many did not take the trouble to sign their names on the book. The visitors came from all over the country, and from

Canada, Europe and Asia. The considerable additions to the pictures made by Mr. Birks, as well as the files of old English newspapers of one hundred and seventy-five years ago, giving current events of the times and early news of the fall of Wolfe and Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham, were alluded to.

The great event of the year, however, was the gift of the old Indian House Homestead as a memorial to Ensign John Sheldon. It is expected that the consummation of the transaction will be celebrated next summer by a Field Meeting and at the same time a granite memorial to mark the home lot of John Stebbins, a brother-in-law of Ensign Sheldon, will be dedicated. To guard in the future against any recurrence of such acts of vandalism as the removal some years ago of the stone covering the grave of Captain Lothrop at South Deerfield, the ground on which stand two memorials and on which a third is to be placed, has been deeded to the Association.

Mrs. Sheldon, chairman of the Board of Trustees of the old Indian House Homestead, read the first report of the Board.

Mr. Birks was full of his recent explorations in England. Aside from the address in the evening, he talked intermittently during the afternoon and the audience was all the time prodding him for more. There were displayed on the walls of the Council Room many of his late contributions; pictures of the Northamptonshire country, that was the original country of the Washington, Adams and Franklin families, and such mementos of it as a bit of stone from the manor which was the home of the ancestry of Washington; a section of ancient glass from the Crick Cathedral and a fine specimen of carved wood from its chancel screen made in the thirteenth century, which were displaced when making recent repairs. Besides these there were pictures of the Sheldon District where Sir Joseph Sheldon, Lord Mayor of London, was born in the seventeenth century.

Obituary notices of deceased members were read as follows: Eunice Hitchcock Huntington of Cleveland, O.,

prepared by Miss Eunice H. Gulliver of Norwich Town, Conn., and read by Rev. Irving H. Childs; George Catlin of Chicago, prepared by his daughter, Miss Elsie Abigail Catlin of Chicago; Miss Elizabeth Abercrombie of Brookline, by Rev. R. E. Birks.

Reference was made to the death during the year of three corresponding members, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Caleb B. Tillinghast, State Librarian, and Dr. Edward Hitchcock, Dean of Amherst College.

These officers were elected:

President: George Sheldon.

Vice-Presidents: Francis M. Thompson and John A. Aiken of Greenfield.

Recording Secretary: Richard E. Birks.

Corresponding Secretary: M. Elizabeth Stebbins.

Treasurer: John Sheldon of Greenfield.

Members of Council: William L. Harris, Edward A. Hawks, G. Spencer Fuller, Julia D. Whiting, Philomela A. Williams, Asahel W. Root, of Deerfield; Henry B. Barton of Gill, George E. Taylor of Shelburne, Herbert C. Parsons, Albert L. Wing, Eugene A. Newcomb, Mary P. Wells Smith and George A. Sheldon, of Greenfield; Annie C. Putnam of Boston, and George A. Plimpton of New York.

At the close of the business session came an hour devoted to reminiscences of old times and past worthies. The meeting of the council at which George Sheldon was chosen curator, closed the afternoon programme.

The evening exercises were held in the town hall. Charles H. Ashley was in charge of the choir which sang hymns and anthems of the olden time. Mrs. C. H. Ashley played on the piano a composition written in the fifties, by Henry Wilson of Greenfield, called "Mazurka" and dedicated to the young ladies of Miss Sarah Barnard's school at Deerfield. The piece was contributed to the Association by Miss Susan B. Willard of Hingham, a granddaughter of Rev. Dr. Samuel Willard of Deerfield, a prolific composer.

In order to stimulate an interest in local history on the part of students of Deerfield Academy three prizes were offered by President Sheldon. Miss Margaret Harris won

the first prize, a copy of the latest edition of Judd's "History of Hadley," with the introduction by Mr. Sheldon treating of the myth of the regicides, Goffe and Whalley, her subject being "The Origin and History of Deerfield Academy." Miss Lydian Greene of Greenfield was awarded the second prize, the Huntting edition of Rev. John Williams's "Redeemed Captive." The third prize was divided equally between Adelaide Arms and William Harris, their papers being equally meritorious. The first prize paper was read by Miss Harris.

A valuable historical paper by Judge Thompson, entitled "Adventures of a Pioneer," was read by his son, Francis Nims Thompson. It dealt with the period of some fifty years ago and the region treated of was the vast country of the valley of the Missouri, especially Idaho and Montana. Rev. R. E. Birks gave the closing address, which was based on his visit to England last summer and entitled "Old Norwich and its Deerfield Posterity." He closed by showing many views of Norwich by aid of the radiopticon.

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#### REPORT OF CURATOR.

The year just closed has been in some respects an eventful one. Additions to our collection have been considerable. To the Library have been added 90 books, 85 pamphlets, 30 broadsides, newspapers, etc., rare manuscripts and papers relating to the Ballard, Brooks and Dickinson families. To other departments 214 miscellaneous articles and pictures. Five thousand, nine hundred and eighty-two persons have left their autographs on our register, and doubtless hundreds of others who should have done so have neglected that duty. Among the former are visitors from China, India, England, Canada and from all parts of the Union.

Student bodies or classes from 4 colleges, 17 technical, high and primary schools have availed themselves of our collection. Our busiest month was August when the register shows an average of 56 visitors a day, while the aver-

age per day from June to October, inclusive, was 35. As many of our visitors have been children or bodies on special rates there must be a large discount charged off from our apparent nominal fee account. There are few winter visitors and as we have no means of warming the building we strongly advise against their coming.

To-day as you look around upon the walls of the Council Room and on the Council Table, you will perceive that it was no ill wind to us which, last summer, blew our Secretary across the seas and into some of the choice, historical spots of Old England. I suppose we must assume that his fame, as our Secretary, had preceded him, for his presence certainly created quite a sensation. Why else was it that he made such a stir there, and was welcomed by all classes, some even more distinguished than he supposed at the time.

Why else was he caught out in such a heavy photographic shower with his umbrella inside up.

Why else that file of newspapers giving the current events of the life in England one hundred and seventy-five years ago, and the early news of the fall of Wolfe and Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham, with the passing forever of French domination in America.

Why else was our museum enriched by these relics from the thirteenth century Crick Cathedral.

Why else has there been sent us an exact reproduction of a paper which marks an epoch in the history of the world's struggle for freedom—the Death Warrant of Charles I.

Our Secretary will be called upon to tell his story in relation to these things, and if I am mistaken in my assumption he will set me right.

The artistic and instructive arrangement of these rare treasures is the work of the President. This is the way it was done:

The President said to the Secretary: "Mr. Birks, will you find the best location in our Hall, and make the best arrangement of your valuable contribution?" Presto! the work was done. The President rubbed the Lamp and Aladdin Birks responded.

I call this the Curator's report, but I hope to be excused if I trench a little on the field of the Executive. The great event in our material history this year is the gift to the Association of the "Old Indian House Homestead" as a memorial to Ensign John Sheldon. This event need not be dwelt upon as the story will be fully told in the reading of the minutes of the last meeting and in the report of the trustees having the estate in charge. It is to be hoped that the consummation of this transaction will be celebrated at a Field Meeting of our Association next summer when the swarming Sheldons and Stebbinses will dedicate a bronze tablet in honor of Ensign Sheldon on his own home lot.

On the same occasion there will be dedicated a granite memorial to mark the home lot where John Stebbins, brother-in-law of Ensign Sheldon, lived and suffered. This stone was erected last July by a filial descendant.

John Stebbins was a soldier under Captain Lothrop at Bloody Brook. Across the street stands another memorial to a great-grandson, Joseph Stebbins, who fought at Bunker Hill.

It was not until our own day and generation considered possible for memorials like these to be desecrated or disturbed by the vandalism of any new owner of the land on which they stood. But we have seen an attempt made to remove the stone which covers the grave of Captain Lothrop and his men.

To guard against such possible vandalism the ground on which the John Stebbins memorial stands has been deeded to the Association by Mrs. M. Anna V. Childs. To the same end and purpose Mrs. J. M. Arms Sheldon has deeded to the Association the land on which stands the memorial to Joseph Stebbins. So with the acquisition of these three pieces of real estate, these three memorials will be safe for all time from the hand of the spoiler.

There is an eternal war in which all keepers of museums are engaged. "Old Father Time" is always and ever scattering dust from his invisible hand. Whence it comes no one knows—where it falls everybody knows. The goddess of neatness, with her allies the scrub brush and dust

cloth, are no match for this persistent foe. To assist in this home battle, to protect some of our finer exhibits and encourage the giving of more, plans have been considered for the construction of glass cases on an extensive scale. This plan, if carried out, will make a serious inroad on our funds. Old, out-of-date glass cases, horizontal or perpendicular, or even new cases it may be, would be acceptable as contributions.

Respectfully submitted,

GEORGE SHELDON.

Deerfield, February 28, 1911.

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## FIRST REPORT OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE OLD INDIAN HOUSE HOMESTEAD.

At a meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, June 16, 1910, the Old Indian House Homestead was presented to the Association on certain conditions. J. M. Arms Sheldon, William L. Harris and George A. Sheldon were chosen trustees to carry out these conditions, and have charge of the estate.

One condition was that we make an annual report of the state of this trust. Pursuant to this the following report is submitted. The land has been under cultivation and rented for one year at \$50.00. The house has been occupied by Mrs. Wells. Repairs have been made on the house at a cost of \$100.53 which has been paid by an outside contributor.

Another condition of this gift was that the Association should within two years erect on this lot a bronze tablet in commemoration of the life-work of Ensign John Sheldon. This matter has progressed so far that the bronze tablet has been ordered.

Up to date we have been unsuccessful in our search for a suitable boulder on which to place the tablet, and with the opening spring we invite the co-operation of our friends in the hunt. It is expected that the work will be accom-

plished in the early summer, when, as the President suggests, its dedication will be a proper occasion for a Field Meeting.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. ARMS SHELDON,

*Chairman of Trustees.*

Deerfield, February 28, 1911.

## NECROLOGY.

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### MRS. EUNICE HITCHCOCK HUNTINGTON.

BY MISS EUNICE H. GULLIVER OF NORWICH TOWN, CONN.

[Mrs. Huntington has been a member of our Association since 1870. She and her husband, Oliver Ellsworth Huntington, have given a large number of rare relics to our Museum; among them Paul Revere's Engraving of the Boston Massacre, an Engraving and Account of the opening of Charlestown Bridge, March 9, 1785, and a rare Colonial map. She also gave a dining table made by her grandfather, Justin Hitchcock, who was a fifer to the company of Deerfield minute men who marched on the Lexington Alarm.—EDITOR.]

During the past year there has gone from earth one whose name is well known in Deerfield, and honorably connected at many points with its history. The slight sketch that follows is an attempt to bring before you an old and valued friend whom we all regard with deepest reverence and affection.

She was one who could never be forgotten. The priceless inheritance of good ancestry, the ennobling influence of high thought and gentle breeding, the sturdy religious training of a New England household in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, all combined to give a distinction which every one recognized as a marked characteristic of Mrs. Eunice Hitchcock Huntington. In her bearing, her manner, her character, she was distinguished. A friend of over thirty years' standing writes of her, "What a queenly woman she was! She might fitly have sat upon a throne in Europe. She did sit upon a throne, and her kingdom was a wide one." Yet we all know that she would be the first to disclaim any such praise.

You of old Deerfield, her friends and her neighbors, are familiar with the facts of her life. There is nothing unusual in them to keep her name before us as the heroine of an

extraordinary history. It is because of her rare and beautiful character that we love her and hold her in dear remembrance.

Her father, Henry Hitchcock, was a man of sterling qualities, whose steady, faithful devotion to right was known and recognized by all who knew him. Her mother, also, was of good New England stock, Betsey Kimberley of West Haven, Connecticut. Of a lovely nature, sweet, even-tempered, and gifted with a good supply of that saving grace, a sense of humor, she was honored and loved by both children and grandchildren.

Eunice Kimberley Hitchcock was the youngest of four children, two boys and two girls. Hers was a happy, healthy childhood, spent in quiet surroundings, and full of the delights of country life. From the old Hitchcock homestead on the Albany road, the child's vision could wander across stretches of meadow to the hills beyond the river, and, whether the fields were softly green in the warm spring sunshine, or golden in the richness of harvest, she was happy in their beauty, and in the wonders of blue haze, or purple shadow, or clear-cut swelling outline of the hillsides that she loved. Day-dreams and imaginings were thus mingled with the work and play of childhood. In later life, occasional references showed how keen and vivid was her memory of those early days. She has pointed out to me the tree into which she used to climb with her cousin Charles; she has told of long drives with her uncle, President Edward Hitchcock of Amherst, and of good times with the young people of the village.

It was to her uncle's talks with her that she attributed the origin of her love for all growing things, and the beginning of her intimate knowledge of plants and flowers. This interest remained with her an unfailing source of pleasure. Often have I seen her come back from a walk in the woods with her hands full of wild flowers, among which there was perhaps one specimen unfamiliar to her. "Now for Mrs. Dana," she would say, "or, if she cannot help us out, we must take the botany." When she visited at our house, we always brought our plant puzzles to her,

knowing how happy she was in tracing the name of some new flower.

Mrs. Huntington never lost her love for her old Deerfield home. Her knowledge of its history was accurate and extensive; she was proud of the record of its noble patriots, and of the deeds of its worthy sons and daughters. She was familiar with details of the life of the village in its early days, and with traditions of customs and people of other times.

A visit with her to Memorial Hall was a most delightful experience, for to the well-known tales connected with its valuable collection, she would add stories and items from her own personal knowledge and memory. The row of pewter vessels standing in order of size from the one of largest capacity to the smallest, holding perhaps half a pint, recalled to her mind the days when those very articles were familiar to her childish eyes in her own home, for her father, as public gauger, had in his possession the officially sealed standard weights and measures, by which to test the accuracy of quarts and pounds to be used in the village.

A walk through Deerfield street, a stroll in the meadows, or a drive anywhere in this beautiful region, was always a pleasure to her and to anyone who had the good fortune to be her companion, enlivened as it was sure to be by her stores of fun, and her lively and apposite reminiscences. She knew the country and loved it well. Sugar Loaf with its sister mountains, the rivers, the fertile meadows, all were dear to her. How often have I heard her expressions of delight in the beauty of Deerfield itself, and in the grace of its high-arching elms! She has often spoken of their feathery green in summer, of the delicate tracery of their bare branches against the star-lit depths of the winter sky, and once I heard her describe a rare sight, when one clear, bright autumn morning, all the great trees vied with each other in carpeting lawns and green and street with their foliage, and for two hours sent down a golden shower of slowly-falling leaves.

To this home of her childhood and youth, Mrs. Hunting-

ton returned often. At first she visited those members of her family who were still in the old homestead. Here, after the death of her parents, her brother Nathaniel and his wife lived for many years, and here, after his wife died, her brother lived alone until his failing strength made it necessary for some one to take constant care of him. It was a time when the staunch and faithful devotion of his sister did not fail, and, although for years she had been unaccustomed to the difficult conditions of a New England winter in a country town, she adjusted herself to the necessities of the case, and undertook the work and responsibility incident to the situation. So strong were the ties that bound her to Deerfield that even when the old house had passed by her wish into other hands, she still felt every year that her summer in New England was not complete without a visit to her native town.

She was always interested in whatever concerned its prosperity. She had much at heart the welfare of the church so long and honorably served as deacon by her brother, and by her father before him in the same office. Her gifts and words of cordial interest were an encouragement to its pastor. It was always her intention to plan her annual visit at a time when he was not away on his vacation, and when the church was open for its usual services. She delighted to remember all her Deerfield friends, keeping herself informed of their joys and sorrows in a way that was possible only to a generous, affectionate, unselfish heart.

You all know these details, perhaps; you know her interest and her loyalty as well as you know her dainty, graceful figure, unmistakable in its alert bearing; but it is good to recall such loyalty, and to remember how faithful was her love and devotion to her friends and to her early home. In her, Deerfield has lost a gracious presence, and not a few will listen sadly for the courteous word and the sympathetic greeting which have never failed for many long summers in the past.

It is not in Deerfield alone that her loss is felt. Her interest and her affection were not limited to one place or to one group of friends. She was a welcome visitor in many

homes, and her personality never failed to impress even those whom she met only occasionally. Some of my own neighbors connect her happily with great handfuls of sweet peas which she loved to share with them, and have said regretfully, "How we shall miss her calls and cheery greetings!" To her relatives and close friends her loss is irreparable.

Her second home was in Cleveland. It was to Cleveland that she moved when in 1854, she married Oliver Ellsworth Huntington. There were spent the happy years of her married life, there she made friends who loved her warmly, there she identified herself with church work, with missionary activities, and with the Women's Christian Association.

She was one of the organizers of this Association, to which she gave of her best interest and effort. Possessed of rare good judgment, an unprejudiced mind, and a quick, appreciative sympathy, she was eminently fitted to lead and to guide. Her advice was well considered, and her counsels were justly held in high esteem. She was appointed first chairman of the Stillman Witt Boarding Home, and filled the position with marked success for over twenty-five years. In remembrance of her services in connection with this Home, a corridor in its present building bears her name. This recognition of her devotion to the work was most grateful to her, although in her modesty and utter lack of the spirit of self-glorification, she talked very little of the matter. She was also one of the vice-presidents of the Association, and for a year and a half its acting president.

In 1873, she became president of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of Cleveland Presbytery. She held this office for twenty-five years, showing always a wise ability in management, a minute care for details, and a comprehensive understanding of affairs at home and in the foreign field.

Her interest in home missions was keen and intelligent. It was not enough for her that gifts of money and clothing were sent by the church to missionaries on the frontier; it did not satisfy her to know that the exchange of letters necessary to insure the sending of the right articles to those

in need had been accomplished. She was not content unless to the gift were added the personal note and the assurance of friendly co-operation and appreciation. One of the missionaries who knew her well writes of her, "She was always sympathetic, helpful, cheerful, courageous, wise in counsel, and inspiring in her enthusiasm."

After Mr. Huntington's death, in 1877, Mrs. Huntington made a trip to the west where she investigated for herself conditions of church work on the frontier. She was present at the dedication of Huntington Chapel, which was erected at Nephi, Utah, in honor of her work, and in memory of her husband. On hearing of her death, a former pastor of that church writes, "Her taking away is a real sorrow to us. I had long since learned to love her as one of the Master's faithful servants."

These wider activities did not prevent her from taking up responsibilities in the Second Presbyterian Church, of which she was a faithful and efficient member. She was always ready to bear her part in the social and religious gatherings of the church, and was constant in fulfilling the duties of church membership. She was quick to notice and to greet strangers, who were made welcome by her cordial words, or her friendly visits.

During the years when she had a home of her own, she showed herself a notable housewife and a gracious hostess. Those friends who visited Mr. and Mrs. Huntington in that home recall with appreciation the good cheer, the hospitality, the spirit of good will that prevailed there. And those who know how entire was her devotion to Mr. Huntington, realize with what bravery and self-forgetfulness she took up the task of living alone after the shock of his sudden death.

The qualities that she showed in that time of trial were markedly characteristic of her throughout her life. She never centred her thought in self; when troubles came, she met them without flinching, strong in a power not her own.

It is hard to realize that her busy active life on earth is over. One friend writes of her, "She was always so alive that I cannot think of her otherwise." One secret of her

long life and of her long-continued usefulness lay in the fact that she did not make the possibility of increasing feebleness and failing powers a subject of anxious thought. To her, life was always full of healthful, happy opportunities for service or achievement. Her habit of years, to play her part well while looking forward with high hope and abounding cheerfulness, kept her from growing old. In the companionship of such a soul the thought of old age is robbed of its terrors. Naturally independent and self-reliant, she yet accepted with simple dignity the attentions and courtesies which were her due. She did not disparage herself because of her years or for any other reason. Her heart was young, her vision clear, and life was good—a thing to be desired. Her daily reading kept her well informed, and in speech, thought and interest she showed herself remarkably conversant with current affairs. She numbered among her friends people of all ages, who recognized in her not only the spirit of joy, but a spring of hope and enthusiasm. One young man in speaking of her said, "I have always felt very great *camaraderie* with her," and many others can truly express the same feeling.

She gained from the years a mellowness of character that softened youthful traits of quickness and impatience, but she never lost the delightful spice of fun that was one of her most distinctive qualities. She was deliciously human, with her frank and vigorous expression of decided opinion, and yet so gracious and friendly withal that it was an unusual person who was hurt by her outspokenness.

Her good spirits, her sympathy, her power of appreciation united to make her a delightful visitor. She possessed the rare good sense to know how to fit into the family life without friction or intrusion. I remember her a dear and trusted friend of my parents, and, as a child, I learned to look forward with pleasure to her coming. Her courtesy, enjoyment, and interest were unfailing; her resources in the way of amusement were not small; and her fund of stories was inexhaustible. Some of these stories seemed to form part of herself, for they fitted closely into her thought and speech in such a way that they lost their flavor when

repeated by another. To quote one of her favorite phrases, she "took a sense of things," and appreciated to the full little amusing or incongruous happenings that escaped less observant eyes. This sense of humor was without sting, for she was as quick to turn its keenness upon herself as upon any one else.

It is hopeless to try to put into words the effect of this gay, light-hearted spirit that sparkled through her thought. It was one of the influences that kept her heart young. Even her severe illness of last fall could not dim her brightness, and more than once, while I waited, medicine-glass in hand, she would ignore her suffering to tell stories irresistibly funny both to her and to me. Thus her spirit triumphed grandly over the things of sense. How brave and uncomplaining she was to the last! It was an attitude most characteristic of her. Never despising the lowly commonplaces of earth, cherishing them rather as dear and familiar objects, yet when conflict arose between soul and sense, she soared unfalteringly above the temporal, and showed her kinship with the eternal.

She had a sane, wholesome, well-balanced nature; she held lofty ideals, which she did not suffer to become obscured in the varied experiences of everyday living. Firm and positive herself in regard to matters of conduct, she was singularly tolerant of others, and was not prone to harsh judgment. Hers was a personality powerful through the subtle graces of a character that gives rather than takes. Such an influence does not end when the bodily activity ceases; it passes as a force into other lives, and is strong to work for good and healthful ends. The memory of her life on earth will abide, a comfort, a refreshment, an inspiration to all who knew her, and as our thought follows her immortal part, we realize that for her in the wider life, new fields of noble service open, broad and fair and wonderful.

## GEORGE CATLIN.

BY ELSIE ABIGAIL CATLIN OF CHICAGO.

Born January 11, 1843; died March 23, 1910.

The love of the Fatherland is strong in all sons of New England, and when Seth Catlin, son of Richard, son of Major Seth, of Revolutionary times left Deerfield to make a hazard of new fortunes in the West, he never for a moment gave up the hope of some day returning. His letters preserved by his sister Catharine Catlin Baker are full of this hope. But the claims of a growing family, and the really formidable journey at that period, prevented the fulfillment of this desire, which he bequeathed to his family, to whom "Deerfield" is a title of nobility.

George Catlin, second son of Seth, imbibed his love of Deerfield from the traditions related by his father, and the accounts brought home by his older brother Richard, who was sent back to his grandparents to attend the Academy. Through the influence of his cousin, C. Alice Baker, whose love for Deerfield is perpetuated in the memory of her neighbors by her interest in the Academy, and in this society, he found his way back to Deerfield, to the home of his fathers, to leave a record of the family name. He made several visits to Frary House, with members of his family, and in 1899 became a life member of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association.

He died suddenly March 23, 1910, in San Antonio, Texas, whither he had gone to recuperate his failing health.

Seth Catlin soon gained for himself a position of trust in the new country by his honesty and integrity, as his fathers had done. These qualities were his best inheritance, and his best legacy to his posterity. He was one of the organizers of the Chicago Board of Trade and its first secretary.

George Catlin was a successful business man, a mason in high standing, a Knight Templar, and a member of the society of the Sons of the Revolution. His straightforward

honesty and his generosity were his best inheritance from his Deerfield ancestry. His love for his family and the simple homely pleasures of life was unlimited.

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## ADVENTURES OF A PIONEER.

BY JUDGE F. M. THOMPSON.

President Sheldon has several times invited me to give some account of my experiences as a pioneer in that region which until recently was known as "The Great Northwest."

For more than thirty years I have felt that the only "connecting link" between such adventures, and this Association, was my own personality, which "link" was too weak to overcome my conviction that my story, however interesting it might be, was hardly legitimate material for the archives of an Association which was formed, and is sustained, for the purpose of collecting and preserving relics and papers illustrating the early life in this region.

However, it has been suggested, that if a similar adventure had been undertaken by one of the early settlers of this valley, and the story had been committed to paper, and had come to light in our day, that the discovery of the record would be considered of historic importance in the annals of the Connecticut valley. So I accept Mr. Sheldon's invitation.

At the beginning of the Civil War, all that region in which now are organized the great states of Montana and Idaho, contained but few white men. At the trading posts of the Hudson Bay and the American Fur Company were the managers and clerks, and their half-breed employees, with their squaws and numerous children. There were three or four Catholic missions; and a very few adventurous ranchmen herding cattle in the rich valleys, and trading with the Indians. Hundreds of thousands of buffalo roamed over the plains and river bottoms, and beaver, mountain sheep, elk, deer, antelope, bear, wolves and other game existed in abundance. Numerous tribes of warlike Indians

hunted the wild animals, and each other; and stole from the white men when possible.

During the winter and spring of 1861-62, rumors of the finding of gold on the headwaters of the Snake River (in what is now Idaho) and just over the range from the head of the Missouri (now Montana), came to St. Louis, and created much interest. The merchants of that city, intent upon securing their full share of the benefits which might be expected to result from the rush to the new mining region, organized several exploring parties to take passage up the Missouri River upon the opening of navigation in the spring, with instructions to secure such mining interests as was possible, and to make full report as to the prospects of the future settlement of that unknown region.

For many years the American Fur Company, owned largely by the Choteau family of St. Louis, had annually sent up the river a steamer or two, laden with Indian goods and supplies for their trading stations, to bring down the furs and pelts secured the preceding season.

Among the commanders of their boats, were Captains John, and Joseph LaBarge, men of sterling worth, who thus became possessed of thorough knowledge of the river and of the immense profits of the fur trade.

Other progressive men had vainly sought to obtain a foothold in this trade which had made fortunes for the Choteaus, but the LaBarges formed a new company called LaBarge, Harkness & Co., and advertised to run up their two boats, and establish new trading posts on the upper river. Both companies were rather disconcerted by the rumors of the discovery of gold, and the consequent excitement, but they well knew that the transportation of the gold-seekers would be very profitable, even if the increased population destroyed the fur trade.

I became a member of the exploring party of the American Mining and Mineral Company, and was the secretary and treasurer thereof, so I was in duty bound to keep a diary, which is the basis of this paper.

Our party consisted of twelve men, one of the members taking his wife with him on the picnic. We had a wagon

and six harnesses, mining tools, provisions, and all necessities to maintain our party in the field for a year. Tom C. Willard, a native of Greenfield, was captain; but with Mr. and Mrs. Gould and three others he returned to St. Louis soon after visiting the gold discoveries.

On April 30, 1862, Captain John LaBarge pulled out from the St. Louis levee with his stern-wheel steamer Shreveport, and amid the booming of guns and blowing of steam whistles, began his long journey up the Missouri. The boat carried seventy-five gold seekers, and a cargo of Indian goods and mining supplies for LaBarge, Harkness & Co. The Key West, one of the American Fur Company's boats, had sailed a few days earlier, and their large side wheel steamer Spread Eagle, left port a few days later. These boats each carried full complements of passengers, and heavy freights of merchandise and Indian goods.

On the 14th of May, Captain Joe LaBarge, loosed his fine steamer Emelie from her wharf boat, amid the shouts and huzzas of a concourse of people, and laid her course through the turbid waters of the Mississippi, for the mouth of the Missouri. Among the hundred cabin passengers was our party; and there were beside about seventy-five "deckers." The good ship was to find her way for 3,300 miles, up the constantly changing channel of the snaggy Missouri.

Among the passengers was Chancellor Hoyt, of the University of St. Louis, and his wife, who made the trip for the purpose of recruiting the failing health of Dr. Hoyt, but the experiment was a failure, for he did not long survive his return from the mountains.

Time will not permit the rehearsal of the minor incidents of the rather monotonous voyage through the settled portion of the country, but I may say, that so many of the settlers along the river had enlisted in the army, that cord wood for the steamer's use was very scarce. The first Sunday out, the captain being short of wood, seeing a deserted cabin near the river bank, ran the Emelie's nose to the shore, and making fast, in a short time the roustabouts and the passengers had the timber of that cabin on board

for use under the boilers. We caught sight of the first Indians at Blackbird's agency. It is said that old Chief Blackbird gained his despotic sway over the tribe, because it always proved true when he prophesied that any certain objectionable individual had not long to live his prophecy always was fulfilled. After his death in 1800, it was found that his inspiration was obtained from a little bottle of strychnine, secured from a merciless trader. He was buried sitting on horseback on the summit of the river bank, a considerable mound of earth showing from the river. He was said to have chosen this burial place, so that he could see the traders as they went up the river.

Just below Sioux City, Iowa, we saw the cedar post marking the grave of Sergeant Charles Floyd, the only one of Lewis and Clark's party who died during their wonderful march to Astoria and return. He died on August 20, 1804, and was buried upon the high bluff on the Iowa side of the river. The caving in of the river bank having caused the exposure of the remains, the Floyd Memorial Association was organized, and in 1900, aided by the United States and the state of Iowa, a tapering shaft 100 feet in height was erected to his memory.

On the eleventh day out, the Emelie came to Fort Randall (a trading post), then occupied by 300 men of the 14th Iowa Volunteers. Close by, were about 100 lodges of Sioux Indians. With a half-breed sub-chief whom I had met on the boat, I visited many lodges, and by my proficiency with a big jews-harp, I seemed to give them much entertainment, if "How," "Hows" and grunts, were any indication of thanks.

Not very far above Sioux City the river sweeps around Medicine Hill, in a great bend said to be forty miles around and only about four across. With expectation of meeting the Emelie within a few hours, therefore taking neither food nor blankets, fifty happy Nimrods filed off the steamer, hoping to have a good tramp and perhaps secure some game. Straggling up the mountain we reached the summit from which the view was magnificent; but in the broad sweep of the river, we could see nothing of the steamer.

We found no game, but on a prairie across the river, saw a numerous herd of wild horses. When evening came on with its chill wind, we suffered severely, as we dared not have a camp fire, for a Sioux warrior who was along said that a war party of Pawnees was in the vicinity; and then not liking our noise and tumult he abandoned our party and hid himself for the night. When near noon the Emelie put in an appearance, there filed on board as hungry a crowd as she ever entertained. The boat had rested all night on a sand bar.

Two days later, the captain found much difficulty in finding the right channel among some islands. Hoping thereby to lighten his load, Captain LaBarge told us that Fort Pierre was only about twelve miles across a certain point on the west bank of the river, but that it was much farther by the river. This time about forty passengers were ready for a walk, and it was decided to let all the animals on board have a taste of fresh grass. Among them was a fine large pair of mules, and I thought that it would be nice to take a ride. I made the tie-rope into a kind of bridle, and mounting on the mule's bare back, took my rifle and started. In the meantime the mule's mate had got a half mile ahead, and my steed put in his best gait to overtake him. My efforts to hold him were of no more effect than if not made, but I clung on, sure that I could ride as fast as he could carry me; but alas! running in the high prairie grass, the mule came suddenly upon the brink of a hidden deep ravine, and stopped so suddenly that I and my belongings landed twenty feet ahead, or so it then seemed, and the mule went unrestrained to join his mate. After getting my breath and senses, I found myself with a badly sprained ankle, and no steamer to be seen. I was forced to use my rifle as a crutch and painfully hobble on after my companions who soon disappeared from sight, leaving, however, a broad trail. I found them on the river bank opposite old Fort Pierre, in much excitement, as the Indians had been firing at them across the river, but without effect. Waving a flag of truce a boat was seen to put out, which contained a half-breed named LaTroube, and six

big Indians, who had taken our party for hostile Indians. LaTroube said they had been expecting the Fur company boats for many days, but had not heard of the new company. He said that he was going down to meet the boat and that I had better go with him, and have my ankle attended to. Glad of the opportunity, I accepted his offer and he guided the boat toward the right bank of the river. All the Indians cocked their guns and keenly watched the bushes as we passed close to the shore, and LaTroube said that they were watching for a war party, who had the day before stolen a band of horses and killed the herder.

Not knowing whether I was a wicked Ree or a good Sioux, I prayed fervently that they would not find what they sought, and my prayer was answered, and about nine o'clock in the evening we reached the Emelie. The kind-hearted captain ordered the mate to the relief of my companions, who were suffering the pangs of hunger and cold in darkness and rain, but after several hours the boat returned without having found them. The steamer had been unable to pass the sand bars and was tied up three miles below where we had left her on our trip. The channel changed in the night, and about ten o'clock the Emelie picked up a hungry, bedraggled lot of tenderfeet who vowed that they would ever after stick by the boat.

The large number of Indians about Fort Pierre were much alarmed at seeing so many white people coming into their country, and Captain LaBarge not knowing what kind of a reception he would meet with from them, tied up on the opposite side of the river, and sent over boats with an invitation to the principal chiefs to come to the Emelie and have a talk.

So a great smoke talk was held in the steamer cabin; there was hand-shaking, presents, talk, and more presents; the pow-wow ending in a great exhibition of intense Indian oratory. The Indians secured the promise that no firearms or ammunition should be sold to their enemies up the river, and were sent home rejoicing.

Not far above Fort Pierre, a lone buffalo was seen making for the river, into which he plunged and swam for the

other shore. Almost immediately the fusillade began, although the game was a long distance away. The captain ran the boat to the shore, and I hobbled along with the crowd up the river bank, to get my first shot at a buffalo. I sent a bullet which struck a horn of the beast which seemed to craze him, as he swam directly for the steamer. Captain Galpin gave him the fatal shot, and the men in the yawl towed him to the ship. A cable around his horns, attached to the "nigger engine," lifted the huge ugly looking carcass on board, and we soon began to feast on buffalo hump.

Among the passengers was one John Francis, a Welsh minister, who proved to be a man of rare attainments, possessing a better knowledge of human nature, and adaptability to surrounding circumstances, than any man I had ever met. As he was destined to be a close companion for many days, I thus early introduce him to your acquaintance. He gave us most practical sermons, in the ship's cabin, and we organized a select choir of male voices who roared out the old sanctuary songs with vigor, much to the astonishment of the Indians who were on, or near the steamer, on board of which they came and went at their pleasure. Game of many kinds now became very plentiful, and we feasted on buffalo, elk, deer, and antelope, while the few Indians indulged, on the boiler deck, in devouring raw, the reeking livers of the slaughtered animals.

On the morning of the twentieth day out, when near old Fort Mandan, built by Lewis & Clark, where they wintered in 1804-5, we were awakened before daylight, by the cry, "Buffalo!" "Buffalo!" "The river is full of them." Rushing on deck I beheld what will never more be seen,—hundreds, perhaps thousands, of buffalo swimming the river. The steamer could not run clear of them, and passengers and crew punched them with sticks as they passed under the guards of the steamer. Not much shooting was done; only seven were killed, four being taken on board for a meat supply. The calves would swim close along the side of the mother in the eddy made by her body, and when they climbed the bank some began grazing within pistol

shot of the boat. Several wolves followed close behind the herd, watching for any laggard or wounded beast which they might attack.

We landed at the old Mandan town, situated on a high rocky bluff on the west side of the river, and pulled down one of the old houses for use under our boilers. In an ancient cache I found some small ears of highly colored corn, which looked as though it would germinate, and in fact it did, when I planted it a few years later. Scattered around beneath the ruins of platforms (erected upon high posts) which once contained the bodies of deceased members of the tribe, lay the skulls and other bones of dead Indians, who perhaps once held conferences with Lewis and Clark in 1804-5 when they wintered here with the Mandans. At Fort Berthold we overtook the steamers Spread Eagle and Key West (Fur company boats), which left St. Louis before we did. There was much rivalry between the two companies, but we all laid up together in peace and harmony on the night of June 6th; in fact, as they had seen no buffalo, we supplied them with meat.

In the morning the Spread Eagle got the first start, but in the run of about four miles the Emelie passed her, though unfortunately she soon ran her nose into a sand bar, and the "Buzzard" (as we called her) again took the lead. The Emelie was the faster boat, and the captain of the "Buzzard" knew it, and when the Emelie again caught up he ran his boat zig-zag across the narrow channel, so that we could not pass.

The French blood of Captain LaBarge was now up, and putting on all steam he ran the Emelie nearly a half length ahead of the "Buzzard," when her pilot put the bill of the dirty bird into the side of the Emelie, nearly overturning her boilers, and tearing off her guards. Captain LaBarge seized his rifle and aiming it at his rival's head swore that he would shoot the head off any man who purposely ran into his boat, but his son caught away the gun in time to prevent a homicide. We were happily out of sight of the rival boat before night.

In justification of Captain LaBarge, it may be stated

that upon his return to St. Louis, he made complaint, and the license as pilot of the offending captain was taken from him, but after the humble acknowledgment of his fault, on Captain LaBarge's petition, it was restored to him, because his family were suffering.

Almost every day, thousands of buffalo were seen upon the prairies and river bottoms, and swimming the river. Whenever meat was wanted, the steamer would be run up to some one of the foolish buffalo standing in the mud beneath some high bank that they could not climb, a rope would be thrown over its horns, and the nigger engine would swing it on board. One day we met a Mackinaw boat in which were ten men taking a load of furs to St. Louis. They begged for papers, as for a year they had heard nothing concerning the war.

On Sunday, June 8th, we reached Fort Union, just above the mouth of the Yellowstone River. None of the forts which I have mentioned (excepting Randall) contained soldiers, but were trading posts of the American Fur Company. As each had been occupied by horses, cattle, hogs, Indians and half-breeds, during the winter, they were the filthiest, dirtiest, most ill smelling places I ever came in range of. While lying at Fort Union, Mr. Francis preached to a congregated crowd of such character and appearance as would have created a sensation in any civilized country.

At the mouth of Milk River, Captain Galpin landed from the boat a wagon, five horses and two mules, for the purpose of driving across the country 275 miles to Fort Benton, in order to gather in Indian ponies for sale to the tenderfeet when they should arrive at Benton.

Excepting at the trading posts, we saw no evidences of civilization for hundreds of miles. During the last thousand miles, we had been obliged to cut all the wood with which to run the boat. This was generally done after we had tied up for the night, the men working by the light of torches on the boat and big bonfires upon the shore. The scene among the big cottonwoods was weird and picturesque, the motley crew of deck hands singing as they toted the wood aboard the steamer.

One of our passengers had with him a large staghound. Some Nimrod wounded a buffalo on the river bank, and the captain ran to the shore, and the hound went in pursuit of the wounded beast. As it requires the swiftest pony to run a buffalo, the chase was full of excitement, but the great gaunt hound soon had the game at bay. The first of some fifty men following, killed the big beast with his revolver, and the captain having sent out a long rope, all hands joined and snaked the carcass aboard the boat.

Once, great excitement followed the discovery of a bear swimming the river. The game was far ahead and was likely to reach the shore before the fire could be effective, but the fusillade promptly began. Imagine the chagrin of the Nimrods when as the beast climbed the river bank, it proved to be a *large buffalo calf!*

One morning when near the mouth of the Musselshell, we were surprised to discover on the south river bank, a nice looking log cabin, and signs of civilized life. Landing, we found a French hunter, by the name of Duboies, with his squaw wife and a black-eyed little papoose. He was at least two hundred miles from any neighbor, and had gathered the pelts of eleven hundred wolves, and the skins of beaver, elk, deer, bear and buffalo, in great number. After much bargaining, the captain traded for the whole lot, and took them on board, as well as the happy family with their horse and cart.

Game was abundant, and the captain stopped and took on a deer shot from the boat.

Four elk were killed whilst swimming the river. A family of Indians on board the boat, made a fine stew, in a borrowed camp kettle, from some unborn kids. Several of the passengers remained up half of the nights catching fine large catfish, some weighing four and five pounds. A second Mackinaw boat made us a visit, loaded with furs, bound for St. Louis. They told us that we were about 125 miles from Fort Benton, and that our sister boat, the Shreveport, was about fifty miles ahead. We were now in the "Bad Lands," vividly described by Lewis & Clark. The beautiful clear water of the river was hedged in by bluffs from four

to seven hundred feet in height, streaked with many colors, and seamed with great veins of lignite.

Here we met the first obstruction to navigation by rapids, the danger being from boulders deposited by the swift running waters. At the foot of the first one, the Emelie using all her available power, entered the race, and for half an hour at the most rapid point of the boiling water, hardly gained a foot. Pitch and tar were burned under her boilers, and at last, she gained the crest and speeded on her way. That night we tied up about halfway between the first and second rapids. Forty or fifty of us climbed the bluffs, from the top of which the river appeared like a canal, as we looked down upon it.

Sunday morning, June 15th, just one month after leaving St. Louis, Captain LaBarge succeeded in putting the Emelie up the second rapids, before many of the passengers were out of their berths.

At the foot of the "Dead Man's Rapids" we found the Shreveport, which had not been able to ascend the rapids. The meeting was celebrated by our light artillery and by a general pow-wow upon the Emelie. The sister boat had failed after several attempts in stemming the foaming waters. It was now raining hard, and along the rapids there had been a slide of the steep clayey bluff into the river. A conference of the officers decided to ask all the passengers of both boats to go on shore, and all the deck hands were sent from the boat, whose services could be dispensed with. The smoke from the coal and tar used under the boilers rolled up from the tall smokestacks of the Emelie; while for an hour we poor fellows stood in the mud on a steep side hill, the boat vainly tried to creep up the mad waters of the rapids. At last, by signs, we made the captain understand that if he would give us a line, we would cordelle the boat over the rapids. He sent us a rope's end in the yawl, and a hundred and fifty men soon pulled the boat over the crest into calm water, the cannon being fired to celebrate the victory. Anchoring the Emelie, a hawser was attached to a keg, and floated down to the Shreveport, and the nigger engine soon had her alongside her mate.

To the passengers, wet to the skin, and covered with mud, the cabin of the *Emelie*, made hot by the extraordinary fires below, was a most welcome place of refuge. Mr. Francis calmed our excited minds by giving us a first rate sermon.

Early the following morning we sighted Fort Benton, the shore below being alive with Indians, welcoming the boats, and exhibiting their remarkable horsemanship. Steamers had never before reached this point, and we were compelled to repeat the process of pulling up the *Shreveport* over rapids which she could not otherwise surmount.

After stopping at Fort Benton for an hour, we proceeded about a mile above, near where stood old Fort Campbell, an abandoned adobe structure, owned by the American Fur Company, where LaBarge, Harkness & Co. decided to establish their trading post. It was now the 17th of June, and we had been out from St. Louis 33 days, averaging 100 miles per day, having tied up every night, and for two-thirds of the trip cut a large part of our firewood.

The *Emelie* and *Shreveport* discharged their cargos upon the river bank, and two days later sailed for St. Louis, taking with them a good many men whose courage in the face of prospective hardships had oozed out.

Collecting our outfit, we turned our attention to purchasing a team of ponies with which to take our wagon load of goods across the Rocky Mountains, whose glistening summits we could see from the high bluffs in the vicinity. Ordinarily Indian ponies sold at about \$25.00, but we were compelled to pay \$50.00 and my private purchase of a good one cost me \$70.00. We hired a long-haired mountaineer called "Big Gwynn," for teamster. He proved a good man, but the poor fellow was killed the next season by the Sioux, while navigating a Mackinaw down the Missouri. The prairie bottom near the fort, was hardly large enough to contain the six wild ponies with Big Gwynn on the wagon, when he was educating them in their new duties. The motive power of that concern had never known anything more complex than an Indian saddle, and their mouths had never contained any other guiding power than a raw-hide string tied to the underjaw. The show was as enter-

taining as any circus ever seen. Gwynn won command at last, and after five days, we were able to move our camp over on to the Teton River, where there was found wood, water and grass; all camp essentials, wood and grass being very scarce at the fort.

During the long voyage of the *Emelie*, I had made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Vail, who with their two children and Mrs. Vail's sister Miss Electa Bryan, were to take charge of a farm established by the government, about sixty miles from Fort Benton, in the Sun River valley, for the purpose of teaching the Blackfeet Indians how to farm. Rev. Mr. Reed, the Methodist Indian agent, had been the Vails' pastor in Iowa, and was also on the boat. We had become very good friends, and the Vails, and Mr. Reed, invited me to go with them to the farm, and make it my headquarters until such time as our company should become settled at some place. I accepted the invitation, as a young man from Philadelphia, who was taking this trip under my charge because of a tendency to tuberculosis, had concluded to remain on the farm, as an assistant to the Vails. This young man was named Joseph Swift and has since made a fortune in the Diamond Match Company.

We found the deserted farm buildings to consist of a stockade inclosing a comfortable log house, a storehouse, and some other small buildings, the whole (including a large corral) surrounded by a high Virginia fence, inclosing a few acres for a garden and for raising English hay. Five or six miles below, the government had erected three or four comfortable log cabins and a corral, for the use of Little Dog, the Blackfoot chief, but they had not been occupied for some years. So far, the attempt to induce Indians to engage in farming had been a dismal failure.

The Sun River valley is now the location of one of the great reclamation plants of the government, affecting 276,000 acres of rich farming lands. We found the river unfordable, and spent some days in recovering the government ferryboat which had stranded some distance down the river. Several parties were waiting at the Little Dog huts,

to cross the swollen river, on their journey across the "Shining Mountains." The party of Mr. Gray of St. Louis, with whom I was intimate, urged me to go along with them, and the fever of discovery prevailed, and bidding Swift and the Vails good-by, I joined their cavalcade. |

The government, during the Stevens survey for the Pacific railroad, had constructed a passable wagon road from Fort Benton to Walla Walla on the Columbia, but in the cañons and on the mountain streams, nearly all the bridges had been swept away, which compelled any party with wagons to take to the mountains on old buffalo or Indian trails, almost impassable.

This state of things compelled us to cross Medicine Rock Hill, on the summit of which we found an outcropping in the shape of a cock's comb, held in great reverence by the Indians. Camping one night on Wolf's Creek, our horses being tethered with rawhide lariats, these were gnawed off by the wolves, and our horses strayed a long distance from camp. On the 3d of July, we reached the mile post at Mul-len's Pass, the summit of the Rocky Mountains. After a game of snowballing, we waved the national flag, sang patriotic songs, and one of the party in touching words bade farewell to the waters flowing to the Gulf of Mexico. Following down the Little Blackfoot (which soon became the size of our Green River), the waters of which find the Columbia, we made an early camp. I found the river crowded with fine trout, and soon had a plentiful supply for the entire party.

The following day we came out into Deer Lodge Park, a large and most beautiful valley, the creek being as large as Miller's River. At the junction of the two streams begins the Hell Gate River, along the right hand of which we continued our journey, arriving near night opposite the mouth of Gold Creek, where we knew that mining operations had commenced. After much search a passable ford was found, and our wagon safely taken over. A little Frenchman had come up to our camp, having packed his belongings all the way from Fort Benton. No one had thought to put his traps into the wagon, and in fact he was forgotten in the

excitement attending the fording of the river. We were surprised when we saw the plucky little fellow in the deep and rapid water, trying to keep his balance with his heavy pack, and horrified to see him go down, sometimes the pack on top of the Frenchman, and then he upon the pack. Luckily, he made the shore he started from, a wetter and a wiser man. I hired a little Indian boy to go over with my pony and bring him over, which he did with ease. His thanks were very profuse and comical. In the afternoon, we reached Goldenville and found fifteen or twenty men at work mining for gold. James and Granville Stuart, the pioneers of these mines, welcomed us, and advised that we try and find ground where the bed rock (on which the gold is found) was not so deeply buried as it was near their camp.

Already about twenty of the tenderfeet had reached this place, and were trying to find claims where they could get out enough gold to furnish supplies for the winter. Our party were encouraged by seeing two men clean up a day's work at sluicing, where they took out an ounce of gold worth \$20.00. We set at work on Pioneer Creek, a branch of Gold Creek. Before we reached bed rock, water flooded our prospect hole, and others had the same trouble. Not knowing exactly what to do, a few of Gray's party, and my partner, Bryan, decided to prospect in a new place. Being lame I rode my pony, and the others taking blankets, provisions and mining tools on their backs, we struck out over the hills. We found a nice stream, which we afterwards learned was Rock Creek. Following up the stream toward the mountains, we dug prospect holes, always finding a color, but also water, which prevented us from reaching the bed rock.

At last, we came to a large swaley place, overgrown with bushes, and hearing the "swish" of a white-tailed deer, I gave my horse to Bryan, and tried to find him. I was the only one of the party who had a rifle, the others having revolvers. The party led by Bryan turned down the creek, which ran in a deep ravine. Soon I heard a revolver shot, and a cry, "Bear! a bear! Come Thompson, with your

rifle!" Lame as I was, it did not take me long to hobble down where I saw the bear disappearing over the bluff on the opposite side of the creek. How I got through the deep ravine I do not remember, but I was in time to see the bear run into a round, bushy swale, and as I came near he ran out the opposite side up a steep hill. I fired as he ran, and he turned and clawed at his shoulder, and then disappeared over the hilltop. I followed on a run, trying to load my rifle as I went, but when I tried to place my patched bullet in the muzzle of my gun, found that I had lost my starter. I tried to ram it down with the wiping stick, but was not able. I was compelled to stop and cut a dry hard wood stick, whittle out a starter, and drive the bullet down with a stone. I supposed that I had lost the bear, but when I reached the crest, I found below, a large open grove of great rough barked pine trees, and saw slowly hitching up one of these, my bear. Not having anybody else to talk to, I remember of saying to myself, "Keep cool, Thompson! that's your bear." So it proved. When the big brute reached a large limb, he walked out on it until it forked, turned himself around, and lay down like a big dog, his head resting upon his paws. I rested my rifle beside another pine and taking deliberate aim, shot him through the heart. The big fellow arose, wavered a little, lost his balance, and came crashing to the ground. Landed behind a little knoll, when I came up he was tearing up the turf, but was soon dead, and I cut his throat with my John Russell hunting knife, and going to the hilltop, yelled with such vigor that the boys heard me in their camp, nearly a mile away, and Bryan came to my assistance. We cut what would be called a gambrel stick, and inserting it in the bear's hind legs, tried to drag him to camp, but we found it hard work to do so against his fur; so I cut off the tops of my moccasins, and tying the stick to his lordship's nose, and turning him on his back, we had an easier job. Lying around a big campfire, we roasted and ate bear meat to our content, then rolling ourselves in our blankets, with nothing but air between us and the twinkling stars, we slept like old mountaineers.

The next day I hobbled into Goldenville, leading my horse loaded with bear meat, and felt much set up when I was hailed as "Bear-killer." Our mining operations not meeting our expectations, we journeyed up the Hell Gate to the mouth of the Deer Lodge, where we took possession of one of Johnny Grant's abandoned cabins, in which we set up housekeeping, and awaited the arrival of Big Gwynn from Fort Benton, with our outfit. Our friends of the Gray party having lost their courage, decided to sell their surplus outfit, and go to Portland. One morning, Gwynn and his six ponies came rolling into our camp, and we then rented the cabin and called it our home, with Capt. Nick Wall from St. Louis for our neighbor. There was a corral near by, and hundreds of cattle were grazing in the valley. Seeing a couple of cows with small calves, we got them into the corral, and by gentle means and salt, we became able to milk them. Then, letting the mothers out to graze, and keeping the calves confined, they were sure to return to their young. I was the cook, and soon had all our limited supply of hollow ware set for cream, and was soon able to supply our table with Deer Lodge butter, the best brand probably for five hundred miles, for Grant's squaw wives (he had four of them) made no use of their cows. Grant had a wife from each surrounding tribe of Indians, and when a war party was sighted, care was taken to ascertain which tribe was to be entertained, and the other three women and their kids were secreted until danger was averted.

To say that we lived high, was not half stating it; for at our very doors, the rivers were full of the finest trout fishermen ever saw; deer abounded in the brush along the streams; antelope grazed among the cattle which roamed the prairie; spruce hens, as large as our domestic fowls, kept company with jack rabbits in the sagebrush, along the river bottoms.

Although fascinated with this free life in the beautiful mountain valley, we were painfully aware that the season was fast passing, and that we had not yet found any placer mines, which offered quick returns for labor expended.

At length, Bryan and I determined that we would go to the Beaver Head country, about 120 miles toward Salt

Lake, on a prospecting expedition. We gathered a party of thirteen, and secured John W. Powell, an experienced mountain man as guide, organizing in military form, with Major Graham, an ex-military officer, as captain. We were aware that we might meet hostile Crows or Bannacks, and kept strict guard every night. Soon after passing the celebrated hot springs, on our way up Deer Lodge Creek, the guide discovered far ahead on a table-land, a large animal which he thought was a grizzly bear. Two others and myself started out to have a tussle with him. Powell said, "You better let that bear alone," but, with the captain's leave, we kept on.

We rode up the valley so that the beast should not see us, and when we thought we were opposite the game, each man chose a small ravine coming down from the higher land, and followed it up to its head. Upon rising from my concealment, I discovered the animal to be an immense wood buffalo; the largest of his species I had ever seen. As he was nearer to Mandeville than myself, I signaled him to fire. He let loose, and the horrid brute turned in his track and made directly toward me. I stood my ground. He came up within a few rods, turned about, and lay down like an ox. With rifle already to fire, I slowly approached him, and found him dead; shot through the heart. We cut off his hump, took the tongue and heart, and left a mountain of meat to the wolves and bears. Could we have brought away that head it would have been a prize indeed. The next morning we followed up a small stream which came in from the southeast, through a low divide in the main range, which we named "Powell's Pass," as we supposed Powell to be the first white man who ever made use of it.

Undoubtedly, we this day tramped over the inexhaustible riches which underlie the vicinity of Butte, without an inkling of the immense deposits of copper, silver and gold, beneath our feet. Following down what is now White Tail Deer Creek, we turned to the north along the foot hills. We prospected at nearly every stopping place, frequently finding fine gold. Camping upon a fine stream one night,

where there was splendid tall grass, I got a great scare while acting as guard. Lying in the tall grass, a few rods from camp, after midnight I thought I heard a noise. Rising on my elbows, my heart thumping like a trip hammer, I saw the ears of an old white mule stick out first one way and then the other, and I was sure that Indians were crawling toward the picketed horses. In the dim light I could, I thought, see now and then a head show for an instant. I made ready to fire; then I thought that if I sprang a false alarm, I should be the butt of the party. I had sense enough to wait. The eastern sky fast lighted up, and soon I could make out the heads of two sneaking wolves creeping toward camp. I loved those wolves because they were not Crow Indians. But after daylight, and the camp was astir, I killed them both, "lest they forget" and scare some other fellow.

Here we camped some days, prospecting along the mountain streams. I think that now the town of Boulder, the shire of Broadwater County, Montana, stands about where we camped. A mile or two above, the creek ran through a cañon. One day we climbed around through the timber back of the cañon, and came out into a nice little park. We made a noon camp on a small creek coming in from the north. While waiting, Powell took from a pan of dirt a very good showing. Others also showed a good prospect. After dinner, Bryan and I opened a large hole in an old creek bed, which gave a good showing. Finally, about all the party joined in putting down our quest for the bed rock. One pan of dirt yielded thirty-five cents. We went down ten feet, finding pay dirt all the way, then water came in. There was considerable excitement, and we concluded that we had made a good discovery. There were many large boulders, and the mines became known by that name, in time; but we then and there organized the "St. Louis mining district" choosing Major Graham president, and myself as secretary.

We decided to follow up to the crest of the mountains, and over to Deer Lodge. It was the 6th of August that we camped on the summit, suffering with cold, as water froze

hard in camp. We were nearly out of all provisions but meat, of which we had a surfeit, having killed an antelope every day but the first.

One day as Powell and I (for I always rode with him in front) came out of a narrow cañon, we ran upon two mountain sheep—big horns. They ran a little way up a steep hill-side, and stopped broadside to us. Powell whispered "Take the one to the left." I slipped off my pony, drew up my rifle and fired. Away went my sheep up the mountain, while Powell's rolled down the hill, almost to us. It was the only time I ever had "the buck fever," and I didn't hear the last of it during that trip. I don't believe I saw the front sight of my rifle at all.

When we arrived at our home camp, we found that more than a hundred "Pike's Peakers" had come in, and camped near our cabins. Willard was feeding many who were out of provisions from our stores. They were waiting for us to return, in hopes that we would find some good mines. So sure were our party that they had, that nearly all determined to follow me in, when I returned.

On Sunday evening, August 10th, three of our party and myself started to return to the new mines. We were immediately followed by a large number of old miners. We made another cold camp upon the mountain summit, my fourth crossing. Late in the afternoon we came near our discovery, and away went the crowd on a dash for the first choice of claims. President Graham was not present, and almost before I could get unpacked, they overwhelmed me with demands to have their claims recorded, disputing with each other as to their respective rights. Night came to my relief, and the morning found all busy prospecting their new claims. But before noon, many gathered, angrily blaming me because they had found their claims so full of large boulders that they could not reach the bed rock, and that it would be weeks before they would be able to take out a grub-stake. Many of them were entirely without provisions, or means to obtain any, and must find quick returns, or suffer. Some of the more sensible ones admitted that there were rich diggings here, but that the

season was so far spent, that they would not be able to get down to the pay dirt.

I felt that it was pretty hard to have all the blame for the condition of things packed upon the shoulders of one poor innocent being, and that the situation was anything but pleasant. It was finally decided that all must go, or all stay; as the hostile Indians would clean out any small party, when they found it. Several, including two of my partners, decided to go to Beaver-head, where rumors of rich mines having been found were current. The district was abandoned, much to my disgust; and each man took the way he thought best. I took the fifth crossing of the summit, disgusted with humanity in general, and Pike's Peakers in particular. In the quiet of the almost deserted cabin, I figured up my travels since I had purchased my pony, and found that I had ridden him in two months over seven hundred miles, without his ever having a shoe upon his feet. At one time, he went lame from traveling over broken lava, and I cut the skin from the head of a buffalo which I had killed, and bound it over his feet, which brought immediate relief. Two of our party, who had lost their grip, went to Fort Benton, intending to go down the river in a Mackinaw. I decided to remain at home until our party settled down in some place.

One day some men who had been fishing above our cabin came in with bulging eyes, saying that a big grizzly was up the creek a little way, and had scared them so that they did not dare to shoot. Three or four of us brave ones, started out to find that grizzly, and find him we did. We were following his tracks in some high willow brush, when up rose Mr. Bear, his head above the willows, within ten feet of us; and we went one way, and the bear the other! That one roar made us realize that this was not the bear we had lost. Telling this adventure to Malcolm Clark, an old Fur company manager, who had the scalp from one side of his head taken off by a grizzly, he wondered at our wisdom in not shooting. I told him that it was not *wisdom*, but the sudden effect of a big *scare*. He said that if we had

wounded the bear, in those willows, he would have been likely to have killed some of us.

On the 25th of August, we heard of a tragedy at Goldenville, fifteen miles below us. Three men came into the little settlement from the Oro Fino mines, with three horses and two mules. Soon after, two men arrived and said that the animals had been stolen. One of the claimants stepped into a saloon, where he saw one of the thieves dealing a pack of cards, and shot him dead. The other two were put under guard, and a miners' court was called. One of the prisoners, a fine appearing fellow of 23, acknowledged that he and the man who was shot stole the horses and mules; so the miners voted that the innocent man who had fallen into bad company be discharged. The manly appearance of the young man who confessed, worked upon the sympathies of the miners, but it was voted 24 to 9, that he should be hung. He calmly wrote a letter to his people saying that he had been very lucky in the mines at Oro Fino, that he got a lot of gold, fell into bad company, lost all he had in gambling, went five miles out of Elk City and stole the horses, and started for Fort Benton, intending to go down the river to his home. That his partner had been killed, and that he was to be hung in an hour. He hoped that his fate might be a lesson to other young men. After his execution his body was decently buried, while that of his companion was covered with the cards he was dealing crumpled in his hand. This was the first hanging in what is now Montana, and it gave the place the name of "Hangtown," which clung to it for many years.

All but Willard, Watkins and myself of our party, had gone to the new mines on Grasshopper Creek, in the vicinity of the three forks of the Missouri. So we three hired John Cummings and his ox team to take us over, the distance being about 120 miles. Rumors of Indian troubles were in the air, and I left my pony with Johnny Grant, for fear of losing him. Just above the hot springs, we met a Mr. King with our wagon, sent home by our men for supplies. He had been surrounded by fifteen Indians who robbed him of all his provisions, and let him go. He brought

the report that the Snakes and Bannacks had murdered two men named Campbell on Green River, burned one wagon and destroyed the contents of another. They had also killed four men and wounded one of another party. Another train lost three men and seven horses. It was also reported that several men who ventured out hunting, had never returned to their camps. It was said that the Indians declared that there were but a few white men, and that they were all squaws (would not fight). One great difficulty was, the new men could not distinguish good Indians from bad ones, until it was too late to act.

We safely passed the divide, and while camping on a small creek running into the Bighole River, we met three of our party bound for Fort Benton and St. Louis. They were in luck to meet us, for they had been robbed of all their provisions by a large party of Indians. Cummings now having other company, Willard, Watkins and I took a forty-mile cut-off, by an old trail running over mountains, I having a borrowed horse, and riding a pack saddle,—much to my sorrow. As we descended to a creek filled with brush and beaver dams, making it exceedingly difficult to cross, we saw on the other side a solitary horseman, who did not seem to discover us. Watkins found better crossing some distance below us, and when he came out of the brush, seeing the other man, thought that it was Willard, and giving a yell he put his pony into a run to overtake him. The stranger seemed to wake up, and freely using his quirt, struck a stunning gait down the valley, thinking Watkins was an Indian. Whether he is yet running I do not know, but we had much fun in watching him. Reaching the lower mines on the Grasshopper, the fifth day, we found about 25 men at work with rockers, getting from five to ten dollars per day each. Three miles above nearly one hundred and fifty men were found doing as well.

I paid at the rate of \$400 per thousand for eighteen feet of whipsawed lumber, and made a rocker, and we began mining, Cummings hauling dirt from Buffalo dry gulch, a mile and a half away, which we rocked out at the Grasshopper. In twenty shovelfuls, we took out two dol-

lars' worth of gold, and thought that we had a good thing. The next day we worked hard all the time, and when we cleaned up had but a half ounce for five of us; about \$10. The following day we did no better. Then came a freeze, and we could not use the rocker. It seemed necessary that I should communicate with the St. Louis people, and I determined to go to the Pacific coast to spend the winter. I had not heard from the states since I left St. Louis. We were 400 miles north of Salt Lake City, with no communication with it, as yet. When coming up the river we had noticed a nice appearing young fellow working as a deck hand. I found his name to be Stuart, from Baltimore. He was penniless, and was working his passage. We invited him into our company as a kind of man of all work. When the company disintegrated, Stuart seemed to fall to me. I was afraid that he might suffer if left alone in this country, so when I decided to go over the mountains, he went along. Watkins also went with me; and Bill Hamilton, a celebrated army scout and mountain man, having invited us to ride some of his horses to Deer Lodge, we three started with him. Stuart and I had to ride on pack saddles, and Hamilton, knowing more about Indians than we, put us through fifty miles the first day. Having seen Indian signals in the mountains each side of the Deer Lodge, we were up and off early the next morning, taking but a short nooning, and reached Johnny Grant's about midnight. I don't care to ever ride seventy miles in a day, on a pack saddle, again. We found that the signaling Indians had stolen a large band of horses in the valley.

The next day we heard that the Gray party were in camp at Goldenville, preparing to strike out for Walla Walla, and sent them word to wait for us to reach, and join them.

Watkins, Bryan, Mead and Stewart of our party got away for Goldenville, but I had to go up to Johnny Grant's, and when I finally rode from our cabin to the top of a hill on my way to overtake the Gray party, I discovered a herd of antelope just over the top. Throwing down my lariat so that I might catch my horse again, I crept to the hill-

top, when the antelopes ran down some distance and stopped. One big buck came up a little way, and stamped his feet. I slowly raised a red handkerchief on my wiping stick. Up the hill some distance came the leader, followed by the herd. Again the stamping defiance. When he turned to run, I stopped him. Now, *I* was in a quandary; I must lose my game or walk fifteen miles. I secured my horse, disemboweled the game, and tried to lift him upon the saddle. I was so busily engaged I was not aware that I was surrounded by a war party of Indians. We grinned at each other, "How'd" and "How'd," shook hands all round, and they took hold and deftly tied the antelope on to my saddle. Relieved, I gave them powder and caps, and a few fishhooks, and we parted good friends. They were Flatheads, going six hundred miles to steal horses from the Snake Indians. I certainly wished them success. I tramped the fifteen miles to Goldenville, where I met not only the Gray party, but Rev. Mr. Francis, whom the Grays were to take to Walla Walla. My addition to the larder was thankfully received. One of that buck's horns is the handle of the big hunting knife (which I made out of a file, at The Dalles, Oregon) now in our Museum.

A more convenient season must await the story, if called for, of our journey across the Bitter Root, and Pen d'Orille (Pon d ray) Mountains, the Spokane plains, and the lava country, to the Snake River, the navigation in an open boat, down the Snake and Columbia to the coast; the winter in San Francisco; the return the next spring, on horseback, by the Clark's Fork route to Fort Benton; the bloody work of the Road Agents, and the success of the Vigilantes; the romantic marriage of Plummer, the chief of the Road Agents, to my young friend, Miss Bryan; the up-building of a new territory, and the setting in motion of its wheels of government.

## ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF DEERFIELD ACADEMY.

BY MARGARET HARRIS.

In 1797, March first, Samuel Adams, Governor of Massachusetts, approved an act establishing old Deerfield Academy. Whose idea the founding of this Academy was, and how long it took to bring it about, we do not know. In fact, very little is known of the first steps of this enterprise because many of the books and papers which would enlighten us were destroyed when the house of the secretary, Dexter Childs, was burned. However, we know the names of nineteen men who were authorized by the House of Representatives and the Senate to act as trustees of this establishment: John Williams, Seth Catlin, Joseph Stebbins, Joseph Barnard, Hon. John Hastings, David Sexton, Rev. Joseph Lyman, Dr. Henry Wells, Rev. Roger Newton, William Coleman, Rev. Samuel Taggart, William Billings, Rev. David Parsons, Hon. Ebenezer Mattoon, Moses Hawks, Rev. Samuel C. Allen, Dr. William Stoddard Williams, David Dickinson, and Rev. John Taylor.

The first four mentioned above had been very influential in carrying on the schools in Deerfield before the Academy was started. David Sexton, one of the above, was authorized by Governor Adams to fix the time and place for holding the first meeting of the trustees. He called them together on April 18, 1797, at the tavern of Erastus Barnard, now "Frary House," and at this meeting the following officers were chosen for one year: President, Rev. Roger Newton; Vice-President, Rev. John Taylor; Treasurer, Deacon Jonathan Arms; Secretary, Dr. William Stoddard Williams. One acre of land owned by Seth Nims was purchased for the site of the Academy, for the price of \$333.34. At this gathering a committee was chosen to report at the next meeting a statement of buildings, of different sizes, and to see about materials. The plan finally adopted was a brick two-story structure, sixty by twenty-eight feet, the bricks for which were made on the same lot, near by, and the building was erected in 1797.

The Massachusetts Legislature granted the trustees the right to locate half a township of land in Maine, and this, added to what had been raised by contribution and subscription, comprised the funds of Deerfield Academy.

In 1799, January 1st, the Academy was opened: the Preceptor, Enos Bronson, was formally installed in his office, and Rev. Joseph Lyman of Hatfield preached a dedication sermon in the meetinghouse. The total number of pupils during the first year was two hundred and sixty-nine, sixty-eight coming from Deerfield and the rest from as many as forty different towns and in numbers varying from nineteen to one.

"Youth of both sexes, provided they are found, in a degree, capable of reading and writing, may be admitted to the Academy." Each pupil had to pay two dollars and twenty-five cents tuition per quarter if he was instructed in reading, writing, and English Grammar: and two dollars and fifty cents if he was instructed in other branches of Literature. Every one had to pay seventeen cents for the purpose of defraying necessary contingent expenses, and also had to furnish a proportional amount of fuel necessary during his continuance at the Academy.

Many donations were made to the Academy for purchasing philosophical apparatus and for starting a library. In several cases we find that a silver plate with the donor's name engraved upon it was attached to each book and instrument given. Thanks for gifts received were rendered to a certain David Wells who was deaf and dumb, a man from Greenfield, in the following manner: "We lament that the diminished exercise of the organs of vision and hearing prevents your distinctly perceiving and hearing the lively gratitude expressed by the friends of the Academy, yet they sincerely hope that you may long continue to enjoy the sublimest sensations which result from reflections on the most liberal actions and for the most benevolent purposes." Throughout the earlier reports in the Secretary's book we find certain stiff formalities which one rarely meets nowadays. "Lively gratitude" would be almost misunderstood in our time.

In very few instances do I find record of money being given for necessary equipments of science: most gifts were certain tracts of land which entailed a delay of some time before the land could be suitably disposed of, and the money obtained thereby used.

The seal of Deerfield Academy, established in 1799, was a blank scroll in the center, surrounded with the motto: "Beware of the impressions you make." On the margin was "Deerfield Academy, incor. March first, 1799."

In 1810, a sum not exceeding thirty-five dollars was appropriated for purchasing a bell. Mr. John Williams was in Boston at this time and he was asked to look at bells and if a suitable one was found, to purchase it for the school. As I find no record of any further steps taken in the matter, I conclude that he must have found one, and that it was the same one that now is in Memorial Hall.

There were many able men and women employed as preceptors and preceptresses at Deerfield Academy, but I have not space to give the list.

The school year was forty-six weeks long, quite a bit longer than that of to-day.

The library which owed its existence to the generosity of many friends of the school, was guarded by the strictest of rules. There seems to have been a great tendency to impose taxes of six cents for every blur or blemish on a book. Each drop of tallow carelessly dropped upon a book, each leaf torn one inch, every letter written in or on a book was paid for by the fixed sum of six cents. If two or more persons happened to want the same book at the same time, the affair was settled by lot. There even was a committee chosen to settle any disputes which might arise between the librarian and any person who had taken a book from the library.

There is no doubt but that the Academy was prosperous and I find that it ranked among the best of that time. In 1809, it was voted to enlarge the Academy, putting on a three-storied addition, thirty feet square, and also making the part already built three stories high.

This addition was completed in 1810. After this was

built, the pupils were boarded here as far as there was room for them. A committee for purchasing twelve bedsteads and cords, twelve pairs of andirons, twelve shovels and tongs, twelve cross-legged tables, and tables for the dining-room was appointed in 1810. A steward and "his lady" resided in the new addition, whose duty it was to "provide diet and lodging for all students boarding in the academy; to see that order and decorum were maintained at the table, and to visit the rooms at ten o'clock and see that the lights were out and the rooms free from company."

"The style or mode of dieting the pupils shall be such as shall be agreed upon by a committee of the Trustees, appointed for that purpose, and the Steward." No pupil was allowed to enter the "victuallizing hall" after the tables were spread for a meal until the signal was given for all to come, and then all should come in an "orderly and moderate decent manner to their several places." I find record of thirty-six by-laws, all of a severe proper character, and truly the young people to-day ought to appreciate their freedom in these respects.

In 1819, girls only were admitted to the Academy, and women teachers were employed. Soon after this it was voted to close the school unless some one could be found who was willing to undertake the position of teacher, without any expense to the Trustees. Such a person was procured in 1821, a Mr. Payson Kendal, who undertook the position for one quarter, to be paid by the amount of tuition which would be due at the end of that quarter. From these two above facts it can readily be seen that the funds of the Academy must have been very low. In 1825, application was made to the Legislature for further endowment in order that a more practical course of studies might be pursued at the Academy. From this time the Academy seems to have taken a new start in life, so to speak; new courses of study were introduced; the standard of admission was raised.

From this time on, to the middle of the nineteenth century, the Academy continued in a well-behaved, proper manner. I will mention but a few things which happened.

About 1825, two pews were bought in the meetinghouse for the sum of one hundred and thirty-one dollars, for the use of the preceptors and out-of-town pupils. In one place, I find that a committee was chosen to see about thinning out the elms on the school yard. One thousand dollars was invested in the Pocumtuck Hotel in 1850, and in 1863 it was lost when the Hotel went into insolvency.

At one time the Academy saved the town of Deerfield from a censure for neglecting to maintain a High School for the benefit of the inhabitants by offering to allow the Academy building and apparatus to be used for such a High School, if the town would agree to pay not less than seven hundred and fifty dollars for the salaries of the teachers, the Trustees furnishing three hundred dollars to go with this. This was in 1858, and continued till the merging of Deerfield Academy and Dickinson High School.

It is interesting to note that when in 1861, the proposition of annexing Cheapside to Greenfield was being considered, the Trustees of the Academy sent a remonstrance to the Senate and Legislature stating that, since taking away Cheapside from Deerfield and annexing it to Greenfield would reduce the number of families in Deerfield, to a number which did not lawfully require a High School maintained, the Trustees hoped that it would not be done, because it would severely hurt the people of moderate means who could not otherwise educate their children in a High School. Cheapside was not annexed to Greenfield, but whether or not the above petition had anything to do with it, we do not know.

In the year of 1878, the old Deerfield Academy ended its existence as such, and became the present Memorial Hall, the funds of the old Academy being merged with those provided by the will of the deceased Esther Dickinson, to establish the present Deerfield Academy and Dickinson High School.

When we think of the advantages which we have to-day in our schools, and when we compare them with the few of 1800, we greatly admire the foresight, persistence and sacrifices of our ancestors who made these things possible.

And together with our admiration for their sterling qualities there is a strong and lasting feeling of gratitude.

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## OLD NORWICH AND HER DEERFIELD POSTERITY.

BY REV. RICHARD E. BIRKS.

In reading our President's interesting book on the "Heredity and Early Environment of John Williams the Redeemed Captive," I was much interested in this statement:—"Robert Williams of Norwich, England, came over in the 'Rose of Yarmouth' in 1637, with his wife Elizabeth and children, with neighbors and friends. . . . How the heart of Elizabeth Williams would have swelled with pride and thankfulness could she have foreseen that she was to be the fountain-head of an endless flow of gospel ministers, who were to occupy a prominent place in the history of New England, to which they were speeding, one of whom was to be for forty years the leading figure of the old historic town of Deerfield. Curiously enough, there were others on board the 'Rose' who became connected with the same town. Thomas Metcalf was one of her earliest landholders, Ephraim Ropes (son of John), gave his life for his country in the defense of Deerfield during Philip's War, and Edward, son of John Towne, was a soldier under Captain Lothrop in 1675, and was laid to his last rest in Deerfield soil with the 'Flower of Essex.' Benjamin and Ephraim, sons of Alice Ropes, fell in Indian combat on the banks of old Pocumtuck. Thomas, grandson of John Baker, a playmate of John Williams, at the age of eleven years was in the Great Swamp Fight, December 19, 1675, and was killed at Sudbury next year. Thomas Lincoln, who came out from Norwich as a servant, became the ancestor of two New England governors."

How interesting it would be to visit that old home of those Puritan emigrants, and hunt up the parts of the city that were well known to them. To look upon the same

old mansions, halls, churches, bridges, rivers, streets, castles, squares, walls and towers that they had often looked upon, and that were there when the "Rose of Yarmouth" sailed with her precious human freight for the New World. When I visited England last summer, I had this great privilege, and I promised to write a paper on the subject for our Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. So here it is.

Norwich is a wonderful old city. Attractive in many ways now, as it was 300 years ago. As I wandered about the streets, stood on the bridges, and watched the old rivers Yare and Wensum flowing as of old, and noted the fine old buildings, the thought came to me that it must have taken a long series of troubles, annoyances, suffering and persecution to make those early emigrants willing to leave the old city behind them forever, and to come to an uncivilized and unsettled country that was almost an unknown wilderness.

There is much in Norwich that must have been very familiar to the men and women and boys and girls who left there in 1637, well worth crossing the ocean to see.

The city had a long history then. It had been an important town for at least six hundred years, for at the Doomsday survey in 1086, Norwich had 54 churches and 1,565 burgesses. And only ten years later, the first stone of the great cathedral was laid. For an old English city it occupies a large territory. For generations it was a garden city, and, as marked by ancient boundaries, was originally of the shape of a cornucopia. It was surrounded by walls, most of which were cleared away as the city grew.

A charter was granted by Henry IV, in 1403, by which the city became a county also. A great part of it was nearly insulated by the rivers Yare and Wensum.

It comprised—as a county—6,630 acres of land, and was 14 miles in circumference. The Wensum, in its sinuous course through Norwich, is crossed by eleven bridges,—one of them a very fine specimen of ancient masonry.

Some of the parishes and churches had been united be-

fore 1637, for there had been at one time 64 churches, exclusive of the cathedral and two chapels of ease.

Some of these churches were, and are still, very beautiful buildings. But when Robert Williams was married, and when Samuel (John Williams' father) was baptized, there were still 44 parish churches, besides the cathedral.

And now, before we describe the Norwich of the emigrants, which might well be called modern Norwich, let us have a brief sketch of ancient Norwich, much of whose history they would know, and which their ancestors helped to make. They could not walk about for an hour in the old city without seeing structures that were then gray with age, and connected with stirring events, and a long and interesting history.

In British times, going back to the beginning of our era, it was a stronghold, called by the Iceni, Caer Guent; when the Romans came they corrupted this to "Venta." They constructed a huge camp at Caistor, the ruins of which may still be seen.

The river Yare was then a navigable stream, and Norwich was easy of access up the Yare, to Danes and Saxons. Now it is but a small stream, for the silting of the sand at Yarmouth has made it very shallow.

The Engles soon formed small colonies or townships on the banks of the Wensum, and Uffa, king of the East Angles, had a stronghold or castle on "Ancient hill fort."

His descendant, King Anna, gave it to his daughter Etheldritha. She founded Ely Minster, and was Abbess there in 673 A. D. The Norwich church of St. Etheldred is dedicated to her.

Ingvar held the castle and town in 870, when the Northmen proceeded to Thetford, obtained horses from King Edmund and marched into Northumbria. It was over these Northmen that King Alfred gained his victories. He held the Danes in check and compelled them to submit to a peace, but he was unable to dislodge them from East Anglia. Alfred in 878 assigned to Guthrum the northern and eastern districts of England (east of Watling Street). So Norwich became the chief seat of the Dane.

A great part of Norfolk and Suffolk was at this period settled by Norsemen. The names of a large number of villages are of Scandinavian origin. The Saxon and Danish tribes were of kindred speech and race, and the speedy adoption of the Christian religion by the immigrants greatly contributed to blend the two peoples into one vigorous stock, whose peculiarities are still strongly impressed on their descendants.

Alfred's grandson, Athelstan, reduced the whole kingdom under his government, and Norwich flourished greatly in his reign. Here he had a mint, and a coin is still extant with the King's name and Norwich on it.

There are also coins of Edred (946), two of Edward the Martyr, three of Ethelred, and of Danes and Normans cast at Norwich. In the reign of Ethelred (1004), Norwich was burnt and destroyed by Swegen, King of Denmark, in revenge for the massacre of the Danes two years before.

He came again in 1010 (just nine hundred years ago), and aimed at founding a great Scandinavian empire. But his end was near, he died next year at Gainsborough, a town in the adjoining county, and later connected with Pastor Robinson, and the pilgrims of Leyden, and the Mayflower. When Swegen died Ethelred returned,—he died in 1016, and was succeeded by Edmund Ironsides, who after many battles had to divide the kingdom with Cnut.

Next year Edmund was murdered, and Cnut having gained sole power strengthened Norwich castle. Under the Danes Norwich increased rapidly.

Then came the Normans. William the Conqueror, in 1066, made Ralph de Guador Earl of Norfolk and gave him custody of the castle. Ralph was an Englishman, whose father had been a great friend of Edward the Confessor, but his mother was a Breton.

In 1075, Ralph, with the barons, rebelled against the King, but he and his allies were defeated near Cambridge; he fled to Denmark leaving his Countess to defend the castle, which she did, and heroically, until famine compelled them to surrender. The Countess and her brave troops were honorably treated and allowed to leave the kingdom.

During the siege, the city suffered very much, and the Earldom was now given to Roger Bigod.\*

William had the whole country surveyed, and Doomsday Book was compiled. This shows that Norwich had then 54 churches, 1,565 burgesses, and 480 laborers.

Thetford was then the See—or city of the Bishop; but in 1094, the See was moved to Norwich by Herbert de Losinga, who, in 1096 laid the first stone of the cathedral. This made the “burgh” a city, and much increased its importance. Roger Bigod and his son Hugh played a notable part in the history of the period—Henry I, Stephen and Henry II. They built the present *Keep*—the square tower of the castle.

Henry I spent Christmas in Norwich, 1122. He also granted them their first charter and gave the citizens the same liberties as London enjoyed.

Kings were now constantly at war with the Feudal nobles or barons, and they among themselves, and the country suffered much, especially Norwich.

In 1174, Earl Hugh Bigod, from whom Henry II had taken the castle, came from the Continent with an army of Flemings and captured Norwich and the castle, and carried off much wealth and many prisoners.

At this time Norwich was a great center for the Monastic orders. There were at one time, 76 religious edifices connected with them, Dominicans, Franciscans, Augustines, Carmelites, Hospitallers—76 conventional houses, each with its own church. And between the monks and citizens trouble arose.

In 1234, the monks had a serious affray with the citizens in which part of a convent was destroyed. In 1272, a still more serious riot occurred and the Cathedral suffered severely.

The quarrel arose over some land which Bishop Herbert

\* This Earl Bigod was the man who married one of the co-heiresses of Strongbow, and became possessed of much land in Ireland. He introduced many English into the Anglo-Irish pale, and Therold Rogers says—had his successors followed his example in the government of his possessions in Ireland, the long years of trouble and ill-will between the countries and people might have been avoided.

had given to the Priors, notwithstanding the citizens had made a claim to it.

At the Whitsun fair blood was shed, and two of the Prior's men were arrested for murder. The Prior issued an interdict against the citizens. He also obtained three barges of armed men from Yarmouth, who entered the city beating drums and sounding trumpets "as in time of war."

Nocturnal sallies were often made from the Priory, the houses of citizens were plundered, and citizens wounded and killed.

Complaint was made to the King, Henry III, and the Bailiffs summoned a muster of the citizens in the market place when it was resolved to bring to justice those who had converted the Priory into an illegal castle. They attacked the main entrance to the Priory and Cathedral precincts, fired the gates, soon made an entrance, and scattered the Prior's retainers and mercenaries. Pursued to the Cathedral, monks were thrashed, armed men captured, and the Priory was burned. Parts of the cathedral also suffered from fire, and the convent archives and other precious things perished in the flames. Many of the Prior's retainers were tried and executed.

This affair created much noise throughout Christendom. The church was then very powerful, and the Pope was the head of Christendom, which he looked upon as his spiritual realm. It was a serious matter either for King or for a nation to offend the Pope, or get into trouble with ecclesiastics.

The King, not willing to offend these powers, deprived the citizens of their liberties, and the Pope cut them off from all spiritual ministrations. That meant a bad time for them here and hereafter.

A special commission condemned numbers to be hanged for murder and sacrilege, and a Papal "bull" mulcted the city of 3,000 marks. And that the citizens might forever remember the lesson they had to build the Ethelbert Gate.

The Cathedral was re-consecrated in 1278, in the presence of King Edward the first, and Queen Eleanor.

There was a great influx of Jews during these exciting and troublous times. The Crusaders had reached Palestine

and conquered Jerusalem, but not for the Jews. Few were the places where they could find a refuge or live in peace, for both Moslem and Christian thought it praiseworthy to illtreat the Jews, and they wandered from kingdom to kingdom, often to meet with abuse, cruelty and persecution.

The monks, of course, hated the Jews, and they invented a story about a crucified boy, named William, who was buried in Thorp Wood, since called "St. William in the wood." Thomas, a monk of Monmouth (at the command of the Bishop), wrote seven books on "St. William, the boy martyr of Norwich, and the miracles done at his shrine." For the Jews' alleged offense great numbers were massacred in Norwich and other towns. This story of a boy crucified by Jews was a common one, current in many towns in England and Europe.

The ignorant and credulous were easily duped in those days, and many a foolish story was gladly and eagerly seized by parties in power, and made an excuse for illtreating and robbing Jews and heretics.

In the meantime, the more thoughtful and intelligent people learned much; had their eyes opened and their minds enlightened, for experience is a great teacher, and the old city of Norwich trained leaders for the work of emancipating the masses from the tyranny of Kings, Feudal lords and ambitious and worldly ecclesiastics.

Every forward movement for the enlightenment and uplifting of the common people found there brave champions and earnest supporters. It was just the place, with the right kind of history and experience, and the right blending of sturdy stock to produce a splendid company of open-minded and liberty-loving pioneers of progress.

Resuming our brief historic sketch—in 1193, Richard I (the brave crusader), gave a new charter to the city, and the people were called citizens on payment of an annual sum of 108 pounds. His successor, John, a very different man, got into trouble with the Pope, who, to punish the King, excommunicated the whole kingdom, and threatened to set aside John de Grey, Bishop of Norwich.

King John had trouble also with his people, and Earl

Roger of Norwich joined the Barons in demanding Magna Charta from the King.

In 1216, the castle and city were plundered by Louis of France, whom the Pope and many barons supported against the claims of King John and his heirs.

It was the next King, Henry III, who gave the citizens a license to surround the city with a ditch and walls. In the time of Edward I, the walls were  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles long, and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles broad. They were built of flint, and pierced by 12 gates. When Deerfield's early settlers built their stockade, with gates and towers, they were only doing what their ancestors had done in old Norwich centuries before.

In John Williams' time much of the old city wall was standing, and to-day, the wall may be traced right and left of St. Benedict's gate, and near the site of Magdalen and St. Stephen's gates. But before those walls and towers of stone or flint, there was, in Saxon times, a timber stockade, with mounds, moats and gates, which a modern writer, describing, says was similar to the stockades in North America; he might have said the one at Deerfield, built by the Deerfield descendants or posterity of Norwich emigrants.

At the end of the 13th century, Norwich sent two burgesses to Parliament, and from that time helped to build up the House of Commons.

#### *Rise of Manufactures.*

Early in its history, Norwich became noted for its manufactures, especially of worsted and woolen goods.

When the castle was captured in 1219, it was said the retainers, or garrison, had been too busy weaving and had neglected the practice of arms.

The Norwich weavers became numerous and wealthy. Among the emigrants in the "Rose of Yarmouth" there were five Norwich weavers.

Of the names of those emigrants, mentioned by Mr. Sheldon, it is interesting to note that Williams and Perci (Pierce) are of old Saxon stock, and are among the fam-

ilies holding land at the time of the Doomsday survey (from Edward the Confessor's reign). Ludkin also appears as Ludi-chel. Laws, and Mayhew (as also our Hawks), as Protestant refugees who were settled in Norwich in 1622 (Huguenots). Nickerson, Dix and Towne (as also Childs and Arms) were of Flemish and Dutch stock. Baker and Rope were Saxon, and Roper was Norman (Rupiere).

At the time of the Conqueror many Saxon landowners were dispossessed of their property, and the more independent of them, refused to labor as servants on their ancestral homestead (now occupied by the foreigners who had robbed them), and went into the burghs or cities and became traders and manufacturers.

Is it assuming too much to believe such may have been the case with the Williamses, Pierces, Ludkins. Strange to say, there is a portrait in the old Guildhall of Allyn Percy, or Pearce, a noted manufacturer of 1549.

In 1336, Dutch and Flemish artisans arrived in Norwich well skilled in cloth making. The city now rose rapidly in wealth, trade and population.

In 1340, Edward III, with his Queen Philippa, held a grand tournament in Norwich from February to Easter. Like most old cities in the days when people crowded together in narrow, undrained streets and courts, with no knowledge of modern sanitation, Norwich suffered from plague and pestilence. One-third of the inhabitants were swept away in 1348–49, by Asiatic cholera, and one-half of the clergy died or removed from the diocese. And while the plague did its destructive work in the cities, Black Death fell on the villages almost as fiercely and thousands of people perished.

Nevertheless, courts and kings must be amused, so another tournament was held in 1350, attended by Royalty and a concourse of people, and "costly and beautiful ladies" (says an old chronicler) "but not the best in the kingdom."

The extravagance of the King and court, and wars with France and Scotland, now caused heavy taxation, while the nation was suffering from plague and black death. This finally led to an open revolt—called the laborers' revolt, in which Wat Tyler gained notoriety.

In 1381, 50,000 men assembled in the county and pillaged the houses of nobles, lawyers and wealthy people. Finally overthrown by troops led by Le Spencer, the warrior Bishop of Norwich who took Letester (peasant leader) prisoner—the Bishop had him hanged, drawn and quartered, and parts of his body displayed in various places; this dispirited and dispersed the insurgents.

These revolts failed, but they taught the people self-reliance and the value of liberty, and the nobles the danger of tyranny and injustice. Le Spencer was an inveterate enemy of the first reformers, the Lollards, who soon found many followers and sympathizers in Norwich. Green says, "Norfolk was the special home of the Lollards." They were ready for reform.

During the reign of Henry VI, quarrels with monks and Priors were constant. They always seemed jealous of any liberty granted to the citizens, and to side with those who would keep them down.

In 1448, the King visited Norwich and granted the city a charter for two fairs. Great fires damaged the city during the 15th and 16th centuries. One in 1507 burnt 718 houses, and the corporation issued an order that no new buildings should be covered with thatch.

Cardinal Wolsey visited Norwich in 1517, to mediate between the monks and citizens about the right to some common lands at Lakenham and Eaton. In 1519, a great flood visited the city.

We have now arrived at the time of the grandfathers and fathers of the New England emigrants. The old men of Robert Williams' young days lived through and witnessed what we are now speaking of—"The long series of troubles, persecutions and sufferings sufficient to make the emigrants on the 'Rose,' willing to leave old Norwich forever, and settle in a new world,—then a wilderness."

In the reign of Henry VIII, and the prelacy of Bishop Nix several conscientious church reformers were burnt at Norwich. Ayres, Bingy, White, Bilney, Orme and others were burnt in the Lollards' pit. On the other hand, the monks' day of power and privilege was over. Seventy-nine

monasteries in Norwich and other parts of Norfolk were dissolved by Henry VIII.

In 1549, rebellions broke out owing to the nobility and clergy inclosing common lands; robbing the poor who had the right of commonage on wastes and open pastures. A long fight this was, in which 3,000 men were slain, and 300 were executed.

In 1551, sweating sickness, a fatal disease, carried off 960 people in a few days.

In 1557–58, many martyrs to the reformed religion were burnt at the stake. In 1565, 330 more Dutch and Walloons came and settled in Norwich, fleeing from the persecution of the Duke of Alva. St. Andrews and Blackfriars Halls were allowed them for meetings and religious services. Every year a sermon in Dutch is still preached there by the Chaplain of the Netherlands, minister to Great Britain. Some of these refugees were housed for a time in a fine old mansion belonging to the Sotherton family. It is still standing, and has been restored with great care and skill by Leonard Bolingbroke, Honorable Secretary of Norwich Archaeological Society. It is now called Strangers' Hall.

In 1571, the "strangers" numbered 3,925, and introduced the manufacture of baize and silk and worsted goods.

By 1582, they had increased to 4,679, and enjoyed many privileges. In 1580, Anthony de Solempe set up his printing press, and a few years later, Norwich mustered 2,120 armed men to repel the Armada.

Queen Elizabeth, whose mother and grandparents were Norfolk people, spent six days in Norwich, August, 1578. But these were trying times for conscientious and sincere believers, whether Catholic or Protestant, and most severe on those whose thinking led them to become dissenters and heretics. Unfortunately the Norwich weavers were noted for their determination to think for themselves, and stand by their convictions. There were the English admirers and followers of Wycliffe and the Lollards; there were the Flemish Protestants who were exiled during Alva's council of blood, there were many French Huguenots; such

men were not likely to change their religion at a moment's notice at the dictation of a new king or queen. For such then there was the martyr's doom—fire and fagot.

In 1583, the burning of heretics began again. Lewis and Knight, two university men, were burnt in the castle ditch for denying the divinity of Christ; Robert Williams' parents were there then.

In the meantime great changes had come about in the condition and prospects of the common people. Losses in the wars, and the ravages of plague, black death and the sweating sickness had made labor scarce, and so the laborers rose in importance. Moreover, the revolts, though cruelly put down, made the working classes more discontented and determined to oppose injustice and ill-treatment. These collisions with the people did much harm to the country and seriously affected the prosperity and security of the landowners.

The cities, now become great centres of trade and commerce, also attracted the laborers, and the movement began, which has never ceased, of the influx of country people into the cities. There was much trade and intercourse with the Netherlands. We have seen how the Dutch and Walloons, Flemings and Huguenots found a refuge and welcome in Norwich long before the English Pilgrims (also fleeing from persecution) sought a like refuge in Holland.

At that time the Netherlands was the center of European trade, and in 16 years up to the 8th of Elizabeth, the trade between England and Antwerp increased twentyfold. And the increase remained as great through the 40 years that followed.

The erection of stately houses (still standing), marriages with noble families, the purchase of large estates, now showed the rapid growth of the merchant class in wealth and social importance.

The lesser landowners (Squires and Gentry) also grew in influence, and the attitude of the Commons towards the Lords throughout the Stuart Parliament sprang from the conviction that the Commons now, in wealth and political importance, stood higher than the mass of Peers. The

people had advanced too, were more independent and intelligent.

And now came the crisis. Under the Stuart Kings all progress was arrested, and it seemed as if all that had been gained since the Reformation was to be lost again.

On the continent, partly owing to divisions, Protestantism was losing ground, and Catholicism gaining. In France, the Protestants were massacred or exiled. In Poland, Italy and South Germany the Jesuits had triumphed. Only in Holland and part of Switzerland did Protestantism continue to flourish, and there they were surrounded by hostile forces.

Then came the Stuarts, with their belated notions of church and state, divine rights of kings, and the claim to rule as absolute monarchs, with or without a Parliament. Ecclesiastics who favored these notions gained preferment, and under such archbishops as Laud, and bishops as Wren, the more independent clergy and people, who loved liberty, civil and religious, suffered. Even the State Church had become largely Puritan, and the clergy were opposed to Roman Catholic practices. They saw what they were doing on the continent wherever Rome had the power, and had experienced hard times under Queen Mary, and at last many became jealous of any form or ceremony that looked like a tendency Romeward. Especially was this the case in Norwich, and 30 parochial clergy, of Puritan leaning, were expelled from their cures. Freedom to worship was now withdrawn from the Huguenot refugees and the Walloons, and many of them returned to Holland and Flanders. Dark was the prospect. Then came the news of successful colonies of their free co-religionists in a New England across the Atlantic, and the tide set that way.

Men felt that they were going to a land of liberty and opportunity, and the tide caught such lovers of freedom as the Williams and the other families who sailed with them in the "Rose of Yarmouth," and finally brought some of them to the Connecticut valley and old Deerfield.

Only a few years after they set sail, the storm broke in Old England, the people arose in their might, and King and

Prelates and Lords went down in the Revolution. In that fight Old Norwich was strong for the Parliament, for the people against the Peers; for the country against the King.

Walking about in Norwich to-day, you see much to remind you of the long history and many great events of which I have been speaking. The old castle still stands there on ancient Fort Hill, with its history of 2,000 years. In the museum (in the castle) you see the coins minted in Norwich by Saxon kings, and relics of Roman and Dane, Saxon and Norman who sailed up the Yare and Wensum on conquest bent. You can stand on bridges that they built and see the rivers flowing beneath you, as in the olden times. The old city walls still remind you of the work done in defense of home and liberty by your ancestors 700 years ago. In the Guildhall, Andrews, Blackfriars and Strangers' Halls, and many old mansions, you see the places where Saxon and Dane, Norman and Dutch, Fleming and Huguenot and Walloon met in their crafts guilds as friends and fellow workers, worshiped as freemen, or dwelt as brethren, and became blended into one noble stock.

In the Cathedral and old churches, you see the wonderful work of the old masons and craftsmen, builders, carvers, and glass workers. You see the tombs of the barons, the monuments to cardinals, bishops, deans, knights, crusaders and many whose names are mentioned in history.

The Ethelred Gateway (the work of penance) is there yet, and the castle ditch, and Lollards' pit, to remind us of times when it was considered a crime to think for oneself on the great problems of religion and civil government.

I think it is well for us to know something of the old home whence came the fathers and mothers of some of Deerfield's noblest settlers, and from whom are descended so many of her sons and daughters who are with us to this day. Our worthy President sent me the following list of Deerfield families descended from or intermarried with Norwich families: Allen, Ashley, Arms, Andrews, Ball, Barnard, Billings, Champney, Childs, Dickinson, Field, Fuller, Gale, Hinsdale, Hunt, Hoyt, Hawks, Jones, Nims, Partridge, Porter, Sheldon, Stebbins, Saxton, Smith, Trow-

bridge, Williams, Wright, Wells and Wilson. Joseph Warren of Bunker Hill was descended from Robert Williams (not a Deerfield family). The Norwich, which they knew and which I have tried to describe, was a wonderful old city, and they must have loved it dearly, and left it with sorrow and regret; but there was something they valued even above the old homeland, namely, civil and religious liberty; the right and privilege to live and toil as freemen, and to worship God as his sons and daughters and according to the dictates of conscience, in spirit and in truth. Descended from such stock can we wonder that their children were true and brave and worthy!

## FIELD DAY—1911.

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### FIELD DAY

OF THE

POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

THE 75TH MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION AT DEERFIELD,  
TUESDAY, AUGUST 22, AT 10.00 A. M.

President of the day, HON. HERBERT C. PARSONS.

#### ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Dedication of a Bronze Tablet erected by the Association  
in honor of John Sheldon.

MUSIC.	By the Pocumtuck Band
INVOCATION.	Rev. Irving H. Childs
CHORALE (Tune, "Commonwealth")—"Freedom for the People," Rev. Richard Elliott Birks	By Chorus Choir
ADDRESS—"John Sheldon and the Old Indian House Homestead"	Mrs. George Sheldon
EIN FESTE BURG, 1529—"God our Fortress," R. E. Birks Choir	
POEM. "How Ensign Sheldon Brought the Captives Back"	Dr. Henry H. Barber, Meadville, Pa.
MUSIC. "Home Again"	Band
LAST WORDS OF DEDICATION.	George Sheldon
	Intermission.
Luncheon, Basket Picnic. Coffee provided for all.	

#### AFTERNOON.

MARCH to the Old Pink House.

DEDICATION of Granite Monument to John Stebbins, soldier  
under Captain Lothrop at Bloody Brook, 1675.

## ADDRESS by a Daughter of the House

Miss Harriet E. Childs

DIRGE. "Fallen Heroes." Band

ADDRESS of Mrs. Sherman I. Pool, of Waverly, Iowa, representing Mr. Willis M. Stebbins, of Gothenburg, Neb., at whose expense the memorial was erected.

MARCH, return to the Common.

ADDRESSES by Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, Harvard University, Thomas Franklin Waters, President Ipswich Historical Society, Editor of the "Massachusetts Magazine," Members of the Association and others.

"AMERICA." By Band, Choir and People

## COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

HON. GEORGE SHELDON, GEORGE A. SHELDON, WILLIAM L. HARRIS, FRANK L. BOYDEN.

MARSHAL, WILLIAM P. SAXTON.

## REPORT.

Old Deerfield had a characteristic day yesterday, devoting it to historical speaking in connection with the unveiling of memorial stones, one at the site of the Indian House in honor of John Sheldon, and the other on the former home-stead of John Stebbins, a survivor of the company of Captain Lothrop at Bloody Brook. The Sheldon memorial is a bronze tablet placed on one face of a huge boulder, weighing over 10,000 pounds, the gift of Ozias Miller of Leyden.

Three tracts of land upon which three monuments have been erected by the Association have been deeded to the Association as follows: That upon which stands the monument to John Stebbins, by Mrs. Samuel Childs; the second, upon which stands the monument of Joseph Stebbins, by Mrs. George Sheldon; and the third, upon which stands the monument of Samuel Allen at "The Bars," by Asahel W. Root.

George Sheldon, the venerable president of the Associa-

tion, was present throughout the exercises, but had called upon Hon. Herbert C. Parsons of Greenfield, a councillor of the Association, to preside.

An historical paper of rare interest and quality was delivered by Mrs. J. M. Arms Sheldon, deserving better to be spoken of as an oration, with the Deerfield massacre and John Sheldon's three pilgrimages to Canada for the redemption of the captives as its theme. Dr. Henry H. Barber contributed a poem, which was an epic on the same theme. Mr. Sheldon's words of dedication preceded the unveiling of the Sheldon memorial by his great-granddaughter, Hazel E. Sheldon, daughter of George Arms Sheldon of Greenfield, and the eighth generation from Ensign John.

In the afternoon, at the Stebbins place,—the "Pink House"—there was a particularly happy paper by Miss Harriet Childs, another by Mrs. Sherman I. Pool of Waverly, Iowa, a Stebbins descendant, who spoke for the giver of the stone, Willis M. Stebbins of Gothenburg, Neb. Here the unveiling was by Marion Stebbins, daughter of B. Z. Stebbins, Jr., and the seventh generation from John Stebbins.

Again from the platform on the common, there were addresses by Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard University, Thomas Franklin Waters of Ipswich and other after dinner speakers. The day was favorable and an audience of several hundred people enjoyed it.

The Pocumtuck band did excellent service all through the day. William P. Saxton was the marshal and efficiently handled the procession. A large choir was led by Rev. R. E. Birks, who was the author of the two hymns sung.

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#### FREEDOM FOR THE PEOPLE.

(Tune, "Commonwealth.")

"When wilt Thou save the people?"  
The poet cried—"O when!  
Not Kings and Lords, but nations!  
Not crowns and thrones, but men?"

Dear to Thy heart, O God are they,  
 Let them not die and pass away,  
 Forgotten as poor worthless clay,  
 God save the people.

Here we recall the faithful  
 Who humbly toiled for Thee,  
 Meeting life's hard, stern duties,  
 Striving Thy sons to be.  
 At Freedom's call they crossed the deep,  
 Through forest wild, o'er mountain steep  
 They blazed a way that men might reap  
 Good as God's people.

Through them and for the people  
 States rose, and laws have been  
 Made righteous, just and equal,  
 To help not Kings, but men.  
 A country free, a nation fair,  
 Where all God's noble children share  
 Land, homes and schools and temples rare,  
 Just as His people.

With bronze and granite graven,  
 We praise the brave and true  
 Who toiled to make earth heaven,  
 Where all God's will shall do.  
 Who welcomed danger, hardship, scorn,  
 That all in this dear land free-born,  
 Might dwell in peace, their homes adorn,  
 A noble people.

#### GOD OUR FORTRESS.

(Tune, "Ein Feste Burg, 1529."

A mighty fortress is our God,  
 A tower of strength unfailing;  
 By faith in Thee our fathers trod  
 Thy path when foes assailing  
 With ills and cruel arts  
 Did test their hands and hearts,  
 Their fearlessness and trust  
 In Him, righteous and just,  
 Whose love was all sustaining.

Freedom and truth, above all powers  
 Of evil to enslave them,  
 With love and peace earth's choicest flowers,  
 The birthright of Christ's freemen,  
 For these they lived and wrought,  
 In cruel warfare fought

A nation to create,  
Both righteous, free and great,  
On earth God's kingdom truly.

Then let us thank the Lord our God,  
Our God the mighty fortress,  
Who blessed the path these heroes trod,  
And made them brave and dauntless.  
In God they put their trust,  
Steadfast, righteous and just;  
In Him may all confide,  
In love and peace abide,  
Dwelling as God's dear children.

Professor Albert Bushnell Hart paid a graceful compliment to President Sheldon as the dean of historical scholars and the doge of the republic of Deerfield. The theme of Professor Hart was "Worship of Ancestry." The reasons why we ought to worship our ancestors of New England and Deerfield were that they were worthy of it. Because of their hardships, they were immortalized. They were connected with a great catastrophe; they were resolute, as they had to be by the very nature of their situation. He suggested the possibility of such a thing as being overactive. The unity of the Puritan commonwealth was contrasted with the conditions to-day in the great centers of population, where many races mingle. The public spirit of our ancestors when the colonies were first settled was next brought up. The ancestors of the audience present had in mind the leaving of memorials to the future; they made the beginnings of the local museum; they preserved the hole in the old door, if they did not make it. No collection of historical relics in the country has one-third the value of that at Deerfield as showing the life of the colonial days.

No great commonwealth is built up except by labor and suffering. We see the constructive side, the work of the carpenter, farmer, lawmaker, soldier, but was that all? Honor to the mothers who raised families, often of ten children, amid all the hardships of a frontier life. Our ancestors could not have dreamed of the conditions which we enjoy, our railroads, our civilization, but they went forward with the duty as they saw it before them, looking ahead enough to lay well the foundations of an upright

community. They felt responsibility for the future as did the early fathers in Cambridge who voted that "These proceedings be inscribed in the town book that children of future generations may know." Will two centuries hence regard this age with the same reverence?

The next speaker was Thomas Franklin Waters, who prefaced his address by saying,—"I feel compassion on an audience gathered at 10 in the morning, now in this fifth vigil. I ask compassion in my attempt to interest further those who have been so entertained; after the roast beef and sparkling champagne, my part can be no more than the humble pie."

Short speeches were called for and Dr. Henry H. Barber expressed appreciation of his teacher of years ago, Miss C. Alice Baker, and said he was grateful for the prosperity of the Deerfield Academy.

Rev. R. E. Birks told of the interest in the Deerfield story and the photographs of the Deerfield historian shown in England, whither he had gone a year ago.

Rev. Father P. H. Gallen of South Deerfield parish said that although his ancestry did not kill Indians, he came of a fighting race. He sounded the note of patriotism,—two hundred years hence other races will be represented here, he said, but they will be just as patriotic, faithful to laws and proud of their country as are we.

Rev. George W. Solley spoke loyally of Deerfield, where he had spent five years. He referred to inspiration he had received from Mr. Sheldon. He said we are dealing to-day with a different class of French-Canadians from those encountered by our fathers. He is teaching young emigrants from the north and finds in them a strong sense of patriotism and brotherliness.

The exercises of the day were brought to a happy close by a delightfully witty speech of George L. Munn of Easthampton.

President Parsons in opening the exercises of the day said:

"The lesser official of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association who is put for a day into the place graced

through many years by its venerable president, must be conscious not only of the honor but the responsibility of his task. The work of the Association, which has outdone all similar organizations in the number of its permanent memorials and in the collection of the relics of colonial pioneer days, has been Mr. Sheldon's work. For 40 years he has been not only its presiding but its commanding genius. Begun on his initiative, its continued successes in awakening interest in the history of the New England frontier, in marking historic spots, in putting into permanent form the true story of the early struggles of civilization for foothold here, have all sprung from his abiding and growing interest. Not the least of his achievements, the many Field Days, when the people have gathered for new instruction and new inspiration, have been personally planned and directed by him. He is here to-day, with his 93 years of youth, and nothing that may be said here will more deeply signify the meaning of the day than his presence and his blessing. His work is without rival in actual contribution to the fund of New England history. In him have come together the inspiration of the great events and the sturdy characters of the first plantations, an inspiration which all of us may share, and the zeal and thoroughness of research, which none of us may hope even to imitate. The tribute of obligation to him cannot be competently paid here to-day, it will be for the future to recognize the pricelessness of his long sustained and fruitful labors.

"Were this the culminating celebration of that series Mr. Sheldon has directed, which we hope with confidence it is not, he could have brought us to no more significant place nor chosen a more suggestive time. We stand at the door of the old Indian House, the home of his ancestor and the scene of the typical tragedy of the frontier history. The actual door, with its tomahawk marks, preserved in Deerfield's Memorial Hall, is the most priceless relic of a most fateful epoch. We are to uncover to the world the permanent memorials in stone and bronze of two men whose lives were, perhaps, more than any others, through their trials and sacrifices, the typical ones of their trying times.

We shall content ourselves with listening to the rehearsal of their experiences and their service. But we cannot leave this place without some thought of the relation of the struggle in which they bore brave part to the subsequent history of our country.

"No great event of history can be isolated. It has value only as it finds its place in the onward march of civilization. John Adams, the premier statesman of the Revolution, once said, 'The principles and feelings which contributed to produce the Revolution ought to be traced back for 200 years and sought in the history of the country from the first plantations in America.' We are then to-day not only celebrating the personal bravery of Sheldon and Stebbins, not only thinking of them as members of the courageous frontier colonies, but getting light and inspiration at one of the primal springs of American greatness and worth."

## JOHN SHELDON AND THE OLD INDIAN HOUSE HOMESTEAD.

BY J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

Every human being and every homestead is a part of the great, throbbing life of this planet, we call the earth. Whether the individual or the homestead fits harmoniously into the larger life is a matter for history to decide. It is the object of this paper to point out, clearly if possible, the relations existing between John Sheldon and the Old Indian House Homestead, and the universal life of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries.

The almanacs of both hemispheres gave the year as 1682. Eleven years before on the western frontier line of New England civilization, Deerfield, under the name of Pocumtuck, had come into being. A few years later it had ceased to be save in name; again it attempted to struggle into life, only to have that life quickly extinguished. Would it ever, *ever* rise from its ashes?

King Philip's clans had been driven away. Philip him-

self was dead. For five years silence had brooded over all this region, and it had become a lonely "dwelling for owls."

Who were the pioneers of 1682? I have chosen one who in many respects is a typical representative of the early settlers while in other ways he stands alone, a unique character.

John Sheldon was a youth of twenty-three when he came to Deerfield at the Permanent Settlement. In his veins ran the blood of Isaac Sheldon, his father, who in 1654, as a first settler, pushed up from Windsor, Connecticut, to Northampton, Massachusetts, then in the northern wilderness. Whoever the ancestors of Isaac Sheldon may have been, it is certain that Isaac, the father, and John, the son, were born with that love of Anglo-Saxon freedom which is the choicest legacy of the English-speaking race.

When John Sheldon came to Deerfield what did he find? Dreary cellar holes and crumbling chimneys; deserted hearthstones and cheerless fireplaces where the prickly thistle, the rank burdock and the overgrown mullein were struggling with one another for possession. Here and there, perchance, were tell-tale relics—a bit of earthenware, a chunk of pewter melted in a fire, a half-charred palisade, portions of the Common Fence, broken and straggling,—these were relics of other pioneers, who in 1675 and 1677 lived, suffered or were slaughtered on this very spot.

Close by some bubbling spring a ruined wigwam or, it may be, a rude tomahawk, half buried in the earth, told of the Red Men, and brought to mind the tales of horror John had listened to when a boy in his teens. But besides these grawsome things, John Sheldon saw promising meadows stretching away in every direction to wooded hills, with a fish-laden river flowing in the midst. Where we are now gathered he may have seen graceful deer grazing beneath the slender buttonball which, to-day, in its green old age, is our grand living witness of that age of stress and storm.

The restive spirit of the pioneer grew calmer in the free air about him and the large spaces around him. Here he would make his home. Here he would bring his seventeen-

years-old Hannah, already a wife of two years, and John, their baby boy.

Among the men who came at the Permanent Settlement were older and more experienced pioneers than John Sheldon. Several of the first settlers were still undaunted, still ready with brain, heart and hand to build up a new plantation. Of these were John Stebbins and Benoni Stebbins, brothers of Hannah Sheldon; Samson Frary, Godfrey Nims, Martin Smith, and Richard Weller. The next year came John Hawks, followed before 1688 by William Smead, John Weller, Joseph Barnard, Jonathan Wells, Thomas Broughton, Thomas Wells, Samuel Carter, John Catlin, Thomas French, Daniel Belding, David Hoyt, Benjamin Hastings, Simon Beamon, and notably, John Williams, the new minister.

Somehow it makes one fairly glow to think of these hardy pioneers, all stirred by a common impulse, that of making homes and building a town. Yes, Deerfield would rise again from its ashes. It would *live*, and the deeds of these sturdy, freedom-loving folk would be the priceless inheritance of unnumbered generations.

The records of peace are traced usually upon the air while those of war are written large on the pages of history. Of the period between 1682 and 1688 we know little save what reason aided by imagination can supply.

We see these men of energy and pluck building their houses, either of logs or hewn timber, and planting their acres with corn, peas, rye, wheat, oats, pumpkins, flax and tobacco. Their vigorous wives are raising large families of children. In a sense these fathers, mothers and children were unschooled, save in "the school of the back woods," where experience, ruling with inexorable hand, was master. Yet these families, little communities in themselves, were trained by one another, just as each individual member of a family was disciplined, consciously or unconsciously, by every other member, and in the process traits of sterling worth developed with originality as the guiding star.

It was no mean task—this building of a town. On the contrary, it was a great undertaking which only freemen

were fitted to accomplish. After all is said the evolution of a town is a reflection of the evolution of the individual members of that town. In both, the physical, the affectional and social, the spiritual and the intellectual needs seek satisfaction. In this young settlement the physical and social demands were being supplied. More or less comfortable homes, well stocked with the necessities of life, and gradually filling with little boys and girls were scattered along the Street.

Yonder stands the house of one of these pioneers, Samson Frary, which he built some time "after 1683" and which, it is known with certainty, was standing in 1698. It is our sacred witness of the pioneer days of Deerfield, and thrice fortunate is this Association in its possession.

The spiritual wants of this community were considered before the intellectual needs, and even before any civil action was taken looking toward the incorporation of the town. The fact that both human nature and the law required the calling of a minister to serve as spiritual guide was proof that the church was a necessity. It may, in truth, be questioned whether the men and women of that sad, stern century from 1683 to 1783, could have survived without their faith in the personal God of the Puritan creed.

In the spring or early summer of 1686, John Williams took up his life work in the waiting field, and it continued for a period of forty-three years. Little did John Sheldon dream at this time how intimate and tender would become his relations with his pastor in the next twenty years!

December 16, 1686, was an epoch in the history of Deerfield. It was then, so far as can be ascertained, that the first town meeting was held. At last the time had come when the diverse elements, of their own free will, joined themselves into one fairly harmonious whole, and elected officers who should control the affairs of the town. "Is there anything more valuable among Anglo-Saxon institutions," says James K. Hosmer, than the "New England town meeting. What a list of important men can be cited who have declared in the strongest terms that tongue can utter the convic-

tion of its preciousness! It has been alleged that to this more than anything else was due the supremacy of England over America, the successful colonization out of which grew at last the United States." This habit of thinking and governing for one's self is the unique privilege of a free people.

John Sheldon, young, alert and ready to take a hand at the wheel, was elected at this first meeting one of the Selectmen or Townsmen, who were Assessors as well; highway surveyors, and other officers were also chosen. "The whole action," says the historian of Deerfield, "appears to have been that of an independent Commonwealth."

There were, perhaps, at this time fifty men, heads of families, settled on the Street, many of whom owned their homes. Soon after 1687, John Sheldon bought homestead No. 12 on the west side of the Street including the northern slope of Meetinghouse Hill. This homestead was first held by "Worshipful John Pynchon" of Springfield, who, however, never came here to live. John Hawks, uncle to Colonel John Hawks of Fort Massachusetts fame, was the first to occupy it. He lived here before 1675, and again in 1683 or 1684, but after 1687, John Sheldon bought the lot of Pynchon. Soon after the purchase Ensign John added one and a half acres to the south side from home lot No. 13. Somewhere on this lot he probably lived in a cabin built by himself or by John Hawks, awaiting the time when he should be able to build a house to his liking.

Fain would we linger in this growing, thriving Commonwealth, this product of the activity and foresight of the pioneers. The sky above them was clear, the air bracing, and life was promising.

Surely it would seem as if this settlement, isolated from any large center, apparently remote from wars and rumors of wars, might live on peacefully in its environment of idyllic beauty such as only the valley of the Connecticut knows how to offer. This, however, was far indeed from the truth. More than a century before a powerful nation across one thousand leagues of surging water had fixed its keen eye on this fair western land. It had sent daunt-

less explorers up the St. Lawrence and down the Mississippi, and wherever they had gone they had planted the lilies of France in the name of the holy Catholic church. *New France* was growing larger and stronger every year, and its lusty youth was full of promise. Before it reached maturity, however, a strange thing happened. All unwittingly another powerful nation, also three thousand miles away, had driven from their native land some of its ablest men and bravest women. This choice seed drifting across the Atlantic took root on the eastern shores of America. Wherever this happened the flag of Old England was planted in the name of the holy Protestant church. Soon *New England* sprang into life. Thus it came about that in the last quarter of the seventeenth century two races were dominating America, the one of Latin stock, the other of Anglo-Saxon origin—the one Catholic, the other Protestant.

In one respect these two different races were alike. Both had clutched at America with hooks of steel, and with both it was victory or death. In another respect, also, they were not unlike. Neither race was far enough removed from the savage condition to discern the evil effects of employing Indians as allies. Thus it was that a war of conquest and religion, always fierce and bloody, was made more appalling by the fiendish atrocities of barbaric man.

Where should the first blow be struck? Certainly not in the more populous and well-protected centers. The field glasses of France and England alike swept the frontier line of New England and rested longest and most significantly upon the isolated settlements. Instead of being secluded in a peaceful environment these settlements were rather in the very lime light of hideous war. It is the old, old story. Through all the centuries the pioneers of thought and action have held the danger posts and the signal towers of earth.

The law of growth and development, often called the spirit of independence, was operating on this side of the Atlantic. What did England, the mother country on the other side, give her growing child? Certainly not encouragement or inspiration. On the contrary she checked

growth in very many ways. In 1684, the English High Court of Chancery declared the charter of Massachusetts forfeited, and the Crown sent over men of its own choosing to serve as Governors. James II commissioned Sir Edmund Andros governor of all New England. Sir Edmund's father had been master of ceremonies to Charles I, and Edmund himself had stood high in the favor of Charles II. The sympathies of Sir Edmund were with Catholic France, so that the Puritan colonists in New England became alarmed. Day after day the east wind brought tidings to this quiet valley that roused the inhabitants to alertness. Men gathered in groups and discussed the situation. Each had an opinion of his own and expressed it with emphasis. While the men talked the women asked one another, "What will the outcome be?"

News of the Revolution of 1688 which swept James II from the throne was received in this country in April, 1689. A few days later, as you all know, Andros, who had ruled with a tyrant's hand, was seized in Boston and put in prison. The government was then assumed by a Committee of Safety. This Committee issued a call May 2d for the towns to choose representatives to meet in Boston, May 9th. Little was done at this meeting so that a second call was sent out for another meeting, May 22d. There is no evidence on our town records that either of these calls ever reached Deerfield, but a paper found by Sheldon in the Massachusetts Archives and printed in his "*History of Deerfield*," proves that a meeting was held here May 17th. From this paper it is evident that John Sheldon engineered the movement which resulted in sending Thomas Wells as a representative of the town to the meeting of the revolutionary committee.

Think for a moment of the real significance of this movement. Every soldier and every man in civil office who joined the revolutionists was subject to the penalty of high treason. The situation, however, called for immediate action, regardless of consequences, and the men were ready. They were also wise and so covered their tracks that no trace of their doings could be found in the town records

by the prying eyes of Andros and Randolph. Only a manuscript in the well-guarded Archives of the state revealed the truth.

Fortunately for John Sheldon and his compeers the revolution of 1688 was not a failure, and William and Mary held the throne. But now Protestant England and Catholic France were at war, and consequently the English colonies were in danger. If the French could not subdue by subtle intrigue they could employ their allies, the Indians, to harass and perhaps ultimately exterminate. Already a party of Indians had been sent out by the Governor of Canada to scalp and kill. Six persons had been murdered in Northfield. The alarm became so general that in 1690 that town was deserted. Nothing now lay between Deerfield and Canada but the forest—the haunt of the Indians and their pathway from and to Canada.

The fearful massacre at Schenectady, February 18, 1690, roused the men of Deerfield to action. They saw clearly that there is no time but the present. At a legal town meeting February 26th, it was voted, "That y<sup>r</sup> shall be a good sufficient fortification made upon the meeting hous hill." "That ye fortification shall be don and finished by y<sup>e</sup> 8th of March next emediately ensuing." Those who could not be accommodated in the houses already standing on the Hill, and who had not the means to build for themselves, were to have houses built for them at the town's charge. Sergeant John Sheldon with two others should "have full pow<sup>r</sup> to appoint where every person's hous or cellar shall stand wt bigness y<sup>a</sup> shall be."

Is it possible for you and me to have any realizing sense of the conditions existing here in 1690! In spite of the fact that Deerfield was absolutely defenseless, in the very face of the hellish barbarities of the Indians urged on by the French—barbarities that make the blood shiver in our veins—in spite of these things, not a word has come down to us that any one of these fifty or sixty men thought of deserting Deerfield and seeking safety in the towns below. On the contrary, these men in town meeting assembled, voted affirmatively to build a stockade big enough to include the

whole population, and to build it in ten days! Energy like this challenges admiration for this human race of ours, and gives us an abiding faith in its large possibilities.

The palisade was done, but in the process what a change had come about! The last vestige of light-heartedness had taken to itself wings, and a tense, strained condition of heart, brain, eye, ear had taken its place. A vague, dismal uncertainty was in the air, and the intuitions of both men and women foreboded ill. A garrison of sixty soldiers, sent up from Connecticut daily emphasized the wearisome truth that this was a time of war. In August of the same year an epidemic in the valley caused "a hundred persons sick at Deerfield," and the death of several prominent men. In 1691, one hundred and fifty Indians appeared and settled in the woods east of Wapping, and fear of their treachery haunted the people. In February, 1692, word reached Deerfield that a large army of French and Indians were moving southward from Lake Champlain. Again in the middle of May they were expected, but the cowardly assailants, finding they could not surprise, marched eastward. This year John Sheldon was appointed Ensign and also elected Selectman.

When 1693 opened Deerfield was indeed at ebb tide. Provisions were scanty owing to the impossibility of raising crops far from the fort the summer before. In its dire need the town besought the General Court for soldiers, for ammunition and for an abatement of taxes; in a word, for "such helps and relieve as our necessities if not extreame difficulties call for."

The record at this time is an illuminating study of the New England character as influenced by the conservative tendencies of the Motherland. With death by the tomahawk on the one hand and death by starvation on the other, these people assembled and voted, March 11, 1693, "that the meetinghouse shall be new seated," and that Deacon John Sheldon should be one of three to do it. The undemocratic custom of Old England of seating the worshippers by rank was rigidly adhered to by the Puritans, in spite of their totally different environment.

The spring months were spent in watching, warding, scouting and planting. When the sun went down on the night of June 5th, all Nature tried to impart its own serenity to the troubled hearts in this little town, alone, as it were, on the northern frontier.

O why could not intuition have been strong enough and real enough to have guided the footsteps of all to the palisade on Meetinghouse Hill! Why could not some thought have been transferred across the fields of air as a warning message to these innocent souls. The people slept as though awake, doubtless dreaming of what was ever in their day thoughts when the cry "Indians!" "Indians!" pierced the still night air. "Thomas Broughton and his wife and children are killed!" "The Wells girls are scalped!"

In the darkness of night there had been a sudden rush and a blow, eight times repeated—then silence all. The perpetrators had gone as they came like the wind, and no hand had been stretched out to aid. Two men, however, had escaped, and now there was a wild scurrying to the fort. At last all were inside the stockade, John Sheldon, his wife Hannah and their five small children among the rest.

As the dwellers on the slopes of Vesuvius return after every eruption and rebuild their homes on the sides of the fiery mountain, so the men and women of Deerfield after every attack left the safety of their fort and went back to their daily tasks at the imminent risk of a horrible fate. Do you say they had to do it or starve? Ah, but there were safe havens in the towns below.

In justice to themselves and the town of their own making they sent a cry from the heart to the heart of the Old Bay Colony for help in their distress. Slowly relief came. In the meantime news reached Deerfield that Brookfield on the east had been attacked on July 27th, and seven persons killed and others captured. October 13th, their own beloved minister, Mr. Williams, had barely escaped capture at Broughton's Pond. The next day Martin Smith on his way to Wapping was taken and carried to Canada.

In the knowledge of such dastardly deeds, and in the hourly possibility of still worse calamities nine months

passed, when on September 15th, 1694, Baron de Castine with his army of French and Indians, after traveling hundreds of miles, approached the town, intending to pounce upon it, and sweep it from the face of the earth. While creeping cautiously down one of the ravines east of the Street they were discovered by a lad who gave the alarm. Then the people fled. Mrs. Hannah Beamon, the school dame, and her children, among whom were probably little John, Hannah and Mary Sheldon, ran as they never ran before, and all got safely to the fort.

Preparations had been made for such an emergency; Castine was driven back, and out of this first victory of the Deerfield men courage and confidence were born. Evidence of this is found in the vote of the town taken two weeks later, John Sheldon, moderator, to build a new meetinghouse. This vote proved that the people were here to stay, and although it took seven years to complete the structure, nevertheless the difficulties were surmounted and at last it was finished.

In 1695, one of Deerfield's leading men, Joseph Barnard, was killed by a party of Indians in ambush at Indian bridge. From the beginning of the year 1696 to its end, says Sheldon, "fear and distress pervaded the household, danger and death lurked in every by-way about the fields." In spite of this desperate situation civil duties were not neglected, and March 2d, a penalty of one shilling was laid upon every legal voter who, after being warned, did not attend town meeting.

It was late one day in September when Daniel Belding, an influential man of the town, returned home from the field with a load of corn. In that home was Elizabeth, his wife, and eight of his children, and the heart of Daniel Belding grew warm and glad at the sight of them. As silent as the moving cloud the Indians drew near. In less than fifteen minutes, his wife and three children were dead; he and two children were captives in the hands of the savages, one boy was tomahawked and left for dead, one girl shot in the arm while fleeing to the fort, and all that was left was Sarah hidden away in a chamber.

There are realities of life which it is not in the power of any language to adequately portray. I have touched upon some of these simply to show you in what school John Sheldon was trained. From 1688 to 1698, it was a school where every human faculty was sharpened, and where dauntless resolution was always pitted against inhuman slaughter.

The Peace of Ryswick was declared in Quebec, September 22, 1698. Deerfield had asserted and proved its right to be, and at last its inhabitants could lay down the gun and sword, and turn to the pursuits of civilization. Very soon the minds of the people grew heated over the question of the education of the young. A schoolhouse must be built, a master hired and the "heads of families y<sup>t</sup> have Children whether male or female, between ye ages of six and ten years, shall pay by the poll to s<sup>d</sup> school whether y<sup>a</sup> send such children to School or not." Each year a committee was chosen to look after school matters, and one year the committee consisted of John Sheldon, William Arms and Eliezer Hawks.

At last the time had come when Ensign John Sheldon, relieved from the stress of war, was free to build a home for his family. In order to have his house within the stockade he acquired from the town this year—1698—a small tract out of the training field, adjoining his homelot bought ten years before.

Let us pause here and refresh ourselves over the happy picture of John and Hannah planning their home, and watching it develop day by day. It was just such a house as you might predict a man like John Sheldon would build—strong foundations, a massive frame of heavy oak beams, bullet-proof doors and walls, broad boards forming handsome panels, a chimney built of bricks and clay mortar which would defy the tests of time—a house, plain, very plain, but enduring.

Little did John and Hannah dream while sitting together at the open door watching their frolicsome children under the leafy buttonball, that this house—this creation of their own thought—would be described and pictured in histories

and in school books to remote generations. Little did they dream that the stout front door with its strong iron hinges would be held as a sacred memorial, and viewed by thousands and tens of thousands through coming centuries.

Well for them they did not dream it. Let us not think of it. Let us rather catch the inspiration of those few years from 1698 to 1702 when the people of Deerfield really *lived*. Let us go, you and I, to the housewarming when John and Hannah and their five boys and girls, with the neighbors round about were glad, yes, merry in the big, new house. There was Hannah's brother John Stebbins with Dorothy Alexander, his wife, and their five children; her brother, Benoni and Hannah Edwards with seven children; Samson Frary with Mary Daniels and their son, Nathaniel, now a young gallant of twenty-three; Godfrey Nims and Mehitable Smead with six children; John Hawks and Alice with their one-year-old baby; also, John's son, John, with his wife, Thankful Smead, and their little one; William Smead and wife Elizabeth Lawrence; their son Samuel was drawn by some invisible magnet to Mary Price, and John to Anna Weld, while their daughter, Waitstill, was oftenest seen by the side of Ebenezer Warner. The next year the hopes of all these young hearts were realized. There was still another son, Ebenezer, with his wife Esther Catlin, and a granddaughter, little Esther. Jonathan Wells who, when sixteen years old, proved that boys as well as men may be heroes, was doubtless here with his wife, the widow of Joseph Barnard, with her ten children; Samuel Carter with Mercy Brooks and their four children; John Catlin and Mary Baldwin with Ruth, Joseph, Jonathan and John, and their married daughter, Mary, the wife of Thomas French, with five children; Martin Kellogg and Sarah Dickinson with five children; Thomas Hurst and Mary Jeffreys with five children; Henry White and Mary Alexander with six children. Here, too, was the dear and respected pastor, John Williams, with his wife, Eunice Mather and their six children. Moving among the little people and entering into their games was Mrs. Hannah Beamon, while her husband, Simon, mingled with the

groups of men who were discussing the civic affairs of the town. Mrs. Beamon must have loved children, since years before she had freely opened her house to teach them the all important rudiments of knowledge.

Can you not see the radiance on the worn faces of the husbands and fathers as they watch their gladsome wives and happy children all intent on having what they so well deserved—a joyful time. All join in singing and the merry dance begins. Truly we may believe that the great beams and rafters and the very foundation stones laughed and chuckled together!

The delights and triumphs of peace are infinitely greater than the victories of war, and for three years Deerfield grew along civil, educational and industrial lines. John Sheldon and the other permanent settlers with whom we are now well acquainted, took active part in all the affairs of the town. Roads were laid out, mills built, a school maintained and a meetinghouse completed.

It was June, 1702, when the beauty of Nature was at flood tide in Deerfield that a black shadow fell over all. War was again declared between France and England. At a town meeting held June 26th, John Sheldon, moderator, it was voted that "the fort shall forthwith be Righted vp." September 11th of the same year, John Sheldon, moderator, it was voted that Sergeant Hawks shall build within the stockade. It must have been with a sense of relief that Ensign John looked upon his own dwelling within the palisade. In 1703, it was thought the fort must be rebuilt, so preparations were made for a possible future, while all worked and prayed.

One of the most graphic and charming pictures in Sheldon's "History of Deerfield" is that of "An Evening at Home." It is instinct with the home feeling, with the heart's glow and the heart's ease and the love-light of home. The scene is the kitchen of John Sheldon's house; the time might well be the night of February 28, 1704.

At last the varied activities of the long winter evening end, the buzz of the flax wheel and the hum of the big wheel cease, and the busy workers lay down to sleep.

When the sun rose the next morning John Sheldon's wife, Hannah, was dead, his youngest child was murdered and four children were captives in the hands of the French and Indians.

Of the eighteen families of the early permanent settlers with whom we have sung and danced at the housewarming only two remain unbroken. That we may realize in some measure the actual condition existing here let us ponder over the record.

John Stebbins, wife and six children all swept into Canadian captivity.

Benoni Stebbins killed.

Samson Frary killed, wife killed on march.

Godfrey Nims's wife killed on march, five children killed, three captured, Godfrey dying soon in consequence.

John Hawks's wife killed, baby killed on march; his son, John Hawks, Jr., wife and three children killed—whole family blotted out.

William Smead's wife killed and daughter Waitstill killed on march.

Samuel Carter's wife killed on march, three children killed, four captured.

John Catlin killed, three children killed, two captured; wife surviving only a few weeks.

Thomas French captured, wife killed on march, one child killed, four captured—whole family killed or captured.

David Hoyt captured and starved on march, wife captured, two children killed, three captured.

Martin Kellogg captured, one child killed, four captured.

Thomas Hurst's wife captured, one child killed and five captured.

Benjamin Hastings's child captured.

Rev. John Williams captured, wife killed on march, two children killed and five captured—out of eight children only one escaping!

Simon Beamon and wife Hannah captured.

After this wreckage of home and family, dearest to the heart of a man, what did John Sheldon do? Did his brain reel and his sense of time and space become as naught?

No. No. Did he wander aimlessly about talking over and over again the horrors of that winter night? No. *John Sheldon was silent.* What, then, did this silent man do? He faced the awful reality and—acted. It is because he was a man of action, in the supreme agony of life, that yonder boulder is reared and his name is written in bronze.

When his wife Hannah, and little Mercy, and Benoni Stebbins, his brother-in-law, and Joseph Catlin, his son-in-law, and other comrades with whom he had labored for years in founding Deerfield—when all these had been laid to rest by the mourning Pocumtuck; when the stricken man stood by his desolate hearthstone, his heart with the captives in Canada, a resolution more invincible than life itself took possession of his soul, and found expression in those simple words, “I will bring them home.”

Deerfield staggered under the terrible blow: 48 dead, 111 captives in Canada; only 25 men, as many women and 75 children, 43 of whom were under ten years of age, were left—more than half of the population taken by one deadly swoop! But in the midst of this destruction the house of Ensign John Sheldon stood unscathed. Its massive door still hung on its stout iron hinges, but now it bore a scar which time could not heal. The house was baptized in blood, and henceforth for 144 years it would tell its tragic tale to the passer-by, while in all New England history it would be known as “The Old Indian House.”

The Massachusetts Government had long recognized the ability of Ensign John Sheldon, and now appointed him Envoy to Canada for the redemption of the Captives.

When the frosts of December had frozen the rivers the man was ready, and by his side stood young John Wells. Says the brilliant historical writer, C. Alice Baker:

“We need not go back to King Arthur for exploits of chivalry; our colonial history is full of them. This man long past the daring impulses of youth,—this youth whose life was all before him—show me two braver knights-errant setting out with loftier purpose on a more perilous pilgrimage.”

Down the Albany Road walked John Sheldon with firm

step controlled by an indomitable will,—across the river, through “Little Hope” to the larger realm of hope and faith beyond; over Hoosac Mountain, along the Mohawk Trail to Albany, thence northerly through trackless forests down Lake George and Lake Champlain, down the Sorel to the St. Lawrence.

Of the daily life of this man while on this hazardous journey we know scarcely nothing. No diary was kept, only accounts of expenses to be rendered the home government. We do not know what sufferings he bore; what wild beasts or wild men he encountered; how far he traveled by day or by night; what he ate to sustain strength; what accidents befell—not one of the thousand experiences that make up the history of a day. We know nothing of these things, but we do know something infinitely better than all these things—we know that the man went *on, on, ON*: that no obstacle was big enough to stop him; that no mountains, arctic blasts or treacherous Indians could defeat his ultimate purpose. We know he reached his goal—Quebec. This plain farmer born and bred to the soil, with the homely traits and the common sense born of the soil, with his intellect sharpened by years of training, stood unabashed in the presence of the French Governor of Canada, the representative of “His Most Christian Majesty,” Louis le Grand. We know that John Sheldon labored as only a man with a single aim can labor.

Here in this gay, foreign city he met the pastor of his youth and mature manhood, John Williams, and through a mutual sorrow their mutual friendship was sealed forever.

But alas! the ransom of Mr. Williams could not be obtained. He was a prize to be held for a prize, and the heart of John Sheldon was sad within him, but in determination and effort he never faltered.

While in Quebec, Ensign John wrote his son’s wife, Hannah, in captivity, a letter, dated April 1, 1705; it begins “der child.” Could there be anything briefer or sweeter! This letter reveals tenderness as well as strength, and the clear, firm handwriting is that of a man who had neither time nor heart for rounded periods or flourishes.

At last five captives were released and in May, John Sheldon returned to Deerfield, disappointed but not defeated. "In the lexicon of this bright youth," as in that of one of his descendants, "there is no such word as fail!" We see him at the close of a summer's day, when the shadows lengthen and thoughts of home burn and glow, walking slowly along the crest of the hill through his own home lot. He sees nothing around him for his eye is fixed on a point in the northern horizon, and his heart, outspeeding his vision, is in far off Canada. Suddenly his grave features relax, and a light divine illuminates his face. The leaves and vines above him in sympathy draw closer and catch the audible words as they break from his lips, "I will go again!" The spot where a noble resolution is born which must in its very nature crystallize into action is holy ground! Such, in truth, is the soil of the Old Indian House Homestead!

In Boston, Governor Dudley and his Council with the advice of Lord Cornbury, Governor of New York, was negotiating with the Governor of Canada for the exchange of prisoners. The proposals of the Canadian Governor could not be accepted, and Governor Dudley wrote an answer which His Excellency and Council ordered "to be dispatched to Quebec by Mr. John Sheldon, attended with a servant or two, and two French prisoners of war."

Accordingly on January 25, 1706, in the very depth of winter, John Sheldon as Ambassador from our government to the royal government of Canada set out on his tedious journey. With him besides the prisoners were Joseph Bradley of Haverhill, and his faithful young companion, John Wells. A truce had been arranged for five weeks, so the party pushed on more speedily, arriving in Quebec "the beginning of March." Here conditions were trying in the extreme, but John Sheldon had made up his mind that French diplomacy and Indian reluctance to give up captives must be overcome so far as it lay in human power. The large number of French prisoners which Dudley had gathered at Port Royal waiting to be exchanged was a forceful argument in his plea. After three months' ceaseless effort attended, as he tells us, with "extraordinary

Difficulties, Hazzards and Hardships," John Sheldon set sail for Boston on May 30th with forty-four English captives. They reached their destination August 2d, and a week later the journey to Deerfield began. It seems as if we could hear the forests all along the Old Bay Path resounding with their songs of praise. But there was one, revered and loved, who was not among them. John Williams, still bound, had sent his flock a "Pastoral Letter" in which were those vital words, "*Thanksliving* is the best Thanksgiving."

Now began active operations in collecting French prisoners in exchange for English captives. These prisoners had been placed in the different towns and Deerfield had two. August 27, 1706, John Sheldon, constable, received orders from Lieutenant Colonel Samuel Partridge, commander in the Valley, "to impress two Squa Lynes and any other Necessary the two Frenchmen now going to Canada stand in need of."

The French prisoners, with the prize Captain Baptiste, sailed for Quebec in the Hope, and arrived in Canada about October 1st. When the vessel returned the result of these negotiations was apparent; in the Hope came John Williams with 57 other captives to Boston. Then a great wave of rejoicing swept from the Bay to the Valley. John Sheldon was chosen as agent for the town of Deerfield to go to Boston, and invite Mr. Williams to return to his old field of labor.

But there were still ninety captives in Canada who must be redeemed. Governor Dudley proposed to his Council January 14, 1707, to have "a Person Ledger at Quebec, to put forward that affair, and that Mr. John Sheldon who has been twice already may be employed with a suitable retinue to undertake a journey thither on that service." In accordance with these instructions, in the middle of April, John Sheldon for a third time set out on his "perilous pilgrimage." Although the party bore a flag of truce it was a time when French and Indians were thirsty for blood. In full realization of the treachery of human nature in time of war, John Sheldon pressed steadily on. One incident only

of this journey is known to us. It is recorded in Ensign John's own hand as an item in the charge for expenses: "To an Indian to guide us into the way when bewildered 6 livres." The party was lost; they knew neither north nor south, east nor west. In their bewilderment an Indian guided them "into the way." This kindly deed is like the flash of a search light in the darkness.

Quebec was reached May 9th, but now John Sheldon found he was in the enemy's country in very truth, and that enemy in active preparation to meet an expected attack by the English. He was watched constantly to prevent home communication, and though actually Leger, that is, Resident Minister at Quebec, he was virtually little better than a prisoner. Under these discouraging circumstances he was able at last to secure the release of only seven captives, and when he left, the embassy was accompanied by five French soldiers, under the command of Captain de Chamblay, brother of Hertel de Rouville, the man who had destroyed Deerfield.

John Sheldon had brought or been instrumental in bringing 113 captives from Canada to New England. His career is epitomized in the inscription upon the tablet we dedicate to-day, and this inscription summarizes my paper:

John Sheldon 1658-1733

Hannah Stebbins 1664-1704

Married Nov. 5, 1679

The home of John Sheldon was on this lot.

Here, Feb. 29, 1704, his wife and one child were killed  
and four children were taken captive

by the French and Indians.

John Sheldon was a permanent settler 1682

Member of the first Board of Selectmen,

Deacon of the First Church,

Ensign of the first military company.

A Leader in civil affairs.

Guide in a political crisis.

Envoy for the redemption of captives in Canada Dec., 1704

Ambassador for the exchange of prisoners Jan., 1706

Leger at Quebec 1707

The three journeys were overland through the wilderness.

Once again in 1714

Captain Sheldon then of Connecticut was secured  
by our Government on a fourth mission.

This Homestead is presented to the  
Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association  
to be forever kept in memory of  
the eminent services of John Sheldon  
and the scene  
where his great life tragedy was enacted.

To mark this historic ground  
the Association places this tablet  
A. D. 1910

John Sheldon, in common with all of us, could not choose the age or the place in which to be born; these are matters beyond our control. But given the century and the environment, he set himself wholly—body, mind, heart, spirit—to do the work which that century demanded of him. His was an age of turbulence and sorrow when human lives were spent in the shadow, but in spite of these conditions John Sheldon strove persistently for the building of a town, and, thereby, for the building of New England and the building of a nation.

No more fitting memorial to Ensign John Sheldon could there be than his own homestead, where he lived, loved and suffered, and where his descendants lived for nearly a century.

Certainly no more tender tribute to his life of service could be paid by his very great-grandson than the gift of this homestead to the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association which will hold it forever sacred.

The life of John Sheldon is a bugle call to *action, action* for the age in which we live. *Let us, every one of us, heed the call.*

#### HOW ENSIGN SHELDON BROUGHT THE CAPTIVES BACK.

BY DR. HENRY H. BARBER.

Again the well-remembered scene  
The quiet street, elm-arched and maple-bowered,  
The spacious houses stoutly set between,—  
    Each quaint old dwelling  
        Its individual story telling,  
With sad or happy memories richly dowered;—  
    The old church, many-windowed, lofty-towered,

Lifting its shaft of white  
Above the leafy green  
Into the ampler light;  
The climbing hill-side, laurel-flowered  
When June puts on her morning-dress  
Of many-tinted loveliness;  
The spreading meadows, harvestful or shorn,  
Their golden stubble or green-glancing corn  
Here islanding Pine Hill, there stretching far  
To Sugar-Loaf's blue steep, or Mount Tom's saw-tooth scaur.  
Here East Rock lifts its nearer beetling heights,  
Recalling youthful climbing joys and venturesome delights,  
Up winding paths, by doubtful devious ways,  
Whence, eastward, Toby's couchant lion sleeps,  
And far Mount Grace's domelike forehead peeps  
Above the Notch in Northfield's wooded steeps.  
Between, Connecticut shines in the morning rays,  
Recalling Peskeompskut's memorable days,—  
The summit gained, the valley's fair surprise  
Rewards our weary feet and asking eyes;  
Pocumtuck's tortuous line below us lies,—  
River of many windings, making light  
Of settled bound and territorial right;—  
While parallelograms of varied crops  
Far stretch till hill or stream their bounty stops;  
And over them the Sun-sick hills lie fair,  
With Hoosac's range beyond, and still above them there,  
Graylock's far-crowning summit, blue and bare.

How near to-day  
That summer noon-tide almost sixty years away  
When first I trod this since familiar street,  
Its picturesque and antique style,  
Unlike to all that I had known erewhile,  
And to my youthful fancy passing fair and sweet;—  
The old Academy, then deeply elm-embowered,  
And thronged by many feet,—  
Now grown a silent treasury of the Past,  
With relics of the old-time life each year more richly dowered,—  
By old associations once again empowered,  
Grows vocal with young voices long since stilled,  
And rich with school-time memories gathering fast  
Of long bright days with genial studies filled;  
The loved Preceptor's kindling voice and eye,  
The happy comradships of days gone by,—  
Making the ancient structure, in the far recall,  
In other senses a Memorial Hall.

Comes back the vision of our Sunday ways,  
The meetinghouse, well-thronged in those more churchly days;  
The wonder that befell

When the blind sexton crossed the street to ring the bell,  
Or waited, watch in hand, precise the hour to tell,  
As his skilled fingers note the minutes well;—

Or when the sightless patriarch of the place  
With solemn vision written on his face,  
Took his accustomed place the preacher's stand beside;—  
His reverend form lending the lofty pulpit grace,  
Scripture and song by his high aspect glorified;  
Conscience incarnate, which the town had grown  
Almost to worship in the long years known  
Of faithful witness to the truth alone.

Among the memoried ways  
Clear seen through all the intervening days,  
Come back the summer evenings' quiet grace,  
And cool delights of the old swimming-place;  
Where the light foot-bridge swung across the stream,  
Above its shadow, and the twilight gleam  
Lighted the silent water;—all these memories seem  
Fair in remembrance as a happy dream.

Then, on the homeward path the hush profound  
Of the "Old Burying Ground,"  
With its rude heraldry of death  
Carved on the moss-grown monuments around;  
And, mingled with the soil beneath,  
The ever-honored dust  
Of valiant men and just,  
First fathers of the ancient town  
Who by "y<sup>e</sup> Barbarous Enemy" were stricken down:—  
The good first pastor and his slaughtered wife,  
"Redeemed" from every earthly care and strife,—  
As he before from lingering thrall and pain,  
To gather in his scattered flock again,  
And write his chronicle of captive life;  
And the vast common grave to which were borne  
The forty victims of one fatal morn.

That fateful morning! From this peaceful scene,  
And small events of our own early years,  
Pass we to story of the elder time,  
Recall to-day heroic memories old,  
Renew the record of their toils and tears,  
Their deeds of valor and their trust sublime,  
And in our homely rhyme  
Retell a tale a hundred times retold.

Near thirty years were sped  
Since the fray at the fatal Brook,  
When the harvest wains met ambuscade,  
Where the "Flower of Essex" fell,

And the dear-bought "Falls Fight" victory  
Broke the power of the hostile tribes near by.

The stricken settlers who forsook  
Their homes in that terrible time  
Had come back again to dwell;  
And a new generation tell  
Their children, in prose or rhyme,  
Of the horrors that befell,  
And the old-time homes they battled for  
In the bloody days of Philip's War.

The town had risen again,  
And builded anew, and thriven amain;  
There were forty homes in Deerfield Street  
And church and civic order complete:—  
Strong-built houses and stout stockade  
Lessened the fear of savage raid;  
Though in field and far out-lying farm  
Came the fatal shot and the dread alarm,  
As from hills around the foe watched well,  
And like a blasting thunderbolt fell.

But more terrible days began,  
With the War of good Queen Anne,  
When the friendly tribes, half against their will,  
Were embroiled of set purpose by crafty Vandreuil,  
And sent without mercy to burn, capture and kill,  
Under bold Martigny and fell Rouville.

Then came ambush and slaughter and harrying  
Into captivity carrying  
Women and children and stalwart men,  
Slain on the wood-path by river and glen,  
Starved and frozen and wearied to death;  
Struck down when they stumbled or stopped for breath;  
With gauntlet and fagot to torture the brave,  
Held the Jesuit's vassal, the savage's slave,—  
Children lost to their mothers, babes torn from the arms,  
Sent to towns far remote, or to wide-scattered farms,—  
Such were some of the border-life terrors and fears  
Of New England for more than a hundred years.

Among the first to feel  
The storm of shot and steel  
From Canada pouring down,—  
Troops of white men and hordes of red,  
By the spirit of hate and vengeance led,  
By hope of conquest and plunder fed,  
And with blessing of priest and zealot sped,—  
Was our devoted town.

The end of winter was drawing on  
When rumors of peril came thick and fast,

And the little provincial garrison  
 Had come to strengthen the settlers at last;—  
 The next day would the last day of winter be,  
 The Leap Year Day of the first Leap Year  
 Of the fateful eighteenth century;  
 And the morning was coming on;—  
 Within the stockade all were gathered for sleep,  
 Meaning watch and ward securely to keep.

The sentry was pacing his weary round,  
 When his stranger ear caught a homelike sound,  
 A remembered, familiar lullaby,  
 Which a woman crooned in a house near by  
 To quiet a restless child:—  
 And the sentry, by the song beguiled,  
 'Neath the window sat down in the starlight there,  
 As the notes came soft on the silent air:—

\* “The deer and the doe and the little lithe fawn  
 Have sped through the wildwood from pipes of the dawn,  
 So the deer and the doe and the little fawn now  
 Are weary, my dearie, and so art thou;  
 So weary, my dearie!

They fled from the twang of the red man's bow,  
 The deer and the fawn and the startled doe,  
 They lingered long by the bright river's brim,  
 Till the sunset clouds grew gray and dim;  
 So weary, my dearie!

The fawn and the doe and the antlered deer  
 Follow the call of the katydid clear  
 To fragrant fields where the firefly gleams  
 Will light them into the land of dreams;—  
 Weary, my dearie!

Now the deer and the doe and the little lithe fawn  
 Are fallen asleep till the pipes of the dawn,  
 For the deer and the doe and the little fawn now  
 Are weary, my dearie, and so art thou,—  
 Weary, my dearie!”

More and more distant the music seems  
 Till the sweet strains pass into happy dreams,  
 And the watchman his listening posture kept  
 While the child and mother and watchman slept,—  
 And the stealthy foe nearer and nearer crept!

\* [This Lullaby was written to be read with this poem, by my daughter, Mrs. Alice Barber Coleman, who has also written music for it.—H. H. B.]

The same old legend, fulfilled the same;—  
*While the watchman slept, the enemy came!*

Over the palisades,  
Where the crusted snow-drift aids,  
In the darkness before the dawn,  
In the furtive way of their forest raids  
The murderous horde came on.  
And the watchman woke with a start,  
As the terrible yell arose,  
To see the inclosure in every part  
Swarming with deadly foes.

Terror was everywhere  
And the wild despairing cry,  
**As** gunshot and shouting filled the air,  
And many rose up but to die.  
Huddled together, and bound,  
And threatened with dreadful death,  
Women and children saw around  
Flames and fierce fighting, and heard the sound  
Of crashing axes and crackling doors,  
And shrieks from under the falling floors  
Where the household was stifled beneath.

But one door held fast, with its doubled planks,  
And deep-clinched spikes in their close-set ranks  
Still stoutly barred to its massive posts,  
Strong-built to baffle the savage hosts;—  
But the axes at last made a passage through  
For the musket its murderous work to do,—  
So Ensign Sheldon's wife was slain,  
And his children swelled the captive train.

But the eldest son, with his brave young bride,  
From the window leaped on a sheltered side,  
And though she was lamed they were unespied;  
Unable to fly, she yet urged her spouse  
To haste with the news and the Valley rouse:—  
And though sorely loth young Sheldon ran  
Ten miles with half-bandaged and freezing feet,  
As none but a desperate woodsman can,  
And from Hatfield and Hadley brought succor meet:  
While the nobly self-forgetting wife  
As hardly bore the captive life,  
Painfully joining the long retreat  
Shared serenely the lot of that hapless train,  
And, ransomed, returned to her husband again.

Another house not far away  
Helped also partly to save the day;

Benoni Stebbins kept up the fight,  
 Sent the foeman fleeing to left and right,  
 And when he was struck down the garrison—  
 Seven men and some women—fought stoutly on,  
 Held the savage at bay till the rising sun,  
 And though “almost spent” yet gallantly won;  
 “At the verry pintch,” is the record’s claim,  
 The Hadley and Hatfield helpers came,  
 And the baffled French and their red allies  
 Drew sulkily off with half their prize.

Then the terrible northward march began,  
 The marshalled captives, the gathered loot,  
 The attempted rescue, and vain pursuit;  
 The sinking women, and man after man  
 Savagely slain as their strength gave out,—  
 More than a month on that dreadful route.

And the crowning cruelty! Far and wide  
 The victims were scattered on every side,—  
 Parents and children sundered far,  
 Claimed by the red man as prizes of war;  
 In the forest wigwam taught to forget  
 The old home faith and the old home ties,  
 Till the maiden an alien suitor met,  
 And the lad came to see with a savage’s eyes,  
 And learned the wilderness life to prize;—  
 Or, hemmed in by border or nunnery life,  
 The tender mother or parted wife  
 Longed for the tidings that did not come  
 Of the far away unforgotten home.  
 And as years went by, and release came not  
 Grew heart-sick, as if by that home forgot.

But not for a moment forgotten there,  
 These victims of heartbreak and slow despair;  
 The harried village stood blackened and lone,  
 Many dwellings unpeopled for many days,  
 Till the inmates came back from the wilderness ways:  
 One stood here till days well down to our own  
 Whose bchacked, battered portal, stout door posts and all,  
 Now fittingly graces Memorial Hall.

Here Ensign Sheldon was left alone,  
 But with faith still unbroken and spirit untired,  
 He labored and journeyed like one inspired;  
 And as soldier and deacon, and selectman,  
 Served the state and the church in the township’s van;—  
 Petitioned, and pleaded, and sent report  
 To Governor, Council, and General Court,

Urging thought and speed for ransom to go  
To the captives held by the far-off foe;  
And when another winter had come  
John Sheldon set forth from his desolate home,  
As the Province's agent joyfully went  
On a mission of mercy and rescue sent;—  
Into the wilderness plunged once more,  
Privations and perils manfully bore,—  
The wintry blast and the treacherous shore  
Of river and lake, and the terrible strain  
Of ambush from yet more treacherous men;—  
Three hundred miles on this merciful quest  
Three times he trod ere his feet had rest,  
Till success, long delayed, grew to better and best.

Meantime, with the captives the Jesuits wrought,  
Creed and catechism strenuously taught,  
Promise and ban of the Church they brought,  
With hopes and terrors skillfully fraught,  
And the children's fancy artfully caught  
With incense and candles and solemn rites,  
And with constant pressure through days and nights,  
While the months went by and no ransom came,—  
What wonder that converts grew apace  
As the new-found home grew a home-like place?  
So that many forebore to return again,  
Or by new-formed ties were drawn to remain?  
So the young men chose French or Indian brides,  
For the priests urged marriage on man and maid  
In the Church's name, till, allured or afraid,  
Many made them new homes in the stranger land,  
Received a new faith at the stranger's hand,  
And came no more to the old firesides.

But the story is told, with relish keen,  
That one spirited Deerfield girl of seventeen  
Proved more than a match for the priest's hot zeal;  
When he kept urging his tiresome appeal  
And her duty to marry then and there,—  
With a Catholic bridegroom slyly in ken,—  
She rose in her place and modestly said:—  
“I am now convinced, and am ready to wed,  
*If one of my fellow-captives will!*”  
And one there was, as she doubtless knew,  
Who was more than ready the part to fulfil,  
And promptly came forward with resolute air;  
So the baffled priest was forced to do,  
What his office required for the canny pair,  
And to marry the heretics then and there.  
So Sarah Hoyt, the tradition said,  
And Ebenezer Nims were wed.

More than a hundred ransomed souls,—  
As many as missing on Deerfield's rolls,  
Though to many sad households not the same—  
Through Sheldon out of the prison house came;—  
His mission to comfort, release and bless,  
As he braved in the wintry wilderness  
Perils of lurking savage foes,  
Perils of waters, and keen distress  
Of slow starvation or long duress,  
Perils of torture,—all he chose  
To save to freedom, native home and faith  
Children and neighbors in the hapless town  
And, as the record truly saith,  
Still other captives all the Valley down.

Thrice this chivalric and undaunted man,  
After this work of ransom and relief began,  
So painfully adventured and heroically endured;  
Through long delays and stern refusals waited,  
Baffled, put off with diplomatic art,  
By Jesuitic trick time and again checkmated,  
But keeping firm resolve and never losing heart,  
Till first a few, and then a larger part,  
Were to his constancy and strong demand assured;  
At last all rescued, free at last to come,  
Free to relight the blackened hearth, rebuild the ruined home!  
All, save the homes forever desolate,  
Missing the children or the household mate!  
All, save the forty slaughtered in the first surprise,  
All, save the twenty perished in the wilderness;  
All, save the fallen in the rash pursuit,—  
The forms forever fled, the lips forever mute!  
And all but those who in the savage ways and dress,  
The wilder, freer life, the lawless enterprise  
Of wild adventure and the open skies,  
Found fuller scope for youthful storm and stress,  
And brooked no more the stricter Puritan life;—  
Or taught by priest and nun,  
By terrors holden or by kindness won.  
(Thank God that in that time of savage strife,  
The human heart,  
Revealing often its diviner part,  
Made many a noble friendship, many a new love start.)  
So new-found ties of faith and home  
Held freely bound some lives that else had come  
Back to the yearning hearts whence they were torn,  
Back to the broken households waiting them forlorn.  
  
But, for the rest,  
Each scattered brood possessed  
Its old-time nest,

Or o'er its ashes built the home anew  
To manful enterprise and steadfast purpose true;—  
Reformed the civic order, opened again the house of prayer,  
And set the sacred candlestick aflame for service there;  
The "Redeemed Captive" pastor back again their fate and faith to share;  
Holding at "not a blackberry's worth"  
The flattering offers of the Papist North  
If he the Roman doctrine would declare  
Renounce the Pilgrim faith, and settle there.

So Ensign Sheldon's rescue work was done,  
A work in stern resolve and bitter loss begun,  
Through steadfastness and long endurance well achieved,—

Record worth handing down from sire to son,  
Never of honor here to be bereaved;  
But in this monumental legend told,  
With other tales of the brave days of old,  
Set here and there in script of bronze or stone;  
Recounting scenes of tragedy and woe,  
Our hearts to set aglow,  
Till we more largely know  
That faith and helpful service and high sacrifice  
Are the great forces that alone suffice  
To guard a people's ways,  
Through all their peaceful as their stormier days.

O town of fertile fields and pleasant homes,  
O peaceful vale to which no terror comes,  
Of high, heroic memories,

Embosoming shade and sunny skies,  
The fathers looked not backward, but before!

Read you the lesson right,  
Their toils and trust requite,  
Bear in your day the worthy part in theirs they bore!  
While of their fortitude and noble record glad,

Fail not to add  
That service of the living which is honor to the dead;—  
"Thanksgiving is the best thanksgiving," Parson Williams said!

Two hundred years and more,  
Since the Grand Monarque's pride  
Essayed to bring the Stuart back to England's throne and shore,  
And the wise settlement of many years defied;

For this each countryside  
In far New England burst in flame and ran with blood;—  
The murderous savage lurked in every wood,

And fell like pestilence upon each sleeping town,

Striking the strong man and the infant down,  
Leaving the newly-planted village desolate,  
Fire-blackened home-sites and deserted street,  
Victim of bootless war and causeless hate;  
And making, by the captives' bleeding feet

The wintry forest trail to far Quebec again  
*A Via Dolorosa*, path of pain!

Again, and once again,  
 Since those far tragic days,  
 The heavy tread of armèd men  
 Has sounded through the forest ways;  
 On the old Indian track  
 Northward the conquering Briton went,  
 On far colonial conquest bent,  
 In that great game of strength and chance,  
 Set England's lion 'gainst the lilies of France,  
 The high stake sovereignty, the target Quebec;—  
 Each young chivalric captain's tragic fate  
 The theme of martial poesy and romance,  
 While History's blood-stained page,  
 Heroic record of a stormy age,  
 Their myrtle and their laurel deck.  
 And, later, when our sires  
 Warfare for independence fires,  
 They take the same historic route,  
 Through oft-repeated failures wearing out  
 The world-power they so stubbornly assailed;  
 So, while their special project failed,  
 Their spirit greatened, and their cause prevailed!  
 Kingdoms have fallen, and great nations grown;  
 And near a peaceful century flown,  
 Since that last warful pilgrimage.

Rises a better age  
 Of international peace,  
 Heeding Humanity's high call  
 Moving to-day, within the hearts of all,—  
 A spirit steadfastly intent  
 To compass war's surcease,  
 And bring the genial arbitrament  
 Of friendly counsellings and mutual consent;  
 And we, Americans, may well rejoice  
 That to our country leadership is given  
 To urge all peoples to this better choice,  
 The long "Desire of Nations," and the way approved of Heaven!

The ancient Chinese Sage,  
 When asked for one great word  
 Whence all the wisdom gained through every age  
 To teach all human welfare might be well inferred,  
 Pondered a moment, and then made reply,—  
 "Is not this great word *Reciprocity*?"

The kindred blood that flows  
 Within our veins, and those

Of alien neighbors sprung from that old captive train,  
    Unites with stronger ties,  
    Formed through the centuries,  
To make joyous response to that great word now uttered once again!

Among heroic names,  
    We celebrate the claims  
Of men who helped to make their homes our own;  
    Who wrought in field and wood,  
    Who ventured fire and flood,  
And planted fair abodes where first these fields were sown.

Their steadfast hardiness,  
    Their triumph o'er distress,  
To ruined homes and kindred graves still turning back;  
    To venture yet again,  
    Enduring toil and strain,  
To meet the fierce attack, or tread once more the captive track!

Honor the men who built the outpost town,  
Their valorous ventures its dear-bought renown!

Honor the man who brought the captives back,  
    Braving the savage and the wintry wrack!  
Honor to those who patiently have wrought,  
    In records dim, by graves obscure, have sought  
    The faded lines of ancient kin to track,

And many an unknown fate to new remembrance brought;  
    Honor, thrice honor, to the man,  
    Our many-yeared sage,

And always youthful antiquarian,  
    Whose ever green old age  
For us and for the after time has borne  
    Rich harvest of historic lore,

And this fair Valley's dim and stormy morn  
With storied charm and fresh romance has brightened o'er;  
And set the pious fashion of memorial days  
To keep the children in remembrance of the Fathers' ways!

Another tablet here he fitly rears  
    To mark the spot,  
Where his far ancestor in those eventful years  
    Builded, endured, and bravely wrought.

## LAST WORDS OF DEDICATION.

BY GEORGE SHELDON.

The fame of John Sheldon rests in no measure upon literary achievement. He was not a scholar. The bestowal upon him of the cap and gown or the honorary degree would be utterly unfitting.

His weather-beaten face has never been limned on canvas by the painter, nor has it been graved in marble by the chisel of the sculptor. His likeness, therefore, will never grace the portrait gallery or honor the statuary hall.

The character of John Sheldon has been indelibly written by his acts which can be read of all men. These reveal a keen, practical intellect, a tender heart, and an unconquerable power of persistent endurance. Such qualities are well represented by this granite and bronze. The granite typifies his rugged nature, and the bronze that nature molded in the furnace of affliction.

And so the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association has made this record, and now, in the name of the Association, I commit it to the elements and to the ages.

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### JOHN STEBBINS.

BY MISS HARRIET E. CHILDS.

Every one who pauses to read upon the stone which we dedicate to-day the outline of the career of John Stebbins must acknowledge that he passed through an unusual number of remarkable experiences. Each phrase sounds like the heading for a chapter of a romance, and entices us to read more deeply, when we become more impressed with the stern reality of it all.

John Stebbins' grandfather, Rowland the Emigrant, the founder of the Stebbins family in America, was a pioneer in the history of Western Massachusetts, as he came to Springfield in 1639, only three years after Pynchon, the founder, and later was one of the earliest settlers of Northampton.

Rowland's son John married in 1646, Mary Munden, and for ten years lived in Springfield. Here our John was born January 28, 1647. One naturally wonders much what training this boy received that he should possess the courage and fortitude demanded to meet the trials and dangers of his manhood. From our knowledge of the stern Puritans,

we would not expect our boy to be mollycoddled, yet few of us can read without surprise of the rigorous justice which was on one occasion meted out to him for a misdemeanor. There is no denying that the offense was serious. The charge against him is of "misbehaving himself toward his aged father," and of calling him by the unfilial title of an "old foole," a line of conduct not to be condoned in any generation. Goodman Stebbins was surely not to allow such an offense to pass unnoticed, and proceeded to deal with the case in such a way that the insult would scarcely be repeated, and that its punishment might serve as a warning to all the sophomoric youth of Springfield. Thus it is that we find our little eight-year-old appearing before the stern and awful presence of John Pynchon, justice of the peace of Springfield, for examination concerning the grave charge which has been preferred against him.

The glowing, sparkling May morning that beckons without does not send one cheering ray through the tiny paned windows to brighten the gloom that seems to press like a weight upon the linsey-woolsey clad shoulders of our tiny hero. His winking eyes rest hopelessly upon the dusty toes of his rough little boots. Who would have supposed that two little words, slipping from his tongue in a sudden burst of anger, could bring him into such depths of humiliation? In the slough of despond he founders indeed, and alone. No sympathetic hand is stretched forth to guide him. After a seemingly interminable time the judge enters. One hasty upward glance is enough to convince the little boy that no leniency can be hoped for from that quarter, for never has Judge Pynchon looked more stern. The fearful examination proceeds to its horrible conclusion and John finds himself bound "in sume of fforty pounds" to appear at the next session of court to answer the charge.

Too severe measures for the chastisement of an eight-year-old, think you. Yet we read later in the records that he was released because not full proof was found of his guilt. Either Goodman Stebbins must have relented or else he and his old crony, Judge Pynchon, must have deemed little John cured. Is it unfair to believe, however, that

right here little John learned that primary requisite in the discipline of a good soldier, to carry out commands without comment upon them or their author?

And who will say that Goodman Stebbins did not have his trials with his high-spirited sons? Twelve years later Benoni, then a lad of twelve, influenced perhaps partially by home discipline, but undoubtedly more by the pictures kindled in his imagination by a young Indian, determined along with two other boys, Godfrey Nims being the ring-leader, to run away from home in order to join the French in Canada. Little did the boy realize that he was destined to give up his life to prevent capture by the French and Indians in 1704. The boys were so entranced with this charming idea of a release from the hardships of their lot that no means seemed improper to employ in bringing it about, but all their plans failed when they were convicted of theft from a neighbor in order to provide the requisite funds. John seems to have sympathized passively with their schemes, for it was proved to the satisfaction of the court that he had knowledge of the plot, which knowledge he had withheld. His father, however, who might reasonably be expected to have considered that a twenty-year-old boy might suffer the consequences of his own acts, pays the fine of 40 shillings rather than have John put to the humiliation of the other alternative, suffering ten stripes on his bare back.

Several years before this, the family had moved from Springfield to Northampton, where the grandfather, Rowland, died in 1671. John received from him by the terms of his will "an Iron pott, my bed and bedclothes and all that belongs to it, my best jacket and wascotte, my old coate and worst pair of gray stockings."

John was a member of Captain Lothrop's company and formed a part of the fearless, careless band that marched from Deerfield to guard the carts of wheat bound for Hatfield that beautiful September morning in 1675 which has become memorable as the most disastrous our happy valley had ever suffered. When the gallant youths, intoxicated by the golden air and the smell of the ripe grapes which grew along the nameless brook, forgetting danger, threw aside

their guns to refresh their noonday thirst with the juice of the purple clusters, only to be cut down by the savages in ambush, John Stebbins contrived to escape unhurt and with his high young spirits apparently undaunted, he enlisted the second day after the horrible event under the gallant Captain Moseley, under whose command he did faithful and honorable service "in the wars of the Lord, and my country" as he worded it in a petition to the Massachusetts Council in 1678 when he had been impressed for service. The Council recognized the service he had rendered in the past by releasing him from further service.

After leaving military service, he followed the trade of carpenter, which led him from place to place. Fate and business conspired to call him to Newton about 1680, where he fell in love with Dorothy Alexander, whom he may have known for several years, since she doubtless sometimes visited her grandfather, George Alexander, in Northampton. They were married in Boston and came almost immediately to Deerfield at the time of the permanent settlement. The memory of the beautiful village as it lay under the warm autumn sky on September 18, 1675, must have remained with him, and Deerfield seemed the most attractive spot of all the colony in which to found his home. He had doubtless been familiar with the town for a number of years, for his father had been one of the original proprietors, drawing lot 13, where Benoni later built, acquiring the land on the death of his father in 1679.

John established his home on the lot where we are now assembled, and here were born his six children: John, about 1685; Abigail, two years later; Samuel in 1688; Thankful, 1691; Ebenezer, 1694; and Joseph, 1699.

In 1689 John was made Hayward for the town, and in 1700 he was made a member of the school committee "whose work shall be to hire a meet person or persons to teach y<sup>e</sup> Towns Children to Read and write as also to repair y<sup>e</sup> Towns School house at their discretion which is to be repaired at y<sup>e</sup> Towns Charge; as also to proportion y<sup>e</sup> pervingidng of firewood to y<sup>e</sup> Scholars." Mr. John Richards was undoubtedly their choice to be the first schoolmaster.

Prior to this time Hannah Beaman had been conducting a dame school only two doors to the north of John's home, and no doubt John's three eldest children were among the number who were forced to run for their lives to the shelter of the fort when the Indians attacked the town in 1694, for John was then nine, Abigail seven and Samuel six. Perhaps even little three-year-old Thankful was dragged wild-eyed and exhausted through the gate by her more nimble sister.

To this home came, in the winter of 1703–4, Jacques de Noyon, giving up for love of seventeen-year-old Abigail his long career of vagabondage as *coureur de bois*. Like so many other young Canadians of his time, he had been unwilling to settle down and found a family, notwithstanding the threats and enticements of his government, which promised on the one hand dire punishment if the young men refused to marry, and on the other a generous bounty for every child born in New France. The wild life of the huntsman and trader appealed more strongly to Jacques, and he brought in his peltries to New York, and Albany and other English settlements, until at the age of 36, when he should have been a hardened bachelor, we find him in Deerfield with one Indian and two French companions, where he promptly succumbs to the charms of our winsome Puritan maid. They are married February 3, and only 26 days elapse before their happiness is rudely disturbed by the howls of the painted savages, as they beat down the heavily barred door and drag forth the entire family into captivity. Who can tell what a debt the family may owe to Abigail's French husband that, in the horrors of the attack and the perils of the long, hard, winter's march to Canada, not one member of the family was lost? Undoubtedly their sufferings were severe from exposure and exhaustion as their captors pushed them rapidly up the frozen Connecticut and White Rivers, over the deep snows of the Green Mountains, down the Winooski River and on up the rough ice of Champlain, yet they must have counted themselves blessed that not one fell beneath the pitiless tomahawk.

John was not a man to express himself upon paper as Parson Williams was—in fact upon his will we find only

his mark not his signature—therefore we have no journal to inform us of the experiences of the family while in captivity, but Miss Baker was able to find here and there on her Montreal expedition church records that aid us in picturing their life in Canada.

Abigail went with her husband to his old home in Boucherville, where his mother, brother, and two sisters were probably living, and it is possible that Jacques was able to obtain permission to take with him his wife's entire family.

In the parish church at Boucherville may be found recorded the baptism of the thirteen children of Jacques and Abigail Stebbins de Noyon.

John Stebbins, his wife Dorothy, and their son John were doubtless redeemed by John's brother-in-law, Ensign John Sheldon, and were able to return to Deerfield before 1708. The other children seem to have preferred to remain in Canada.

On Monday, May 28, 1708, Abigail gave in to the wishes of her adopted people, and was baptized by Father Meriel in Montreal, receiving the name of Marguerite, her sponsors being the high and mighty governor-general, Vaudreuil, and Marguerite Bouat Pascaud, wife of the royal treasury clerk.

Thankful became known in Canada as Thérèse Louise, and was married in Longueuil February 4, 1711, to Adrian le Grain, habitant soldier of Chambly, where Thankful had evidently lived for at least a part of the time since her capture, as it was here that she was baptized, April 23, 1707, when the seigneur of Chambly and the wife of the commandant of the fort stood as godfather and godmother to her. On the Chambly records we learn also of the baptism of her nine children and of her own death at the age of 38.

During the same summer in which Abigail de Noyon was baptized, her brother Ebenezer, who made his home with her, was baptized, being then 14 years old. He received the name of Jacques Charles from his godfather, Jacques Charles de Sabrevois. Of him Miss Baker was unable to learn anything further.

Joseph, who was less than five when he was taken away

from Deerfield, married about 1734 Marguerite Sansouci, and lived in Chambly, where he died April 23, 1753, and where descendants of his are still living.

The joy of the return of John with his wife and eldest son to Deerfield must have been much tempered with sadness, not only that the other children did not come back with him, but that their interests seemed to hold them willingly in Canada. One great pleasure, however, was afforded him in his old age. In 1715 a company of French and Indian hunters brought with them to Deerfield for a visit, his first grandchild, Abigail's ten-year-old boy, Rene, whom he had seen and loved in Canada. Rene seems to have returned his grandfather's love in full measure, for when the time came for the traders to leave town, Rene was not to be found, and they had to go back without him, while he remained permanently with his grandfather, and grew up to be the well-known tavern keeper of Greenfield, Aaron Denio.

John lived on to the age of 78, dying December 19, 1724. The vigor of his mind which had expressed itself so forcefully when he was eight, did not fail him as his will clearly shows. He hoped that his children might yet return from Canada. If they would do so, each should receive one-eighth of his lands, which should descend to his heirs if he died in New England. But "those that will not live in New England shall have five shillings apiece, and no more." If Abigail failed to return, her share was to descend to Aaron, provided he remained in New England. "And if some of my children, now in Canada, shall come and fulfill the conditions—though the rest come not—then my lands shall be divided between my son John and Aaron, and those that do come—John having three times as much as one of the rest."

Samuel decided to return, and after much discussion Abigail determined to go down with him to visit her mother, brother, and son. Thus it happens that her thirteenth child, Marie Anne, was born in Deerfield, February 27, 1726, almost the anniversary of her departure for Canada 22 years before. She returned to Boucherville by November of the same year. Dorothy, the mother, went back to Newton, her old home, to live, leaving the Deerfield home in the

possession of John, through whom are descended most of our Stebbinses, including Mr. Willis M. Stebbins, the donor of our memorial stone.

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## ADDRESS OF MRS. M. A. L. POOL.

BY MRS. M. A. LEWIS POOL OF WAVERLY, IOWA.

"From the fairest land of all the West, Iowa, my Iowa," have we journeyed to bring you greetings on this day of days, and not only from Iowa, but also from her sister state, Nebraska, am I the bearer of greetings, for I have the honor to stand here to-day, before the noted Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association as the representative of the one whose love of ancestry and whose generosity has placed this monument to the memory of our mutual ancestor—our kinsman—Hon. Willis M. Stebbins, of Gothenburg, Nebraska.

Mr. Stebbins and I are lineal descendants of the same generation from this historic ancestor to whom we pay tribute to-day, for our grandfathers—Lyman and Dexter Stebbins—were brothers, both born over here at Conway, sons of David Stebbins who was born here at Deerfield, and grandsons of Lieutenant David Stebbins of the Continental Line, whose name, as a Daughter of the American Revolution, I am proud to have engraved on my Record Shield, and to wear on one of my ancestral bars. And Lieutenant David Stebbins was the grandson of this honored ancestor, John Stebbins.

"Westward the course of Empire takes its way"—and our great-grandfather, David Stebbins, migrated from Massachusetts to New York, my grandfather, Lyman Stebbins, from New York to Ohio, thence to Illinois, and his daughter, Harriet Stebbins Lewis,—my mother, from Illinois to Iowa, where she now lives. Lyman Stebbins' descendants are now found scattered through eleven different states, from Illinois and Iowa westward to California. From

the Atlantic to the Pacific a chain of Stebbinses is linked across the continent.

When Mr. Willis M. Stebbins found, much to his regret, that he could not be present on this momentous occasion, he wrote me that he had appointed me to represent him, and said, "I want you and Mr. Pool to go. It will be a feast to you to meet those people and to stand on that historic ground." We have, indeed, found it so; for although my husband and I have made many historic pilgrimages, we have never before set foot within the bounds of New England, dear as the name of New England is to us. When I wrote Mr. Stebbins that after due deliberation we had decided to be present on this day, I asked him, what, as his representative, he wished me to say to you. He responded that he had no suggestions to offer; I might say what I pleased; so since I can tell you nothing but what you already know much better than I, about this forefather of ours to whom we do honor to-day, or about the Deerfield massacre, and since he is not here to prevent it, I shall "please" to tell you something about the man who erected this monument, this worthy descendant of our Colonial ancestor, for I know you must feel an interest in him, and as he is a very modest man, you will wait a long time for him to tell you about himself.

Some of you have met Willis M. Stebbins. You undoubtedly—as we did—found him to be a genial, whole-souled man, big-hearted, broad-minded,—big and broad in every way,—like the limitless Nebraska prairies where he has expanded physically, mentally, financially, and otherwise. He is now a member of the Nebraska legislature. A man with manifold duties to state, and church, and home, a man who stands for the highest and best in all these things; noted for his integrity and honesty of purpose; a busy business man yet, withal, a man whose greatest recreation is the study of history and genealogy, and whose greatest delight is to talk of "old, old things." This is a more noticeable fact with us in the west, than with you in the east, for in our busy, bustling middle west, few stop to take time to revert to the past. The present and the future are

of more interest. Here, in the east, you are surrounded on every hand, by historic sites, historic houses, historic battle-fields, things which date back to the beginning of our nation's history. We, in the west, lack the inspiration of being surrounded by these constant reminders of the historic past. With us, a house fifty years old is simply an antiquated structure to be torn down and replaced by one more modern, and if one attempts to urge others to preserve and secure family records and history, one is quite apt to meet the query, "What doth it profit a man to know about his ancestors?" In other words, "What's the good of it?" Hence you will understand what a rare occasion this is to us, and how thoroughly we appreciate your genuine old houses and the relics in your Memorial Hall.

Mr. Stebbins and I became acquainted through the medium of Greenlee's "Stebbins Genealogy," an acquaintance which began and flourished through a mutual love of ancestry, history, and relics, but not till last June had we the pleasure of meeting him personally, when he and his charming wife made us a visit. During that delightful but all too brief visit, we dwelt in the ancestral past to such an extent, that we found it difficult to come back to the present long enough to eat or sleep. He would exclaim frequently, "Oh! this visit is a feast to me!"

Through our reading, we had long been acquainted with "The Old Indian House" and "The Little Brown House on the Albany Road," but we sat entranced while Willis Stebbins painted vivid word pictures of his visit to old Deerfield two years ago, and of your distinguished historian here, little dreaming that in so short a time we should have the pleasure of seeing both with our own eyes.

When I first studied United States history, long before I knew that my early ancestors had dwelt in old Deerfield,—that one event in Queen Anne's war—the Deerfield massacre—stood out the most vividly of all the events of the old Inter-colonial wars, and thrilled me with the horror of it. Little did I dream then that I had forefathers and foremothers participating in that dreadful event! Not until fourteen years ago did I know it, when I made a pilgrimage to Ohio and

New York in search of family history. There, through the kindness of James K. Stebbins of Ashtabula, Ohio, who greatly aided me in my research, I first became acquainted with Mr. Sheldon's "History of Deerfield," which enabled me to trace my lineage to Rowland Stebbins. From that time I have had a great desire to meet the author of that work, who has done so much for us in preserving the records of the past; and to have the honor and the happiness of meeting your venerable historian, "whose days have been long in the land which the Lord his God hath given him," and who could wear the title of "the Grand Old Man" as worthily as ever Gladstone did, is worth the long journey we have made.

To stand here on this historic spot, on this hallowed ground, on this memorable occasion, to listen to the addresses we have heard, makes my heart glow with patriotic fervor and swell with ancestral pride, for I have helped to do honor to two ancestors to-day! Not only am I a direct descendant of John Stebbins to whom you have dedicated this monument, but I am also a direct descendant of John Sheldon to whom you dedicated the tablet to-day, for the wife of my Revolutionary ancestor, Lieutenant David Stebbins, was Rhoda Sheldon, daughter of Abner Sheldon who was the son of Ebenezer Sheldon, who was the son of John Sheldon who built the Old Indian House. And I realize to the fullest extent, what it is to be, not only the daughter of a veteran of the Civil War, but the daughter of long lines of patriotic Colonial and Revolutionary ancestry.

My mission will not be complete until I tell you that the desire of Willis M. Stebbins' heart is to see a suitable memorial erected by the Stebbins clan to our first ancestor in America, Rowland Stebbins. He hopes some one will set the ball rolling to secure contributions from as many of the descendants as possible, so that the entire clan may feel an interest in it. He is ready to do his part towards it.

I speak for Mr. Pool and myself when I say that the cordial reception, the kindly courtesy, and the gracious hospitality we have met during our brief sojourn amongst you in this beautiful spot, will make this visit to dear old Deerfield—

the home of our ancestors—one of the brightest “pictures to hang on Memory’s walls.”

In the name of Willis M. Stebbins I thank you.

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## ADDRESS.

BY THOMAS FRANKLIN WATERS.

There are two ways of approaching the events of the Past, and especially the events that are of the highest concern in local history. The one may be called the romantic method. Sometimes, as in Longfellow’s “Courtship of Miles Standish,” or in Miss Austin’s “Standish of Standish,” an historical personage is singled out, but the material is legendary and mythical or purely imaginary. Sometimes as in Hawthorne’s “Scarlet Letter” the characters are avowedly fictitious. There was no Arthur Dimmesdale and no Hester Prynne, though both were types of the men and women of their day. But the setting is historical. The laws of the period, the social customs, and the current events of the Puritan town are accurately portrayed.

There can be no question that this romantic treatment is popular and valuable. The literary charm, the warmth and color, win many readers, and many historic events and much real history are made familiar to multitudes, who have no taste for the pages of history. The one drawback is the uncertainty as to the dividing line between the historic and the legendary or fictitious. There is a subtle temptation to use all available material, that will make the narrative sparkling and attractive. Thus we find ourselves at a loss when we read Whittier’s prose idylls to determine whether and to what extent we are reading history or pure romance. A few years ago Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth called on me and requested me to tell all I could about the old house in Ipswich, which has gained some reputation as the hiding place of the regicides. I replied, “I will tell you one thing about the old house and you may judge for yourself as to the veracity of the tradition. The land on which the house stands, then

a vacant lot, was sold in 1710, and the house was built sometime later. What possibility is there that any regicide could have seen it?" "Oh, don't trouble me with such dull facts," he replied, "I want to write a story and I need local color." Some time since I stood by the beautiful Salmon Falls River and saw the spacious mansion, and the landscape, which are familiar to every reader of Sarah Orne Jewett's "*The Tory Lover*," and I confess that my dreams received a rude shock, when the gifted novelist's sister told me that the leading characters and the whole plot were wholly the creation of her sister's genius.

The other method of historic treatment I have in mind may be called realistic. It scents everything traditional, it has no eye for color, it delves laboriously with the records of the past and accumulates a great mass of authentic historic material. Without regard for the rules of literary style, the facts are told with severe simplicity, with abundant citation of book and page of original authorities, and with absolute correctness. But too often, the tale is as dry as dead men's bones and finds few readers, apart from the students of history, who recognize its enduring value.

Evidently the ideal method lies midway between these two. There is what we may call a romantic-realistic way, which is true to the letter, but which makes such warrantable and skillful use of color and form and the romantic treatment of cold facts, that it wins a wide circle of readers, and makes an enduring impress even on careless minds. This method has found fine illustration in the remarkable story of John Sheldon, and the poem to which we listened this morning, and has been used for many years with brilliant success by the venerable President of this Association. No one needs to be told that he builds upon a foundation of facts. The events he narrates have been studied with painstaking care. Microscopic testing, scientific accuracy, characterize all his work. Whatever he affirms we will accept. Whatever he rejects, must be regarded as untrustworthy. Hence, when he denies the historical veracity of the picturesque tradition of the appearance of the regicide judge at Hadley, in a moment of great peril, and his

rallying the panic-struck settlers to victory, we recognize that the familiar story, dear to us all from childhood, must be laid aside as an outgrown myth.

But this constant and consistent exponent of the realistic method, and those who have labored with him in telling the story of Deerfield's past, have brought to their task a delicate fancy, artistic taste, poetic sentiment, and unusual literary style. Their selection of material has been made with fine discretion. Dramatic events, romantic characters, have been recognized. No touch of color has been overlooked. They have painted a picture, rather, a series of pictures, which cannot be forgotten. We seem to see with our own eyes the tragic midnight catastrophe, the sorrowful departure of the captives, their dreadful winter journey through the wilderness and the joyful return of some of the lost ones. John Sheldon, the hardy pioneer, the competent town official, nerved by his crushing sorrow, and his sympathy for his suffering town's folk, to his repeated endeavors to secure the release of the prisoners, has been made a living personage, sturdy, heroic, admirable.

But something more than this vivid and thrilling recalling of Deerfield history has been accomplished. We have all been helped to a true appreciation of the Puritan character, for the Puritan men and women of Deerfield were part and parcel of the Puritans of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Much has been said of the sternness of Puritan law, the cruelty of its penalties, the rigor of the family discipline, the oppressive Sabbath keeping, and the grim unloveableness of the Puritan character. Many things have been said, falsely and libelously, as of that old fiction of the blue law that forbade a man to kiss his wife on Sunday, but it remains true that they beat Quaker women, stripped bare to the waist and tied to a cart's tail to the limits of their towns, and that they hanged innocent men and women, as felons, because they were charged with the practice of witchcraft.

We have learned to-day of the splendid heroism of those Deerfield Puritans. It seems as if every man must have been a hero, quick to rush into the jaws of death in the de-

fense of his neighbor, ready to obey the call of Duty at any cost. They tilled their fields gun in hand, and went to their meetinghouse on the Sabbath day fully armed. The school dame gathered the flock about her with eye and ear strained to catch the first alarm, and when the day of peril came, she hurried her little ones calmly to safety. Seven men and some women, we are told, defended the Stebbins' house for hours against the host of Indians and French. I have no doubt that many women played the hero's part that dreadful night, and whenever danger was abroad.

We see what their Religion meant to them in the dark and awful experiences that befell them. Mrs. Rowlandson in her harrowing story of her capture, and the agonies of her captivity, relates the great comfort that came to her from the Bible, which an Indian gave her, and her supreme confidence in the wisdom and justice, the care and love of God. We have heard of the captive minister, John Williams, tempted to renounce his faith by large and inviting promises, replying with proud disdain, that the offer of the whole world under such conditions was of no more value than a blackberry. In the stricken homes of Deerfield, and in the hearts of the captives, their Puritan religion sustained and cheered them.

We admire the strong and beautiful love that bound their hearts together. Love for his dear ones inspired the rugged Sheldon's courage. John Williams in his pulpit was a preacher of the sternest Puritan doctrine no doubt, but in his captivity his heart overflowed with love for his distracted people, and for his motherless children, exposed to the wiles of what he felt to be an abominable religion.

What tender pathos resides in the tradition of the mother's sweet lullaby, hushing to sleep not only her restless babe, but the sentinel as well, who had crept close to the house, to listen to the song. What a touch of humor there is in the will of that ancient Stebbins, who bequeathed his son a pair of his worst stockings!

Yes, these men and women of the olden time stand forth in such warm and clear light, so grand and splendid in their

courage, so loyal in their simple trust in God and the verities of their Religion, so tender and affectionate, so thoroughly human altogether, that they excite our admiration, and win our love, and summon us, in our happier times, to rise to the same heights which they attained.



## OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION,

1870—1911.

[The date following the name is that of first election; the succeeding numerals the term of service. \* Deceased.]

### *President,*

GEORGE SHELDON, Deerfield, 1870: 42.

### *Vice-Presidents,*

- JOHN A. AIKEN, Greenfield, 1909: 3.
- \*C. ALICE BAKER, Cambridge, 1901: 3.
- \*ROBERT R. BISHOP, Newton, 1891.
- \*EDGAR BUCKINGHAM, Deerfield, 1881.
- \*JOSIAH D. CANNING, Gill, 1870.
- \*SAMUEL CARTER, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1883: 2.
- \*HENRY CHILDS, Buffalo, N. Y., 1881: 2.
- \*JAMES M. CRAFTS, Whately, 1870: 4.
- \*AUSTIN DEWOLF, Greenfield, 1877.
- \*JOSEPH P. FELTON, Greenfield, 1885.
- \*P. VOORHEES FINCH, Greenfield, 1880: 2.
- \*JAMES S. GRINNELL, Greenfield, 1887.
- \*EBEN A. HALL, Greenfield, 1893: 3.
- \*ALLEN HAZEN, Deerfield, 1887: 3.
- \*SILAS G. HUBBARD, Hatfield, 1890.
- \*SAMUEL O. LAMB, Greenfield, 1873: 15.
- \*ROGER HOOKER LEAVITT, Charlemont, 1871: 4.
- \*JAMES SMITH REED, Marion, O., 1885: 4.
- \*HARRIET CLAPP RICE, Leverett, 1874: 2.
- JOHN SHELDON, Greenfield, 1897.
- \*JOHN M. SMITH, Sunderland, 1879: 4.
- FRANCIS M. THOMPSON, Greenfield, 1886: 22.
- \*JOHN P. WATSON, Leverett, 1877: 3.
- \*JOSEPH WHITE, Williamstown, 1882.

### *Recording Secretary,*

- \*NATHANIEL HITCHCOCK, Deerfield, 1870: 30.
- MARGARET MILLER, Deerfield, 1900: 8.
- RICHARD E. BIRKS, Deerfield, 1908: 4.

### *Corresponding Secretary,*

- \*EDGAR BUCKINGHAM, Deerfield, 1883: 11.
- \*ROBERT CRAWFORD, Deerfield, 1870: 13.
- HERBERT C. PARSONS, Greenfield, 1895: 6.
- MARY ELIZABETH STEBBINS, Deerfield, 1901: 11.
- \*CATHERINE BROOKS YALE, Deerfield, 1894.

*Treasurer,*

\*NATHANIEL HITCHCOCK, Deerfield, 1870: 30.  
JOHN SHELDON, Greenfield, 1900: 12.

*Life Councillors,*

\*FREDERICK L. AMES, Boston, 1892.  
\*GEORGE ALBERT ARMS, Greenfield, 1882.  
\*C. ALICE BAKER, Cambridge, 1876.  
\*HENRY CHILDS, Buffalo, N. Y., 1870.  
\*MARY HEMENWAY, Boston, 1885.  
\*JONATHAN JOHNSON, Greenfield, 1878.  
ELIZABETH MARVIN KAUFFMANN, Berlin, Germany, 1903.  
\*MARY ANN SAWYER, St. Albans, Vt., 1883.  
ELLEN LOUISA SHELDON, Greenfield, 1905.  
GEORGE SHELDON, Deerfield, 1883.  
JENNIE MARIA ARMS SHELDON, Deerfield, 1901.  
\*LYDIA CUTLER STEBBINS, Deerfield, 1872.

*Councillors,*

Abercrombie, William H., Brookline, 1908.  
Aiken, John A., Greenfield, 1893: 6.  
\*Allen, Julia A., Deerfield, 1877: 2.  
\*Arms, Aaron, Bellows Falls, Vt., 1872: 2.  
\*Avice S., Greenfield, 1899.  
\*Frances W., Greenfield, 1880.  
\*George A., Greenfield, 1877: 6.  
Jennie M., Greenfield, 1896.  
\*Obed S., Deerfield, 1873: 2.  
\*Otis T., Bellows Falls, Vt., 1882: 2.  
Winthrop T., Deerfield, 1889.  
\*Avery, Walter T., New York, N. Y., 1879: 4.  
\*Baker, C. Alice, Cambridge, 1871: 12.  
\*Catharine C., Cambridge, 1879.  
Ball, Frances W., Deerfield, 1901: 6.  
\*Bardwell, Jarvis B., Shelburne, 1873: 3.  
Barrett, George P., Portland, Me., 1897.  
\*Bartlett, George B., Concord, 1886.  
Barton, Henry B., Gill, 1909: 3.  
Billings, Henry W., Conway, 1893.  
Birks, Richard E., Deerfield, 1903: 5.  
\*Bishop, Robert R., Newton, 1894: 2.  
\*Brooks, Silas N., Chicago, 1871.  
\*Brown, Lorenzo, Vernon, Vt., 1873: 2.  
\*Bryant, Chauncey, Greenfield, 1881: 2.  
\*Buckingham, Edgar, Deerfield, 1870: 10.  
\*Canning, Josiah D., Gill, 1871: 4.  
\*Carter, Samuel, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1880: 4.  
\*Champney, James Wells, Deerfield, 1880: 6.  
Chase, Ellen, Brookline, 1894: 3.  
\*Childs, Dexter, Deerfield, 1873: 3.  
\*Henry, Buffalo, N. Y., 1883: 2.  
\*Robert, Deerfield, 1870: 26.  
\*Samuel, Deerfield, 1901: 2.  
Coleman, Emma L., Boston, 1883: 3.  
\*Corss, Charles, Lock Haven, Pa., 1888: 2.  
\*Cowing, Julia A., Deerfield, 1874: 2.  
\*Crafts, Chester G., Whately, 1880: 5.  
\*James M., Whately, 1876: 3.  
\*Crawford, Robert, Deerfield, 1882: 14.  
Crittenden, George D., Buckland, 1871: 6.  
Cutler, Nahum S., Greenfield, 1893: 4.  
\*Dewolf, Austin, Greenfield, 1873: 4.  
\*Everett, Edward J., Deerfield, 1901: 3.  
Farren, Bernard N., Montague, 1885: 2.  
\*Felton, Joseph P., Greenfield, 1896.  
Fessenden, Franklin G., Greenfield, 1896: 4.  
\*Field, Phinehas, Charlemont, 1870: 4.  
Putnam, Greenfield, 1883: 3.  
\*Reuben W., Shelburne, 1887: 3.  
\*Finch, P. Voorhees, Greenfield, 1870: 14.  
\*Fisk, D. Orlando, Shelburne, 1870: 3.  
Fuller, Agnes G., Deerfield, 1906.  
\*G. Spencer, Deerfield, 1902: 10.  
Furbush, Caroline C., Greenfield, 1900: 4.  
\*Grinnell, James S., Greenfield, 1892: 3.  
\*Griswold, Freeman C., Greenfield, 1889: 2.  
\*Hager, Charles, Deerfield, 1875: 2.

- \*Hall, Eben A., Greenfield, 1873: 8.
- \*Hammond, George W., Boston, 1889: 3.
- Harris, William L., Deerfield, 1904: 8.
- Hawks, Edward Allen, Deerfield, 1901: 11.
  - \*Frederick, Greenfield, 1871: 6.
  - \*Susan Belle, Deerfield, 1872.
  - Winfield S., So. Hadley, 1881: 3.
- \*Hazen, Allen, Deerfield, 1885: 2.
- Hildreth, John L., Cambridge, 1895: 2.
- \*Hitchcock, Henry, Galesburg, Ill., 1879: 2.
- \*Hollister, Joseph H., Greenfield, 1876: 3.
- \*Holton, Ezra L., Northfield, 1873: 2.
- \*Horr, George W., Athol, 1895: 4.
- \*Hosmer, George H., Bridgewater, 1880: 2.
  - James Kendall, St. Louis, Mo., 1879: 7.
- Hoyt, John W., Cincinnati, O., 1892: 3.
- \*Hubbard, Silas G., Hatfield, 1882: 2.
- \*Huntington, Eunice K., Cleveland, Ohio, 1880: 4.
- \*Hyde, William, Ware, 1883: 2.
- \*Johnson, Jonathan, Greenfield, 1870: 8.
- \*Jones, Charles, Deerfield, 1877: 25.
- \*Kimball, Delancy C., Leverett, 1887: 2.
- Kingsley, Elbridge, Hatfield, 1896.
- \*Lamb, Samuel O., Greenfield, 1874: 13.
- \*Leavitt, John H., Waterloo, O., 1904.
  - \*Roger Hooker, Charlemont, 1873: 2.
- \*Lincoln, Luther J. B., Hingham, 1879: 6.
- \*Lowell, Charles R., Greenfield, 1902.
- \*Marshall, James F. B., Weston, 1892.
- \*Moors, John F., Greenfield, 1880.
- \*Munn, Asa B., Chicago, 1890.
  - \*Philo, Deerfield, 1882: 3.
- Newcomb, Eugene A., Greenfield, 1894: 17.
- Nims, Frances B., Greenfield, 1907.
- \*Parsons, Albert C., Northfield, 1872: 4.
  - Herbert C., Greenfield, 1891: 12.
- \*Phillips, Henry M., Springfield, 1883: 5.
  - \*Simeon, Greenfield, 1880: 4.
  - \*Smith R., Springfield, 1874.
- Plimpton, George A., New York, N. Y., 1908: 2.
  - Henry R., Boston, 1893: 2.
- \*Porter, Ransom N., Deerfield, 1873: 3.
- \*Pratt, Frank J., Greenfield, 1881: 4.
  - \*Martha Goulding, Deerfield, 1876: 6.
- Putnam, Annie C., Boston, 1903: 7.
  - Caroline W., Grand Rapids, Mich., 1907: 2.
- \*Reed, James Smith, Marion, O., 1882: 2.
- \*Rice, David, Leverett, 1877: 2.
  - \*Harriet C., Leverett, 1872: 2.
  - \*Levi W., Greenfield, 1870: 3.
  - \*Sarah C., Greenfield, 1882.
- Root, Asahel W., Deerfield, 1906: 5.
- Rumrill, Anna C., Springfield, 1893: 2.
- \*Russell, John Edwards, Leicester, 1898: 2.
- \*Ryerson, Julia N., New York, N. Y., 1882.
- \*Sawyer, Mary Ann, St. Albans, Vt., 1879.
- Sheldon, Ellen L., Greenfield, 1890: 5.
  - George A., Greenfield, 1905: 7.
  - John, Greenfield, 1881: 4.
  - \*William, Deerfield, 1876: 4.
- Smead, Elihu, Newtonville, 1884.
- \*Smith, James, Whately, 1881.
  - \*John M., Sunderland, 1874: 9.
  - \*Zeri, Deerfield, 1874: 11.
  - Mary P. Wells, Greenfield, 1910: 2.
- \*Snow, Newell, Greenfield, 1880: 4.
- Solley, George W., Deerfield, 1900: 3.
- \*Stebbins, Albert, Deerfield, 1879: 10.
  - \*Lydia C., Deerfield, 1872.
  - \*Moses, Deerfield, 1870: 3.
- Stratton, Mary Turner, Northfield, 1876.
- \*Taft, Henry W., Pittsfield, 1877: 8.
- Taylor, George E., Shelburne, 1910: 2.
- Thompson, Francis M., Greenfield, 1877: 5.
- \*Thornton, R. S., Montague, 1897.
- \*Tilton, Chauncey B., Deerfield, 1875: 6.
- \*Warner, Whitney L., Sunderland, 1887: 2.
- \*Watson, Charles Herbert, Boston, 1902.
  - \*John P., Leverett, 1876.
- \*Wells, Elisha, Deerfield, 1881: 6.
  - \*Henry, Shelburne, 1883: 2.
  - Laura Baker, Deerfield, 1901: 3.
- \*Wentworth, Mary P., Deerfield, 1896: 5.
- \*White, Joseph, Williamstown, 1885.
- Whiting, Julia D., Deerfield, 1905: 6.
- \*Williams, Almon C., Deerfield, 1899: 2.

Arthur, Brookline, 1885: 2.  
 \*Charles E., Deerfield, 1879: 9.  
 \*Electa L., Deerfield, 1888: 2.  
 Philomena W., Deerfield, 1906:  
 6.  
 Wing, Albert L., Greenfield, 1906: 6.

\*Wright, William Westwood, Geneva,  
 N. Y., 1883: 2.  
 Wynne, Madeline Yale, Deerfield,  
 1901: 2.  
 \*Yale, Catherine B., Deerfield, 1890:  
 9.

*Corresponding Members,*

Charles Francis Adams, LL. D., Lincoln.  
 \*Charles C. Baldwin, LL. D., Cleveland, Ohio.  
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 James Phinney Baxter, Litt. D., Portland, Me.  
 Edward H. Clement, Litt. D., Cambridge.  
 Wilberforce Eames, A. M., New York, N. Y.  
 Charles W. Eliot, LL. D., Cambridge.  
 H. St. George Gray, Castle Museum, Taunton, Eng.  
 Hon. Samuel A. Green, LL. D., Boston.  
 Edwin A. Grosvenor, LL. D., Amherst.  
 \*Edward Everett Hale, D. D., Boston.  
 \*Hon. Benjamin H. Hall, Troy, N. Y.  
 G. Stanley Hall, LL. D., Worcester.  
 President George Harris, Amherst.  
 Albert Bushnell Hart, LL. D., Cambridge.

\*Thomas Wentworth Higginson,  
 LL. D., Cambridge.  
 \*Dr. Edward Hitchcock, Amherst.  
 Hon. Stephen A. Hubbard, Hartford,  
 Conn.  
 Hon. Edward Y. Jones, Binghampton, N. Y.  
 Frank Leney, Castle Museum, Norwich, Eng.  
 Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, LL. D., Nahant.  
 Hon. John D. Long, LL. D., Hingham.  
 Edwin D. Mead, Esq., Boston.  
 Frederick W. Putnam, S. D., Cambridge.  
 Daniel Seagrave, Esq., Worcester.  
 \*Hon. Henry W. Taylor, Canandaigua, N. Y.  
 \*Caleb B. Tillinghast, Litt. D., Boston.  
 Henry F. Waters, A. M., Salem.  
 Justin Winsor, LL. D., Cambridge.  
 Frank Woolnough, Ipswich Museum,  
 Ipswich, Eng.

*Life Members,*

\*Allen, Catherine E., Deerfield, 1874.  
 \*Arms, George A., Greenfield, 1870.  
   Jennie Maria, Greenfield, 1889.  
   \*Otis Bardwell, Bellows Falls, Vt., 1882.  
   \*Seneca, Troy, N. Y., 1871.  
 \*Avery, Walter T., New York, 1871.  
 \*Baker, C. Alice, Cambridge, 1870.  
   \*Catharine C., Cambridge, 1872.  
 Barrett, Geo. P., Portland, Maine.  
 1893.  
 \*Bartlett, Geo. B., Concord, 1871.  
 \*Bishop, Robt. R., Newton, 1890.  
 Blaisdell, Mary H. S., Chicopee, 1911.  
 \*Catlin, George, Chicago, 1899.  
 \*Champney, James Wells, Deerfield,  
 1879.  
 Chase, Ellen, Brookline, 1890.  
 Childs, Alfred Henry, Deerfield, 1877.  
   \*Robert, Deerfield, 1870.  
   \*Rodolphus, Dover, Ill., 1873.  
 \*Comstock, Cornelius C., New Canaan,  
 Conn., 1886.  
 \*Corss, Charles, Lock Haven, Pa.,  
 1887.  
 Cressey, Noah, Amherst, 1870.

Delano, Elizabeth Reed, Marion, O.,  
 1882.  
 \*Doggett, Geo. N., Chicago, 1872.  
 \*Farren, Barney N., Montague, 1884.  
 Fessenden, Franklin G., Greenfield,  
 1895.  
 Field, Mrs. Robt. M., Yonkers, N. Y.,  
 1911.  
 \*Fithian, Eliza Barnard, St. Louis,  
 Mo., 1884.  
 Fuller, Agnes Gordon, Deerfield,  
 1905.  
 Furbush, Caroline C., Greenfield,  
 1895.  
 \*Hawks, Susan Belle, Deerfield, 1880.  
   \*Frederick, Greenfield, 1879.  
   \*Wm. H. Greenfield, 1879.  
 Henry, Lucy E., Deerfield, 1906.  
 \*Hitchcock, Henry, Galesburg, Ill.,  
 1872.  
   \*Nathaniel, Deerfield, 1870.  
 \*Horr, Geo. W., Athol, 1893.  
 Hosmer, James K., Yellow Springs,  
 Ohio, 1871.  
 \*Hoyle, Catherine W., Deerfield,  
 1876.

- \*Henry, Boston, 1870.  
John W., Cincinnati, O., 1887.
- \*Hyde, William, Ware, 1884.
- \*Kimball, Delancy D., Leverett, 1877.
- \*Lamb, Samuel O., Greenfield, 1880.
- \*Leavitt, John H., Waterloo, Iowa, 1903.
- \*Lincoln, Luther J. B., Deerfield, 1879.  
\*Mary Agnes, Deerfield, 1879.
- \*Marshall, James F. B., Weston, 1888.
- Morton, Levi K., New York, 1903.  
Nims, Frederick C., Painesville, O., 1909.
- \*Phillips, Henry M., Springfield, 1882.  
\*Smith R., Springfield, 1871.
- Plimpton, Geo. A., New York, 1908.
- \*Pratt, Franklin Josiah, Greenfield, 1880.  
\*Martha Goulding, Deerfield, 1872.
- \*Reed, James Smith, Marion, O., 1872.
- \*Richardson, John J., Greenfield, 1879.
- \*Russell, John Edwards, Leicester, 1897.
- \*Sawyer, Mary Ann, St. Albans, Vt., 1879.
- Sheldon, Ellen Louisa, Greenfield, 1880.
- Sheldon, George, Deerfield, 1870.  
George Arms, Greenfield, 1900.  
Jennie Edith, Greenfield, 1900.  
John, Greenfield, 1880.  
\*Susan Stewart, Deerfield, 1870.
- \*Smith, Cornelia Allen, Phila., Pa., 1892.  
\*James, Whately, 1879.
- \*Snow, Newell, Greenfield, 1879.
- \*Stebbins, Evander G., Deerfield, 1870.
- \*Stone, Mary Lowell, Cambridge, 1888.
- \*Taft, Henry W., Pittsfield, 1873.  
Thompson, Francis M., Greenfield, 1882.
- \*Thornton, R. S., Montague, 1896.
- \*Watson, Charles Herbert, Boston, 1900.
- \*Wells, Henry, Shelburne, 1880.  
Wetherald, James T., Boston, 1911.
- \*White, Joseph, Williamstown, 1880.  
Salome Elizabeth, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1886.
- \*Whitney, James S., Brookline, 1872.  
\*Laurinda C., Brookline, 1872.
- \*Williams, Almon C., Deerfield, 1886.  
Sophronia R., Chicago, 1882.
- \*Wright, Wm. W., Geneva, N. Y., 1880.
- \*Yale, Catherine Brooks, Deerfield, 1888.

#### *Full Membership,*

- \*Abercrombie, Elizabeth, Brookline, 1900.  
Wm. H., Brookline, 1900.
- Adams, Elizabeth L., Greenfield, 1906.
- Aiken, John A., Greenfield, 1891.
- \*Allen, Catherine E., Deerfield, 1874.  
Orrin Pierre, Palmer, 1892.
- Alexander, Albert A., Greenfield, 1907.
- \*Ames, Fredk. L., Boston, 1892.
- \*Anderson, Lafayette, Shelburne, 1872.
- \*Arms, Aaron, Bellows Falls, Vt., 1870.  
\*Avice Stebbins, Greenfield, 1871.  
\*Frances Ward, Greenfield, 1871.  
\*Geo. Albert, Greenfield, 1870.  
Jennie Maria, Greenfield, 1889.  
Lillie J., Bellows Falls, Vt., 1872.  
\*Obed S., Deerfield, 1871.  
\*Otis B., Bellows Falls, Vt., 1882.  
\*Seneca, Troy, N. Y., 1871.  
Winthrop Tyler, Deerfield, 1885.
- \*Avery, Walter T., New York, 1871.
- \*Baker, Charlotte Alice, Cambridge, 1870.  
\*Catharine Catlin, Cambridge, 1872.
- Ball, Frances W., Deerfield, 1900.  
Barber, H. H., Meadville, Pa., 1905.  
\*Hervey, Warwick, 1873.
- \*Bardwell, Jarvis B., Shelburne, 1870.
- \*Barnard, Lemuel, Canandaigua, N. Y., 1875.
- \*Barney, Edward, Deerfield, 1870.  
Barrett, Geo. P., Portland, Me., 1893.
- \*Bartlett, Geo. B., Concord, 1871.  
Barton, Henry B., Gill, 1907.
- \*Bemis, Robt. E., Chicopee, 1891.  
Billings, Henry W., Conway, 1892.  
Birks, Richard E., Deerfield, 1903.
- \*Bishop, Robt. R., Newton, 1890.  
Boyden, Frank D., Deerfield, 1885.  
Frank L., Deerfield, 1911.  
Helen C., Deerfield, 1911.
- \*Brooks, Silas N., Bernardston, 1870.
- \*Brown, Lorenzo, Vernon, Vt., 72.  
Mrs. N. H., Dorchester, 1888.
- \*Bryant, Chauncey, Greenfield, 1872.
- \*Buckingham, Edgar, Deerfield, 1870.

- Buddington, Henry A., Greenfield, 1872.  
 \*Canning, Josiah D., Gill, 1870.  
 \*Carter, Saml., Brooklyn N. Y., 1878.  
 \*Catlin, Geo., Chicago, 1899.  
 \*Champney, James Wells, Deerfield, 1879.  
 Chase, Ellen, Brookline, 1890.  
 Childs, Alfred H., Deerfield, 1877.  
     Annie F., Deerfield, 1906.  
     \*Dexter, Deerfield, 1870.  
     \*Henry, Buffalo, N. Y., 1870.  
     M. Anna V., Deerfield, 1900.  
     \*Robert, Deerfield, 1870.  
     \*Rodolphus, Dover, Ill., 1873.  
     \*Samuel, Deerfield, 1900.  
 Clapp, Chas. W., Greenfield, 1906.  
 Coleman, Emma L., Boston, 1881.  
 \*Comstock, Cornelia C., New Canaan, Conn., 1886.  
 \*Corss, Chas., Lock Haven, Pa., 1887.  
 \*Cowing, Julia A., Deerfield, 1871.  
 \*Crafts, Chester G., Whately, 1872.  
     \*James Monroe, Whately, 1870.  
     \*Seth B., Whately, 1872.  
 \*Crawford, Robert, Deerfield, 1870.  
 Cressey, Noah, Amherst, 1876.  
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 Cutler, Nahum S., Greenfield, 1892.  
 Delano, Elizabeth R., New Bedford, 1892.  
 Denio, Herbert W., Westfield, 1905.  
 \*DeWolf, Austin, Greenfield, 1870.  
 \*Doggett, Geo. N., Chicago, 1872.  
 \*Dwight, Wm., Bernardston, 1870.  
 \*Eastman, Saml. Sheldon, Greenfield, 1870.  
 \*Everett, Edward J., Deerfield, 1901.  
 \*Farren, Bernard N., Montague, 1884.  
 \*Felton, Joseph P., Greenfield, 1870.  
 Fessenden, Franklin G., Greenfield, 1895.  
 Field, Chas. E., Chicago, 1906.  
     \*Phinehas, Charlemont, 1871.  
     Putnam, Greenfield, 1875.  
     \*Reuben W., Buckland, 1886.  
 \*Finch, P. Voorhees, Greenfield, 1870.  
 \*Fisk, D. Orlando, Shelburne, 1870.  
 \*Fiske, Mrs. Geo. I., Boston, 1888,  
     \*Geo. S., Boston, 1888.  
 \*Fithian, Eliza Barnard, St. Louis, Mo., 1883.  
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 Freeman, Hattie E., Boston, 1891.  
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     \*George, Deerfield, 1871.  
     \*Geo. Spencer, Deerfield, 1901.  
 Furbush, Caroline C., Greenfield, 1895.  
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 \*Goss, Elbridge H., Melrose, 1871.  
 Gould, E. Josephine, Greenfield, 1907.  
 Gray, O. W., Bernardston, 1891.  
 Greene, Fredk. L., Greenfield, 1910.  
 \*Grinnell, Geo., Greenfield, 1875.  
     \*James S., Greenfield, 1886.  
 \*Griswold, Freeman C., Greenfield, 1888.  
     \*Whiting, Greenfield, 1874.  
 \*Hagar, Chas., Deerfield, 1872.  
 \*Hall, Eben A., Greenfield, 1870.  
 \*Hammond, Ellen L., Boston, 1887.  
     \*Geo. W., Boston, 1887.  
 \*Harding, Wilbur F., Greenfield, 1870.  
 Harris, Wm. L., Deerfield, 1899.  
 Hawks, Edward Allen, Deerfield, 1900.  
     \*Frederick, Greenfield, 1870.  
     Frederick E., Greenfield, 1911.  
     Minnie E., Deerfield, 1911.  
     \*Susan Belle, Deerfield, 1880.  
     Susan Belle, Jr., Deerfield, 1900.  
     \*Wm. H., Greenfield, 1879.  
     Winfield S., So. Hadley, 1878.  
 \*Hazen, Allen, Deerfield, 1885.  
 Hazelton, Chas. W., Montague, 1909.  
 \*Hemenway, Mary, Boston, 1885.  
 Hildreth, John L., Cambridge, 1891.  
 \*Hitchcock, Henry, Galesburg, Ill., 1872.  
     \*Nathaniel, Deerfield, 1870.  
 \*Holister, Joseph H., Greenfield, 1870.  
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     \*Horr, Geo. W., Athol, 1893.  
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         James K., Yellow Springs, O., 1871.  
     \*Hoyt, Catherine W., Deerfield, 1870.  
         \*Henry, Boston, 1870.  
         John W., Cincinnati, Ohio, 1887.  
         Jane M., Sioux City, Iowa, 1910.  
 \*Hubbard, Silas G., Hatfield, 1882.  
 \*Huntington, Eunice K., Cleveland, Ohio, 1870.  
 \*Hyde, William, Ware, 1884.  
 \*Johnson, Jonathan, Montague, 1870.  
 \*Jones, Chas., Deerfield, 1876.  
 Kauffmann, Elizabeth M., Berlin, Germany, 1903.  
 \*Kimball, Delaney C., Leverett, 1877.  
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     \*Samuel O., Greenfield, 1870.  
 \*Leavitt, John H., Waterloo, Iowa, 1903.  
     \*Roger H., Charlemont, 1871.  
 Leavitt, Helen A. R., ——, 1881.  
 Lee, Samuel H., Greenfield, 1871.  
 \*Lincoln, Luther J. B., Hingham, 1879.  
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     \*Mary Willard, Hingham, 1884.

- \*Lowell, Chas. R., Greenfield, 1902.
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- \*Lyman, Danl., Mendota, Ill., 1878.
- \*Mark, Geo. W., Greenfield, 1870.
- \*Marshall, Jas. F. B., Weston, 1888.
- Marsh, Geo. E., Georgetown, Colo., 1908.
- \*Merriam, E. D., Greenfield, 1870.  
Geo. F., Deerfield, 1906.
- Merrill, Arthur G., Chicago, 1908.
- Miller, Ellen, Deerfield, 1904.  
Margaret, Deerfield, 1904.  
Simeon, Deerfield, 1870.
- Montague, Abbie T., Sunderland, 1904.
- \*Moors, John F., Greenfield, 1871.
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- Munger, Orett L., Chicago, 1895.
- \*Munn, Asa B., Chicago, 1887.  
\*Chas. H., Greenfield, 1871.  
Geo. A., Holyoke, 1893.  
\*John, New York, 1871.  
\*Philo, Deerfield, 1870.
- Newcomb, Eugene A., Greenfield, 1893.  
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- Nims, E. D., Roff, Indian Territory, 1903.  
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- Orr, Mary M., Deerfield, 1904.
- \*Parsons, Albert C., Northfield, 1870.  
Herbert C., Greenfield, 1890.
- Phelon, Anna Catlin, New York, 1910.
- \*Phillips, Henry M., Springfield, 1882.  
\*Simeon, Greenfield, 1872.  
\*Smith R., Springfield, 1871.
- \*Pierce, Wm., Charlestown, 1872.
- Plimpton, Henry R., Boston, 1891.
- Poole, Minnie L., Waverly, Iowa, 1911.
- \*Porter, Ransom N., Deerfield, 1870.
- \*Potter, Geo. W., Greenfield, 1871.
- \*Pratt, Franklin J., Greenfield, 1880.  
\*Martha Goulding, Deerfield, 1870.
- Pressey, Edward P., Montague, 1909.
- Putnam, Annie C., Boston, 1900.  
Caroline Williams, Grand Rapids, Michigan, 1906.
- \*Reed, James S., Marion, O., 1882.
- \*Rice, David, Leverett, 1873.  
\*Harriet C., Leverett, 1871.  
\*Levi W., Greenfield, 1870.  
\*Sarah C., Greenfield, 1880.
- \*Richardson, John J., Greenfield, 1873.
- Root, Asahel W., Deerfield, 1903.  
\*Hiram, Deerfield, 1873.
- Rumrill, Anna C., Springfield, 1889.
- \*Russell, Edmund W., Greenfield, 1871.  
\*John E., Leicester, 1897.
- \*Ryerson, Julia N., New York, 1881.
- \*Sanderson, Geo. W., Amherst, 1871.
- \*Sawyer, Mary Ann., St. Albans, Vt., 1871.
- \*Severance, Harvey, Deerfield, 1870.  
Martha L., Greenfield, 1905.  
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- Sheldon, Ellen Louisa, Greenfield, 1880.  
George, Deerfield, 1870.  
Geo. Arms, Greenfield, 1900.  
Hazel Edith, Greenfield, 1905.  
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John, Greenfield, 1870.  
\*Susan Belle, Deerfield, 1870.  
\*Susan Stewart, Deerfield, 1870.  
\*William, Deerfield, 1870.
- Smead, Amelia, Newtonville, 1881.  
Elihu, Newtonville, 1881.
- \*Smith, Albert, Gill, 1900.  
\*Cornelia A., Philadelphia, Pa., 1892.  
\*James, Whately, 1879.  
\*John Montague, Sunderland, 1873.  
Mary P. Wells, Greenfield, 1907.  
\*Zeri, Deerfield, 1870.
- \*Snow, Newell, Greenfield, 1879.  
Walter N., Greenfield, 1906.
- Solley, Geo. W., Deerfield, 1898.
- \*Stebbins, Albert, Deerfield, 1878.  
\*Alfred Baxter, Deerfield, 1878.  
Chas. H., Deerfield, 1900.  
\*Evander G., Deerfield, 1870.  
Joseph, So. Boston, Va., 1899.  
\*Lydia Cutler, Deerfield, 1872.  
Mary Elizabeth, Deerfield, 1900.  
\*Moses, Deerfield, 1870.  
Willis M., Gothenburg, Neb., 1909.
- Stetson, Halbert G., Greenfield, 1907.
- \*Stevens, Humphrey, Greenfield, 1872.  
Mary E. S., Bridgton, Maine, 1907.
- \*Stockbridge, Levi, Hadley, 1873.
- \*Stone, Mary Lowell, Cambridge, 1888.
- Stratton, Mary T., Northfield, 1874.
- \*Taft, Henry W., Pittsfield, 1873.
- Taylor, Geo. E., Shelburne, 1907.
- Thompson, Francis M., Greenfield, 1871.
- \*Thornton R. S., Montague, 1896.
- \*Tilton, Chauncey B., Deerfield, 1874.
- Titcomb, Abbie S., Worcester, 1908.
- Van Vliet, Jesse L., New York, 1911.

- \*Wait, Thomas, Greenfield, 1870.
- \*Ware, Frances S., Deerfield, 1870.
- \*Warner, Whitney L., Sunderland, 1873.
- Waters, Thomas Franklin, Ipswich, 1906.
- \*Watson, Chas. H., Boston, 1900.
  - \*John P., Leverett, 1872.
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  - \*Geo. M., Deerfield, 1870.
  - \*Henry, Shelburne, 1880.
  - Laura B., Deerfield, 1900.
  - \*Saml. F., Deerfield, 1870.
- \*Wentworth, Mary P., Deerfield, 1896.
- \*White, Joseph, Williamstown, 1880.
  - Salome E., Brooklyn, N.Y., 1886.
- Whiting, Julia D., Deerfield, 1901.
  - Margaret C., Deerfield, 1904.
- \*Whitney, James S., Brookline, 1872.
  - \*Laurinda C., Brookline, 1872.
- \*Williams, Almon C., Deerfield, 1885.
  - Arthur, Brookline, 1881.
  - \*Chas. E., Deerfield, 1878.
  - \*Electa L., Deerfield, 1885.
  - Philomela Arms, Deerfield, 1903.
  - Sophronia R., Chicago, 1882.
- Wing, Albert L., Greenfield, 1904.
- \*Wright, Luke, Deerfield, 1870.
  - \*Wm. Westwood, Geneva, N. Y., 1880.
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